

HENRY DARGER -

"THE REALMS OF
THE UNREAL"

Microsystems, Inc.

(POSSIBLE)

VOLUME 9

UNBOUND

Microsystems, Inc.

A-1

Volume

9

Final d
entries

OCTER.

OVERWHELMING OF GENERAL MANLEY'S ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF GRETCHEN.
BY THE VICTORIOUS CHRISTIAN ARMIES.

ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE AND PECULIAR HAPPENINGS IN THE WAR.
ACTUAL NUMBERS OF DEATHS WILL NEVER BE KNOWN. ABOUT 25,000,000. BODIES
FOUND.

KNEW MANLEY'S CENTER WAS WEAK...

EXPERT GENERALS SAID MANLEY'S ARMY WAS NOT STRONGLY SUPPORTED.....

EVERYTHING OVER IN HALF AN HOUR:

CAUSED BY THEIR AWFUL SUFFERINGS..

THEATRE: WHERE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS LOST THEIR LIVES: THE GRETCHEN
DISASTER. MANLEY'S LAST RESERVES. THE FIRST RUSH OF THE AFRICAN TIDAL
WAVE. THE REAL HORRORS OF THE DISASTER.

THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED AT 7:30.

THE SITUATION NINE DAYS AFTER..

ON THE LAST DAY OF THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE AT GRETCHEN

GRETCHEN: the glandelinian forces began to recoil because of their most
frightful losses and at three o'clock on that afternoon of May the last
1914 after starting on April the 28th the christian forces broke from their
works like the ocean break breaking or bursting through the dikes at

Holland and the monstrous monstrous levamis surges rushed most
fiercely across the beautiful Mic-Whirther Run and swept upon the whole
rebel line like a roaring flood and probably within thirty minutes nearly
12,300,000 glandelinian soldiers, Ovarians, Zimmermannians, and summer
annians and other kinds, (this many it can be said perished by the
bayonet although it is probable the loss of life was greater)
were lying dead over their longlines of works, and millions of
glandelinians mortally wounded and the whole glandelinian army totally
routed in the wildest conglomeration of confusion and even
scattered in all directions, and all because the many glandelinian generals
in the charge of the main supports and supports were as it was said were
too penurious to come up to the support of the fiercely battling
glandelinians at the proper time, or to repair the serious breaks, in
general Manley's line. Therefore these overconfident generals were to be
fully blamed for the disaster.

Hundreds of the best glandelinian Regiments and scores of brigades were
destroyed, ten e were forced to surrender and three divisions were
captured and less than a score of Manley's finest divisions, composing
the main army were shattered,, complete paralysis followed, and many
said as in the case of general Federal's defeat at Evangeline St
Claire the rebel army would not recover, hundreds of thousands were fearful
insane beings from their awful sufferings and never regained their reason
the millions of wounded of both sides were cared for until they recovered
enough to be sent to near by cities and towns, relief was
pouring in ever where for the christian army alone in the shape of
scores of millions of dollars in cash, and many thousands of car loads
of supplies of all sorts, the surviving christian officers plucked up
more courage and went to their militia military work with a hearty good
will, when the apathy succeeding the dreadful battle had worn off, and
the day after the battle the christian army was greater than ever and
was in full possession of the enemy camps which stretched for miles, and
had captured millions of arms and scores of thousands of guns and heavy
artillery.

Manley's camps now in possession of the victorious christian armies, were
probably thirty three and one half miles in length and one
quarter of a mile in width located along the southern shores of the
Mic-Whirther Run river, its edge being three thousand yards away from the
city of Meldon Gretchen these camps having been defended by the highest
earthworks ever seen in any war yet nearly thirty miles long, nine feet
thick at the top and thirty feet high. These works had been manned by
hundreds of the heaviest cannons and during the battle was a terrible
menace to the attacking christian armies.

The foolish glandelinian officers before mentioned, paid no attention to
the fears of the other generals regarding the fierce christian attack
but merely quoted the opinions of other probable experts to the effect
that nothing short of a most extraordinary convulsion of all the christ
ian tide could carry those protecting works. Besides Gretchen's geop
geographical situation is one that could render any army peculiarly liable

to a terrible loss of life in the event of such a violent battle as just previously reported. It is a large beautiful city built on a plain in the form of a cross and air it about by beautiful streams, all of which finally find their way into the mighty Mic-Hollister river. On the north side of the city flows the enormous Mic-Whirther River (not the "Mic-Whirther gun") a stream which on dry or rainy seasons can always be crossed in many places by either wading or by stepping from stone to stone, or by so crossing by going over barefooted, but which in the spring time from the melting snows speedily becomes a rushing torrent, and floods the land for miles but without doing any damage to any of the villages.

On the south side of the city is the Evangeline Saint Claire river which gathers up its own share of summer rains, and melting snows and whirling them along toward the Mic-Hollister River. East of the town is the Mic-Whirther gun creek a stream of water hundreds of miles in a long but only five hundred feet in broad across at its widest in sport.

The awful crush of the flood of soldiers in purple uniforms caused by the sudden outpouring of the 100,000 uniformed Abbeissians together with the crush of attacking Aguelian soldiers that had already in the cause of the sudden dispersing of Manley's whole army and the destruction of so many of his soldiers, but also the terrible and most immeasurable loss of soldiers on the Christian side. The Glandelinian loss was terrible in the extreme for Manley is killed and wounded, and his defeat most dreadful but the Christian victory was nearly bought; though I thought that of the Christians in slain and wounded the enemy loss was only a mere half hand full.

That is the terrible loss of life, and as well as the number of prisoners taken by even so defeated an army was caused by other reckless men on the part of the charging Nationals. This enormous wave of Christian soldiers poured against Manley's marching line in overwhelming masses, but were shot down by the whole brigade per volley or taken prisoners by the scores of the Nationals per foot before the Nationals succeeded in carrying off before them but nevertheless every remnant of Manley's army that obstructed the onward rush of the Abbeissians was shattered and also lost many prisoners.

At Gretchen, the center of the great battle disaster is on the extreme main line of the Galverina, Pandoria, and Pandora railroad, 374 miles northwest of Dorothy Gale city. It is the headquarters of the great Mic-Hollister Munitions works and its acres of powder and explosive works fill the narrow strips of the city's interior. These great works employ fifty thousand men. There are great stretches of woods consisting of every kind of tree abruptly on all sides all sides and the railroad track which follows the course of the big Mic-Whirther River is above the scene of the crazy battle and therefore was not injured by the war of shell fire.

The highest generals of Manley's army had been warned of the impending Christian onslaught as early in the afternoon or forenoon as eleven o'clock but not an officer knew or believed that the Christian tidal wave had broken loose until the assaulting columns swept Manley's lines from their works, and tore their way through the main rebel rebel line and capturing all the camps, and general Manley got away only under the most greatest difficulties and was very dangerously wounded.

Escape from the overwhelming columns of Nationals was impossible. The generals at the very risk of their lives hastily rallied some of the divisions as much as possible and thus saved Manley's army from total destruction and swept out of existence all the Christian waves that attacked at this point no matter whether there were a hundred or a thousand.

Four miles below the city lay general Alcoe's Glandelinian army of Whitesides and Scodlers where the North Fork of the Evangeline Saint Claire river empties into the Mic-Whirther River. This Glandelinian division contained about 22,200,000 soldiers of the fiercest fighting type. It has not been heard from since the battle but it was conflictly said by news paper men and war correspondents, and calmly howlers, that three quarters of it had been swept away by the Christian onslaught and scattered until it was no longer an army and the other quarter either captured or destroyed.

Four miles further down on the banks of the same river near Tummers Great Farm and also Delight's farm along the river which runs parallel parallel with the main line of the Mic-Hollister and Pandora Railroad was general Meldonia's army.

It had 52,800,000 men all Mic-Hollistinians, 90 per cent of this great division being in strong positions on a large flat and in the two big farms, and close to the river, and another portion stretched toward the Gretchen junction. At this point the roaring Nationals moved forward like the great Lisbon tidal wave and few of Meldonia's army escaped the awful results of the terrible disaster. Six miles further down was general Shoemannia's grand army of Mic-Hollistinians and Quarrians and here alone there was a topographical possibility of the spreading and extending of the Christian tidal wave of attack. Shoemannia's army contained over 22,500,000 soldiers and was wholly devastated in attempting to break the force of the Christian assault, and general Shoemannia and hundreds of his generals and other officers were wounded. General Jespinio's name with the same number of men as Shoemannia's lay a mile below the latter's also on the flat and one mile further down were Adole-De-Garbes Federals, and the other generals with a total force of 45,000,000. Here stretching along right at the rivers verge were the immense Glandelinian batteries of Thomas Leo postolices and pickens which had 10,000 great cannons and nearly as many smaller guns and rifle cannons. This point was defended by the Quarrians, Scodlers, and Gru Growleywors and also the fierce Munraboos and therefore the great damage to this line of rebel columns was largely due to the peculiar rebound of the Christian wave after it swept across the works. The wave of roaring Nationals hurled every rebel force before it and spread over the Evangeline Saint Claire and passed over Adole-De-Garbes positions to a width of thirty men in some places. It was related Shoemannia's right was broken at the vicinity of Evangeline Saint Claire stream and the rush of the Christian attack coming in contact with the other spreading waves increased the extent of the disaster to Shoemannia's and the others in this section.

In these places the opinion was expressed that so many lives of the rebels would not have been lost had not some of the over confident generals believed from their experiences with former war disasters that there was positively no danger beyond the temporarily forcing of the works or the overthrow of a single division.

After rushing over the works the pressure of the Abbeissian assault was so great that the Nationals forced their way against the remainder of the rebel line and carried not only Biko pickens's works and Jespinio's name but advanced all the way up to the Glandelinian camps and captured them and the strongly defended earthworks.

By the terrible battle communications by railroads and wire was nearly all cut off for the enemy. The exact number of the battle dead of the dreadful war disaster probably will never be known accurately. Bodies and thickets moved grass were found far beyond Gretchen and also far beyond Gretna which in all probabilities shows the battle extended that far. The probably most horrible holocaust of the war at or below the forest of trees where hundreds of thousands of wounded Christian soldiers who were saved from being killed instantly in the battle were burned to death in forest fires caused by the firing during the battle, caused a most fearful loss of life.

The loss in the number of the Glandelinian tents was about ten million 10,000,000 canvas coverings.

On the day after, the catastrophe there was brought to the Christian general a Glandelinian prisoner who for a uniform had scarcely more than a dozen rags to cover his nakedness. His name was Algo Grubben and he was before being taken a prisoner a lie-tennant.

By a super human effort had he had during the battle in working his way through the shell swept woods and across a flood of dead bodies

in order to ascertain just how ascertain for himself the terrible results of the fierce Christian charge which he saw start from the edge of the fatal Mic-Whirther Woods. Algo said he was a lieutenant and had been employed in various scouting capacities for a considerably long time. He confessed that he had repeatedly recalled and called the attention of many Glandelinian generals during the height of the battle to the various breaks and gaps in the insurgent lines but he had received the stereotyped reply that the situation of the fighting gray lines were all right, that it had been formed and reinforced to stand for centuries against the mightiest of all Christian attacks without giving an inch of ground and that such a thing as its giving way before the wild onslaught of the Nationals was among the impossibilities.

But Algo did not hesitate to continue his warnings when he saw the fury of the christian onslaught increase. Finally according to his own state of mind he was instructed to shut his mouth or he would be shot. He was given to understand fully that the officers and even all the generals of the rebel armies were tired of his "infernal croakings" and that the less he said about the breaks in general Manley's lines from thence on, the better it would be for him. Algo then apprehensive over the situation laid his complaints before the highest generals not more than an hour before the overwhelming catastrophe. He told these generals that the main force of the christian assault was due, that the divisions under Shomannila and Picknell were destroyed already, and that if the main force of the christian assault would be extremely heavy along this portion of the line the whole rebel army would certainly give way and the most disastrous defeat in the war would ensue. Algo says that these generals' promise to send a swift messenger to general Manley to notify him of the danger then, or appeal to his staff. Somehow the messenger was not sent, or if he was he did not reach Manley, the appeal was not made to his chief generals and the dreadful disastrous defeat ensued.

For fifteen minutes previous to the general rout, Algo said the christian attackers were forcing themselves over the portions of the last line of works so that vast portions of the rebellious were giving way in confusion. He said that the rebel troops in possession of the other works however for a short time had everything their own way on the christian attackers and destroyed and annihilated every one of the christian waves that showed itself within range and mowed down scores of christian generals. He said at this point for that space of time the biggest christian waves could not make not even the slightest headway so great was the fire of this rebellious line and also the christian line would never had been able to go forward another step all day if the rebellious had not exhausted its ammunition. The christian line was however reinforced just at this critical moment and the force of the assault then grew so great that one of these christian columns not meeting any resistance at all swept horizontally over the works in one perfect straight line the troops of Shomannila having lost their ammunition trying in vain to resist them with the bayonet, even throwing stones, struggling with the Nationals in terrific wrestling conflicts, using fists and tearing hair and choking them and still they pressed on.

All this time too the other sections of the christian line particularly three immense divisions of them could have really had the fury of a terrific mountain torrent than men. At just 7.30

In the afternoon of the 31st of May Algo said he was attending to a Glandelinian signal station a mile back from the firing line when he noticed that the whole insurgent line seemed to be rolling back and far in that distance there was a roaring and screeching noise that sounded to him like the swift noisy approach of one of the well noted spiridian Terrian typhoons. He doubted his eyes and looked at the scene through his field glasses and found that his suspicions were undoubtedly well founded. He ascended to the highest point of the signal station to get a better view of the scene and there he saw the whole gray line rolling back from the works and recoiling in the insane confusion with a wide snake like surge of lavender colored soldiers sweeping after them. Absolutely helpless he was compelled to stand there and watch the gradual development of what was to be one of the most disastrous glandelinian defeats probably in the whole war. He had just as the surge swayed back however observed a lone long line of Leo Castellio's artillery rolled forward a wall of smoke and a salvoes of thunder and literally observed the whole christian wave in front wither away to nothingness but the other section came on, and though shattered to fragments by the artillery fire swept up and were in possession before the guns could fire a third volley and Leo Castellio was captured and three of his officers slain in the desperate but successful attempt to rescue him from the war maddened demons in purple.

According to his reckoning it was seven forty five when the left section of the rebel surge began to part into many big gaps and within right minutes a gap of two miles in length was opened in Manley's swiftly recoiling lines through which a large portion of the roaring christian tide poured like torrents of water forced by machinery of most stupendous power. The Glandelinian army did not retreat before the soldiers were frightened or confused naturally but because it was impossible to withstand the assault, the pressure of the purple coated soldiers just literally crushing the struggling glandelinian soldiers before them. By eight o'clock the retreating line giving way like toppling masonry masonry which before the force of the christian

assault had partaken somewhat the form of an arch fell back, bending into directions, then the rebel line burst amunder and swung back in two directions like a big gate opening outward and the great Glandelinian army was fleeing with the Federal army roaring and crashing crashing after it. Algo became so awestruck at the calamity that he was unable to leave the spot until the Glandelinian army and the pursuers had swept beyond his view. How long a time elapsed before he recovered sufficient power of observation to notice this, he could not tell but he did not think more than five minutes passed.

Algo said, that had the breaks in the rebel line been repaired repaired by reinforcements the disastrous defeat would not, and could not have occurred. Had the battling rebel line been given ordinary attention the probabilities are that so many millions of lives would not have been sacrificed in vain. To put Manley's line back into excellent condition would not have taken one hundred thousand men 100,000 men.

General Eldon Ricknell one of the most noted generals of all said of the Glandelinian army after the disaster:

"None of the generals of known and good standing could possibly have successfully been engaged in the reconstruction of our fiercely attacked armies after its breaks had been neglected for twenty odd minutes without strong supports, and our first long line of troops was very inferior to that of the assaulting christians. Both the lines of Manley, and line and the reconstructed ones under Headwick Turner were not as strongly supported as they ought to have been with not the sufficient number of cannon even to meet such a terrific christian assault with any amount of success."

True the rebellious was surely of a concentrated position and in the best positions for resisting a christian attack and the outworks was of series of earthworks or walls of a sticky clayey quality the best of earth for adhesiveness of earthworks, all this being well rammed down.

But the frontal lines of Glandelinian were probably not strongly supported at all and the cannon that defended these works was a battery of long range guns and not the anything and other small machine guns that were most needed. At the beginning of the disaster most of the Glandelinian army still stood while one portion was carried away.

It had been acknowledged or it was an acknowledged principal of reinforcing Glandelinian armies in battle since the war started and the invariable practice of strengthening every portion of the rebel line but neither was done here at this battle, for Manley's army during the Gretchen Battle was partly destroyed.

It is doubtful if there is another Glandelinian army of general Manley's size which ever looked supports at a great battle. Ignorance or carelessness is shown in the reconstruction of Manley's broken and half destroyed Glandelinian army for the center was weaker and gave way before the recession of the left and right wings ever started. The army should have been strengthened in the center by all the supports that could be brought to bear against the christian assailants. Had the swift withdrawal begun only at the left and center the force of the christian drive would probably have been more gradual and little or no harm would have resulted. And had the left and right wings been forced back at once when the christian tidal waves began to overrun the works on Manley's centre the suddenness of the disastrous break in Manley's line might have been checked, the line recoiling at least more slowly and gradually and possibly prolonged so that little harm would have been done.

There was a torrent of lavender coated soldiers like a river overflow near the left central divisions which proved that the charge of the christian christians was as relentless as a great tidal wave passing over a already shattered breakwater already swept to pieces by angry seas. But owing to the weakening of the Glandelinian centre, and which still fought on without supports only five minutes and a half elapsed before the christian armies swept over the works. And this portion of the Glandelinian army thinned out at best, had been further thinned out by its great losses by its unusually close "grating of men" to prevent the Nationals from coming over the works. There seemed to have been no cowardice of the Glandelinian army, its destructive defeat resulting from the pressure of the christian attack.

The estimates for the original line of defense called for 10,000,000 reserves but there was no indication of so many men arriving to support general Manley's broken army. The whole line of Manley's army was so badly thinned that it was unable to withstand the pressure of the christian assault. All was over in half an hour. All was over in half an hour's time. The flood of christian soldiers rushed

rushed in a mighty surge like a terrific flood released from the ocean sweeping everything before it and left as many fallen as a flood does in depositing vast windrows of debris. It which formed an impassable barrier to everything except the vast agent of destruction--the human flood which overflowed it and rushed on to wreak fresh vengeance further ahead. There was one terrible scene of the charge which neither the rebel generals or those of the christian line will never forget. General Maurice Costello's army was rushing forward through what is known as Turner's plain these troops moving in a line or wave in ten man deep and about six miles long. This line was seen to go forward three miles to five miles strong, but the general reported to Robert Lyman thus after the battle:

"Said to God to say. I sent my army forward during that great charge, and not a soul came back to tell me where they went. The enemy's fire swept that line out of existence."

One of the most terrible sights after the frightful battle was the son flagrations following it, especially on the christian part of the battle fields. The battle field was covered with all kinds of debris from wrecked and shattered trees all covered with dry dead leaves and other foliage and despite it being the Month of April and the beginning of May the past spring had been unusually hot and even dry. On or most of this day after the battle were found the charred trees and burned and battle torn soldiers of both sides. The fires at this point which lasted for two weeks after the battle and had still some of its vitality left two days after was one of the incidents of the aftermath of the battle and disaster to the foe that will never be forgotten by both sides.

The story here will not be and cannot be fully told. Not even the bravest of the survivors could look at this awful scene without a shock to their sensibilities. So entangled and unyielding was the sea of wreckage at some points especially within the regions of the Whirther burned forests that even dynamite and other explosives had no effect upon it what ever.

One deplorable effect however was the necessity at frequent intervals to dismember the few parts of the human bodies of wounded soldiers wedged in the mass that the ruthless shell fire left whole, to save them from the swiftly approaching walls of singing fires.

From the north end of the Mc-Holleston and Pandora Railroad bridge the view of the shell torn battlefield was but a prelude to the view which was to follow. Looking across the Mc-Whirther River the first object the eye would catch in the direction of a small farm was a little ruined Catholic country Church standing as a guardian over so many of the dead, a solitary sentinel left on the field after the battle. Still further on were the spring crop fields and grain and corn fields fields with their grain and corn just starting out now ruined. Beyond and across these devastated fields were sand flats and mud flats which never had been there before.

This was the greatest and most extraordinary freak a battle had ever caused before, a freak more astonishing than if an earthquake had done it. Not on the fields not even a vestige of the early spring crops remained. When the great storming came of the christians came, all of Manley's generals felt a sort of uneasiness, and during the last part or early part of this last christian assault the overconfident glandelinian generals had been warned that portions of general Manley's armies were weakening.

During the three recent days of the battle however when the struggle line troops were having varying fortunes for both sides these same generals had heard the very same warnings a little too often to be even impressed and therefore these generals did not pay any attention to their informants.

Some of these officers who jeered were on the last day before night fall scattered along the banks of the Mc-Whirther Run could in death, or met a more horrible fate in the blinding wreckage of the shattered forest trees. Only a few heeded the warning and these managed to save their division and brigades from sharing in the frightful disaster. Early in the very evening the flood of christian soldiers covered by the heaviest artillery fire swept roaring and screaming over the fields and across the plains and streamed over the rivers and everywhere in long surges miles in extent. Every small advanced column was shot to pieces by the rebel fire but were rapidly swollen by new forces, wedges of troops became long lines and lines were turned into advancing human rivers, and rivers into floods and tidal waves. The left wing moving in a wave advanced and spread

like a mighty river overflowing its banks and the damage to general Manley's right caused by this mighty human avalanche alone was incalculable. Indeed there was more to come, and the results were to be no appalling that there lived not a surviving glandelinian soldier who was likely to anticipate them. At this hour the left wing of the christian surge though torn up itself by the glandelinian fire tore away Manley's right situated on All good creek. This was the real beginning of the end. The enormous mass of panic stricken glandelinians were hurled back from their works. The lines of general Rectory's batteries, and those under generals Bataille, and Woodville Canabris and also their infantry were by this time completely obliterately obliterated and now the christians advanced like the waves of the roaring sea. The left wing of the attacking christian army then swept every thing before it crushing the glandelinian right as if it were an egg shell and going on unchecked until the big breastworks at the edge of the big Glandelinian camps were reached. Had the National assault battalions failed to pass those works general Manley's army would have been defeated just the same, but nevertheless might have been spared much of its unaccountable horror.

There was for this part of the battle already a sense of dead and dying, and whole divisions had already been swept away, ten had surrendered, but the dead, and the numbers of prisoners taken could only be counted by the hundreds of thousands, and not yet by millions.

Going toward these works the retreating left wing wedged itself fast at these new trenches and tried to form a most impregnable impenetrable barrier against the advancing Nationals.

The wounded retired to the rear of the works and hoped the titanic assault of the christian wave might be so repulsed. It was a repulse, a repulse that goes forward instead of backwards. There was no longer a chance for all these glandelinian wounded to get away, and it had the known what was in store for them the very contemplation would have been enough to make the stars stark mad.

Only twenty minutes had elapsed from the time of the breaking of Manley's left wing when the National under general Herdrude, the golden corned Dicknell, and also Vivian, the Scanlon and others rushed madly and insanely upon Manley's center. The christian waves were shot and torn to pieces, they rallied and came on anew, and were again obliterated, but the remainder of reinforcing parts came on. It was a fearful slaughter a carnal hell too horrible to be imagined, and still the christian came on with a devilish yell that was deafening. The glandelinian fire shattered the christian waves for every one hundred yards and strewed the fields over the battle line with seas of dead but the christian could not be checked and surged up to the works like a shattering tidal wave that not even all nature could withstand. The scoffing glandelinian generals realized now their folly but it was too late. Manley's center had given way and the immense wave of christian soldiers though shattered now as it was, and which extended fifteen miles in length was let loose to begin its work of destruction. The irresistible wall of Nationals swarmed over the works and rushed on with a fury that carried the rebel center before it. Had the left of the assaulting christian line been checked in its mad headlong rush upon Manley's right, and had it not been able to pass around the vast camp a large portion of Manley's army or probably all of it might have been saved from such a devastating defeat.

Those ramparts failed to check the christian tidal wave however and immediately half of this portion of the great glandelinian army were swept from the works and hurled back into the camps with all their columns and divisions crushed and mangled and with hundreds of officers and scores of their best generals slain and Manley reported dangerously wounded. Indeed the pressure of the christian assault broke the shattered Glandelinian army into the vast extensive city of tents and as these camps were almost surrounded by the attacking christian forces, and as there had to be an outlet somewhere the confused glandelinians tried to cut their way through the heart of the rear portions of the camps, and the horror raged with redoubled fury.

Again and again did the terrified flood of glandelinian soldiers hurl themselves fiercely madly, recklessly against the christians who were closing in on them, and each wave of counter attack was fairly demolished. The surrounding christian forces remained firm, but the central portions began to move forward the glandelinians gave way retreating in another direction and some fifty thousand more rebels were carried to their deaths and a quarter of this wing and forty great generals whose names are, James Gannon, J. J. Gannon, James Gannon, Richardson John Gannon, Josie Gannon, all brothers, Gannon John Johnston, Rodney Gannon, Josie Gannon, Gannon Norwandy, Gannon Jennings, Gannon Joe Rae Neldon Neldonia, Judas Gannon, Aronburg Aronburg Federal, Meldon Aronburg, Vancouver Aronburg Aronburg, Aronburg Hoser, Wickey Gansin, Calman Shoenan, Phelan Evans,

Edward Zimmerman, Joe Whirther, Joe Whirther, Mic-Hollester, Mic-Hollester, Henryson, Joe Whirther, Johnston, Shogren in Phelanson, Cedernine, Joe-Hollester, Walter Brown, Robert G. P. Emsak, Joe-Hollester, William Zimmerman, Francis, Russell Foster Johnston, Johnston-Federal, Heller Johnston, Hindernine Johnston, Abner Double Day Henry Shuehan Ambrose, Hanson Ricknell, Tribune Ricknell, Zoe Rae Westabrook, and general Zimmerman Ricknell surrendered.

Through this new gap which was immense enough the Abbieannian and Angelinian forces were diverted in the direction of general Shuehannian's army and probably within fifteen minutes if not longer the great big Omurian divisions under thirteen generals whose names are Cast Gastellio, Buford Gastellio, Minnie Zimmerman, Johnston Mullaway, Francis Smith, Nick Knox Ricknell, Joe-Hollester Gannonia, Aldolph Johnston, Rudolph Williamson, Fritz Patrick Johnstonia, Arthur Norton, Henry Prue, and Henry Gurnose, and 6,000,000 strong, were engulfed and laid low and all these generals killed. Here also had gathered a number of divisions of Shuehannians who felt confidently that they could check the Christian tide, and almost before they realized their peril they were swept away like drift wood in a seething torrent.

Meanwhile general Manley's left had been literally wiped from the face of the earth, Federal immense divisions was swept away, and general Francis Gannonia was a thing of the past, and the general wounded. General Ricknell's divisions with a full strength of one million men had nothing left of it but a fragment of a regiment and the general and a few officers themselves. General Hate Gouda's divisions were gone, and general Francis Setens wrecked or demolished. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers on both sides were killed alone in this mad hell, hundreds of thousands bayoneted themselves to death, and the seas of wounded met an awful death in the flaming debris that at frequent intervals were hurled madly into the air by terrific explosions, that shook the earth like an earthquake, more hundreds of thousands as has been written were burned by the fires set by the firing, as hundreds of thousands of more of fleeing rebels who sought a safety in the burning woods were overwhelmed by the Nationals or burned to death when trapped by fires in the forests. On both sides the instances of unusual heroism and self sacrifice were never excelled perhaps not even equaled on any known battlefield even in reality or fiction. Soldiers of both sides rather than save themselves alone, died nobly with their comrades and comrades, and other officers and officers willingly gave up their very lives rather than abandon their wounded comrades. At the approach of night, dark darkness added to the terrors of the situation, then came oceans of flame to make the calamity of the battle all the more a pa appalling. Countless trees had been shattered to earth by the shell fire of both sides. Many of the unfortunate wounded were caught and just how many of both sides were imprisoned in those blazing masses of wreckage may never be known, but the number was estimated at between one million and 23,456,789. At some places the wreckage of foliage was piled to the height of fifty feet and most of this was all soon afire and the scene that was then witnessed was beyond description.

Prayers and shrieks, from so many unhappy wounded imprisoned in the wreckage, pierced the air, but little could be done by the rescuers. Men and officers of both sides held down by the shattered forest wreck, watched with indescribable horror and agony, the flames of the battle started forest fires creep swiftly, or slowly toward them until the heat scorched their faces and then they were slowly roasted to death. Countless numbers of those held fast in the wreck by the arm or a leg begged piteously that the imprisoned limb be cut off. Many succeeded in getting loose with mangled limbs, and one rebel officer cut off his own arm that he might get away.

The legions of the rescuers who were able wrought like demons to save the unfortunate wounded from the flames but hundreds of thousands were burned to death.

"At three thirty in the afternoon" said general Russell Foster Johnston of the Christian side, "Minnie Zimmer operating a telegraph in the Herman Telegraph Signal Station was cheerfully ticking away the news of general Manley's defeat she soon had to abandon that signal station on account of it catching fire. She then notified me she was wiring from another signal station and that the Christian success was progressing steadily. She claimed she was frightened because of the rapid advance of the ground and brush forest fires and said large stretches of forest around were burning like furnaces. This was evident before Manley's main line of defense was broken, for the officer who was answering her said; something encouraging to her and she was talking back as only the bravest of little girls can, when the rescuers skilled ears caught a

strange sound, of the telegraph wire that was not made by any human hand. The wires had either fallen or the station had been swept away by the flames, no one ever knew which. At three thirty o'clock the little girl heroine was there and at four thirty we might as well have asked the grave to answer us. Whether she escaped alive or not one could tell but let's hope she did....."

During the rescue work after the battle, a young Abbieannian officer saw a highly colored officer lying down beside a tall tree with agonized face and streaming gray hair. The flames caused by the terrible battle was rapidly approaching him, and yet the young officer at the very risk of his own life wetted his clothes or uniform and then plunged into the seething flames and brought the old wounded general as fitly out of reach of the fire.

Securely had he done so when scouting around he saw another officer and his two dearest friends in the same awful danger. The young lieutenant plunged in again and while breaching through a hedge of burning brush cut on a artery in his right wrist, and though weakened with loss of blood and badly scorched about the face and hands, he succeeded in saving the three of them. Elsewhere the same brave officer saved nineteen lives at nineveh creek. At the same creek a wounded general and many mangled privates were seen lying helplessly on the ground amid masses of debris and a wall of approaching flames was sweeping swiftly toward them.

The roaring flames commenced to reach the debris and by desperate efforts the rescuers succeeded in getting the general and some privates out of reach of the flames. In the efforts to rescue the remaining wounded the flames were fought desperately and one of the rescuers threw out a rope soaked through with water. The end landed on the shoulders of one of the wounded men but as he saw that he could not save the rest he threw the means of safety to one side and gripped the human hands of those who were with him. A minute later the wreckage burst into flames and in a second thirteen helplessly wounded soldiers were engulfed in the seething flames, being all burned to death. There were many thousands of the searchers and rescuers that distinguished themselves by their bravery. Many of the rescuers had to turn back on account of the flames. As the batch of rescuers passed a point where the burning woods were full of wounded and dying struggling to get out of reach of the flames another desperate attempt to save the injured was commenced. The rescuers set to work, wetted their uniforms dashed into the very inferno and saved them all though many of the rescuers were scorched and injured.

The special parties of rescuers reached the little Elsie's Creek at 11.30 that night but they were notified by colored light signals that further progress in that direction was almost impossible. The greatest excitement prevailed at this place and large parties of other rescuers were all the time endeavoring to save the poor unfortunate wounded that were being sent into eternity by the approaching flames.

To the tidal wave of flames struck this section of the battle shattered woods just after dark, and in twenty minutes the flames from the wreckage below caught the foliage on the tree tops and rose high into the air and the conflagration soon spread over the whole territory. And in danger from these flames caught under the forest debris were wounded soldiers of both sides shrinking piteously for aid. A large number of rescuers at once gathered in this region and they were steadily reinforced by large numbers of Abbieannians on the opposite side of the stream. They brought everything used by forest rangers to fight the flames. Others brought wire ropes and these were thrown into the parts where the wounded lay in the efforts to save as many of these poor beings as possible. For half an hour on more all the efforts were of no avail until at last when the rescuers were about giving up all hopes a young soldier held down by a smoking branch managed to catch hold of one of the ropes. He caught it under his right arm and being pulled from under the branch was thrown violently against a tree that was threatening to fall upon him, but managed to clear himself from it as it crashed to the ground and keeping hold of the wire rope was successfully pulled out of reach of the flames amid the cheers of the rest. His name was Pen Pedro Vivian and his rescuer was a colonial named Angelone Robbins.....

The wounded soldier was taken to the town of Gretchen and cared for in the home of an aged couple. This young wounded soldier was about 18 years old. His story of the frightful calamity to Manley's army is as follows;

"With my regiment I was also sharing in that grand monstrous charge against the enemy's shattered army. In my Regiment were 3,300 men. The firing was as steady as roaring water. Yet as we rushed on we saw the Glandelinian soldiers running before us. But soon I observed a part of the left wing of my regiment dissolve before the enemy's fire. An officer told me not to mind as the enemy would not resist further. But soon I saw my men drop by the score per minute, and the survivors halted behind trees, rocks and thick bushes and returned the fire. However the enemy's fire threatened to annihilate my whole regiment and we were forced to halt in our advance. In my fright I jumped behind a tree but the fragment of an exploding shell shattered the tree and shattered my leg.

My comrades kept on going and gradually everything within my sight was aflame. The flames kept rising and I was in peril. Gradually I got away from the tree but a section of it gave way, fell on me and held me down. Then suddenly I found myself trapped there, and the flames rapidly approaching. After a little the flames seemed to be checked by the stream and I hoped they would be stopped but just then a burning tree fell across the stream and it was at this moment when I was rescued. After I was freed from the blazing debris I did not see the others of my comrades. One soldier was I was told was taken down from the branch of a tree whose top had been burned away but he must have been burned to death as the flames had been closing fast. Colonel Kintola and Major Grando I saw burn to death. General Heado was also burned. Colonel John Heidi was also found with his body half charred under the smoking debris. The scenes were terrible. Live wounded soldiers and corpses were burned by the flames. I would hear many of the wounded shriek as the flames engulfed them. All along the stretch of fires were soldiers who were trying most desperately to save us but they could not do nothing and only a few of us were saved. If this is war, then the Infernal Regions must be a heaven."

This young soldier's story is but one incident and shows what happened to officers even of the highest rank. God alone could have only known what had happened to the hundreds of thousands who were in the path of the unquenching flames. It was impossible to get even anything in the way of news save the most meagre details.

An eye witness at Beldon Hendrick Lock Railroad Station tells a story of a very unusual horror which occurred at the North Bend of the great Mic-Whirther River near or at the lower Mic-Whirther Bridge which crossed the river at this point.

A young officer supporting two wounded soldiers, one on each side of him was seen by the rescuers coming down toward the bridge pursued by a most tremendous wall of flames. The bridge was broken down having been shattered by shell fire, and to swim the stream at this point was impossible for the strongest swimmer. From the opposite side of this stream a rope of good length and great strength was thrown over to him. This the whole three failed to catch.

Then the young officer was noticed to point toward the elder of the two wounded soldiers who it was supposed was either his father or a relation. He was then seen to instruct the two soldiers what they should do when catching the rope which was being thrown from the opposite shore. On came the flames with a roar.

The brave young colonel stood with his arm around each of the two wounded soldiers. As the rope was thrown to them he seized it, but a falling tree tore the rope violently away from him. Neither of the three succeeded in getting a hold on the life line. Finally the rope was again cast but seeing his companions would not be rescued he dropped the rope and tried to figure how to get across the bridge. The sea of flames was seething toward the bank and the young officer seized hold of the good portion of the bridge and after difficult work managed to aid the two wounded soldiers to get up onto the rickety bridge. He held on with his own hands and rested his feet on a pile of driftwood suddenly brought down by the current of the river. A floating tree then came down and struck the drift sweeping it away.

The young officer then hung with his body immersed in the water. A new pile of drift soon collected and he was enabled to get another secure footing. Near the bridge a big blazing tree suddenly fell striking the bridge with a mighty crash and the whole bridge crashed into the water all three being hurled into the river and held under the water by the weight of the debris and were drowned before the eyes of the horrified rescuers just on the opposite shore. Early in the evening a general and two comrade officers were also seen in the path of the advancing flames. A wire rope was thrown to them, a soldier dashed in among the flames and all three were rescued.

When this happened a few miles below the behind the scene of the horror at the bridge. A later report from another point from another part of the forest says that hundreds were saved several of which succeeded in getting out of reach of the flames unaided. These were kindly taken care of by the people of Gratchen. All night long the rescuers fought the flames in an effort to reach the wounded. To the surprise of all, a little girl was seen near another bridge and despite the flames surrounding her she was kneeling on the floor of the burning structure and had her hands clasped as if in prayer. Despite the bridge being domed up in fire every effort was made to save the poor child but they all proved of no avail. The main part of the conflagration had evidently spent its fury up the north part of the river. No more wounded at this location could be rescued. Night searchers remained along the bank until daylight when the first view of the awful devastation of the fire and cattle was witnessed.

When the great wave of Christian soldiery swept through the main Glandelinian encampments the panic stricken rebels who had any chance to escape ran hither and thither in every direction. They did not have any idea where they were running to, only that a great surge of lavender coated soldiers as fierce as the demons themselves were roaring after them through the woods and that they must get out of the way of that. Some in their dare devil recklessness stuck to their works, though this was either certain death or capture.

Others ran through the company streets of their camps or got on top of the ramparts and then clambered over the adjoining breastworks and resisted the Christians until they could retreat in more safety. But the main majority made for the distant foot hill a which girt the small city like the waves of the storm tossed ocean surrounds a ship. Even the Glandelinians whose works the Christians could not carry so quickly abandoned their positions suddenly and began to thick the whole army was as safe as some city buried beneath the water.

Yet when the Nationals were in possession of the Glandelinian works they had to put their own wounded and those of the enemy they had gathered immediately after the battle they had to put them into tents and other portions of the camps which had not been ruined. Most of the wounded of both sides had to sleep without any covering over their bodies or clothes and torn uniforms and it took the liveliest kind of work to secure shelter of any kind.

Yet the wounded were housed as best as possible in all the tents still standing and some idea of the extent of the camps captured can be gathered from the effects that of the 300,000 most prominent tents there were nine million eight hundred and fifty thousand smaller ones. Many scores of thousands of the wounded of both sides were crazed by their sufferings and for the first day or so the rebel wounded were dazed by what had happened and for that matter they are dazed still. Most of those not too badly injured went about helplessly, asking vaguely inquiries for their friends and hardly feeling the desire to eat anything they were so disheartened over the defeat of the Glandelinian army. Finally the needs of army comforts overpowered them and they woke up to the fact that they were faint and sick. It was surprising to the Glandelinian prisoners however the Angelinian soldiers shared their own rations with them, and took care of the suffering Glandelinian wounded when they did not expect any mercy from them at all. But they however were sullen soldiers, morose and desperate and they did not appreciate this at all and only hated the Nationals to more than ever because of Manley's defeat.

"The 'Fatal Stream' as the Mic-Whirther Run river is now called, and where the battle wrecked such awful destruction was described by one of the war correspondents in this way://////

"The fiercest of the wicked Glandelinian army the long wave of Gorian Scodder Infantry whose resistance against the tide of Concentinian cavalry and infantry forces was the matter of so much talk was a noble Turnorannian Army just concentrated behind a high breastworks thirteen feet in height and thirty two feet wide on top and manned by a enormous cannon in the apertures, and teeming with short range cannon on top. Despite the dreadful shell fire poured upon it from the Christian batteries to cover the fierce Concentinian charge these works still remain wholly uninjured except that they are badly spalled on the upper

side by some shell explosions of immeasurable force but that they remain so was due solely to the accident of their position and not to their very great strength although they were the embodiment of solidity. Had the full force of the mighty ove wheeling Con centinian charge struck the Ovarian Scoddlar army at once it would have swept it away as if they had been a n army of paper men facing a tornado winstorm leaving no track of even a remnant of men behind, but fortunately, or (unfortunately) a part of the O n Ovarian army was exactly parallel wity the path of the advancing Nationals which hence e struck the Ovarian army full and compressed the whole of its line of charge gained in a fourteen mile line of advance into one inextricable mass with the fury of tens of millions of demons moving forward at nearly a railroad train speed. The effort of the glandelinian position withich which was under general Shoo-annia in person was a breastworks of very peculiar construction. It consisted of:

1. Every tree the glandelinians had chopped down with trifling exceptions, including thousands of large trees, with all the limbs left on, but sharpened at the points.
2. All the wagons, and wagon wheels gathered from raided farms, and those of u no use for further re. retainment of wagon trains in the army all these beades abatis and bob wire and all other sharp implements being intermingled with the trees.
3. All the various furniture and farming implements and every thing of dangerous character that were taken from the houses, many hundreds of miles of farm barbed wire stolen or taken from stores, and farm fields, and many times ore than this that was in stock in the mills.
4. Perhaps fifty miles of track and track materials, and rails and all.
5. Captured locomotives, pig iron, boilers, steam engines, heavy machinery, and all other sp ills of a large manufacturing town. All this was accumulated in one long i:extricable mass which however failed to stop the christian advance.

The fol dge along a good portion of the Mic-Whirther Run caught fire during the evening of the last day of the battle. Hundreds of thousands of wounded soldiers were held under forest wreckage many by their legs only. The rescuing parties were tortured by thr groans and cries which came from that vast holocaust for nearly forty eight hours it being almost unbearable to listen to, yet it could not be escaped. Thousands undoubtedly suffered a slow death by fire. Yet who doubt could doubt that the vast numbers of the fallen in that fearful inferno which covered nearly a thousand acres in two days were burned to death.

The glandelinian positions held by the Ovarians was in the shape of a long serpent when viewed from on high and addenby the junction of general picknells works and the almost equally large Shooannian works extending along toward Henrietta's nne just a little above Gretchen town.

Adelaide Carbes trenches formed near Dam No. I which was about sixty feet high its lke eing large enough to hold twenty times the contents of the Johnstown Reservoir itself. One offshoot of the enemy was the purpose to deflect the christian torrent: of to wipe it out by the bursting of these two dams and h V this happened two flood disasters would have drowned the whole charge and destroyed all cities and villages within the region for a hundred miles all around with the loss of every life in all these places.

But as the christian line of charge went tearing through the heart of the enemy's main camps one section split from the main wave further down and the direct force of this column carried the works between the two dams thus saving the reservoirs and smashing the rebellious to pieces.

About half of the loss of life was in this section for the whole region between the two dams, became speedily a charnel hall and stayed so until night fall and it was here and not in the direct path of the advancing flames that all the rescuing of the wounded from the forest debris and ground fires occurred.

Nothing of the kind was possible in the path of the advancing forest fire itself. The existence of the works held by the Ovarians broke the continuity of the headlong christian advance headlong advance and gave this portion of the rebel line a chance to get away. Shooannias army was badly shattered with the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives but in the main from those of the Ovarians down, the christian attack was not quite so destructive.

General Francis G Cannonia in charge of a portion of Shoo annias Ovarian army in the first section of the works which was carried by the christian attackers wrote a thrilling story of his own experience the details which Jennie Cannon managed to obtain possession of three days after the battle itself, she having easily e escaped from the forest fire. His story states thus:;;;

"To his Excellency general John Hanley, glandelinian army.
"ain D.D.D.D.

"My division with two others on Shooannias night had been thrown into position by the high works at Henrietta Dam No. I opposite Henrietta Dam No. 2. I saw the "christian dogs" coming like a roaring flood from a million hurst dams, and my officers described their head long approach as the appearance of the whole army of demons from hell moving teard us in lavender and purple uniforms. I immediately rode back and forth behind my men, and shouted to my gunners to fire away for all they were worth, while to every officer I gave lusty urgent instructions. My gunners opened up wiping out the first line of Abbieannians and shattering the others, but the charge was irresistible and the works were captured. I was seriously wounded and two soldiers were engaged in getting me out of the zone of danger the soldiers supporting me under each arm and rushed toward the rear with the roaring purple coats right at ur heels. They carried me a dier distance of two hundred feet and then fell mortally wounded, I on top of them.

Others came to my rescue however, and were shot down. Three others came also a flag bearer and were killed just as they lifted me off my feet. Alone soldier however by some scene managed to drag me to a safe spot though he was hit five times and I was then taken care of by a davarly force of G n Gargoylians who bore e to a safe spot before the christian dogs could reach us.

I cannot tell how many of my soldiers lost their lifes lives or were wounded in this awful Gretchen disaster. The one division of Scoddlers on my right, under general Jennie Shooannias, which was carried away lost every one of its n llen wounded to the christian dogs, how many no one knows. At least only 20,000 of the five million dead were recovered. A line of a machine guns served to in a measure to protect Jessipine Jennie's army from a disastrous defeat.

Some idea of the terrible National charge may be gained when I saw that the Angelinian and Abbieannian troops swept upon the works with the speed and fury of a tremendous stampede of horses ridden by wild savage men all our cannon and strong lines of infantry not being sufficient with even the help of our queerly made abatis to stop their wild insane onrush. Our fire killed the whole line of christian christian charge and tore it all to pieces but we were swept back and our guns captured before they could be fired again. Shooannias army was forced from the works and half of it destroyed.

My assistant general Hairbreadth Harry had a most wonderful escape. He was caught in the mad mob of opposing men and in the turmoil all his uniform was torn from him and he was borne by the desperately fighting soldiers of our holy cause clear of the onrushing christian dogs, who had tried so desperately to capture him. The general told me that while he struggled to get out of the raving mob, once thirty bayonets surrounded him on nllsides, and he saw the fierce eyed Winkie

Abweinkilians strive to de draw his horse away from his rescuers, but fortunately they were driven off by some of his Whissies and Mungabous. He then started to urge his horse with the purpose to reach the main column but fearing to venture to o too much out into the e open wounded as he was, returned to his body of rescuers who brought him safely out of danger. He had recieved only slight injury and displayed a rare amount of forethought in the face of all this danger, having snibed ten of his assailants, and ridden down a number of them, and made two of them his prisoners. He had fully expected he would be captured and therefore had tied securely around a comrades horses neck his valuable coat with a note in a pocket and this in order that the note if found might explain the cause of his being missed.

General Cannonia".

The last reserves of Hanley's army of which general Federal permitted the arrival to the support of Hanley's center had come up between Gretchen and Gretna and rolled into position at Mic-Whirther Run at about 3:35 P.M. a that late afternoon.

The reserves consisted of 4000 men and by Manley was called a "handcarried train of troops." The last part of this reserve column was a troop of fierce Anglo-Hollanderians which had never been stopped in any battle before but which had in this battle been cut from the main body. The rest of the column had started forward from Graham at 3:40 and later from its dreadful losses had been on a "death division".

No man ever fitted it better. This division had charged and then contested seven miles of ground during its rout now to the attacking christian wave and left for all that distance fields of fallen a soldiers. Seventeen miles of bodies covered the ground between Graham and Graham. When the news paper men and war correspondents touched with the Angolians Graham they pines and to some extent with the men who make them dashed excitedly into the christian lines at 7:30. In the evening, they were too excited to tell all about what they had witnessed. For Manley no reports of the great increase in the christian onslaught had reached him during the full fury of the battle and he had ordered to do so the two last columns of reserves started out with two machine gun batteries having fair chance of reaching Manley's center on time to check if possible the terrific onslaught of the whole christian line. The original three quarters of a mile of rebellion of defeat that is of Adele Garbes division was temporarily rallied without incident. The christians had by this time carried the first line of rebel trenches and the officers in charge of the rest of the reserves threw upon the left of the fiercely attacking Nation a fine gray billow of soldiers sending them forward like a wall in the already along the already captured encampments checking the christian attack for a few minutes and bringing cheers from countless numbers of insurgents who were trying to rally and who watched the advance of the reserves from their last line of defense and forgot the disaster to their army in the excp excitement of watching the amphibious prowess of these last reserves.

"We have seen the worst of this christian attack," said one of the elderly officers of the reserves to a couple of excited non commissioned officers as the last of the shattered christian column was driven to the edge of the camp. "We have seen the worst of it but the fresh troops will have to wait here for a short time for the Nationals are rallying again to resume the assault."

So Manley's last reserves stood waiting for a while on the higher rise of ground when it should have gone forward at once, while the artillery along general Manley's front rolled in their thunderous upper and the enraged christian forces rushed now to the stomach. Then when the rebel line was being broken to pieces the reserves were ordered to move to the support of Manley's center. The open ground was just open enough to allow the reserves to move in with an impetuous for a counter attack, upon the Abbe's line of advance.

It was to the very captured works that the reserves seem to roll toward this time. It was no longer a question of resisting the attacker christians. Yet the billows of advancing Nationals from Livingstonian swept on now among the Glandelinian encampments and swept over the broad topped breastworks only to be broken up like a wall reduced into a thousand chop waves by the severe fire of the Glandelinian reserves. The Glandelinian soldiers behind their last line of works now fought to cheer. The officers commanding the reserves forgot to take about the "christian dogs" and the privates began to fret. The situation was curious and it was very ticklish. The reserves were moving

slowly. A part of the column engaged in smoke from musketry discharges was out of sight. The fiercely christian Abbe's were again in possession and also were in evening through the encampments and setting numerous tanks on fire.

The advancing reserves looked like a long broad gray serpent wriggling on its belly toward the varied purple waves. Gradually there was a simultaneous raving maniacs. Yet no one will ever, can ever know the real horrors of the results of the battle, unless he saw the seas of burning wounded, and forest debris along that fatal M. C. H. Hollister gun stream.

"If you officers do not keep to your commands we won't be able to check the advance of the christian dogs," he shouted. The demand was a little absurd like the direction given by a land oxman to "trim ship". Still it had its uses. It relieved the tension which every officer felt and which none of them acknowledged. These

officers went back to their commands, looking again began among the officers and fronting a unit of privates. There had not been much fun in looking toward the attacking christian waves any way. What had appeared to be a recession of the christian attackers when looked at from that location was merely a forward movement of the Angolians upon Adele Garbes works like the swelling of a stream from flood waters.

All at once these columns of reserves which had been moving more slowly, for each a good ten minutes stopped short. Then the officers were seen by the others to dash back and forth trying to rally large patches of soldiers coming toward them, and even 'exit dashing at the nearest of the soldiers.

"Manley is being driven back," said the same general who had commanded the officers to go back to their troops. So it was. Manley's line was being driven back by the christian attackers. It was observed that the Nationals were carrying the works at every section of the line and forces of Angolians were moving around the other way threatening to impede the retreat of the Glandelinians altogether.

A line of troops in purple were seen leaving fence rails along the edges of country farms ever everywhere they were coming and nothing now could stop their advance.

The wounded of the rebels who appeared to take the situation in easily, though no such a war disaster had been known to them since the war began had been in large numbers keeping company of their fighting comrades for the last two hours. There had been some hope for the christian tide to be checked just beyond Shomondia's works. But as sure as guns were iron, and christians were christians, the hope to withstand the national assault was fast disappearing. The success of the Nationals was steady. Finally the reserves had to recoil and the Angolians purple wave shrieked fury and triumph. The Nationals began to carry all before them like the tornado and swarmed over the last line of works like the tidal wave swept the weak breastworks. As they did so the uproar of the christian yell was heard from elsewhere mingled with a loud hurricane of cheering. A long wave of Abbe's men led by two monstrous columns of Concentration Cavalry appeared around the bend of the other works and rushed forward with the fury that nothing could withstand.

"They'll never get through the encampments," was the unanimous consent of other over confident Glandelinian officers, and their virile verse verdict seemed to be confirmed officially by others. But they did carry the encampments. During the beginning of the retreat one of the officers who shouted:

"These reserves must be held together to cover Manley's retreat. There will be no retreating of the reserves until night fall."

A wounded Glandelinian officer who managed to get above and beyond the danger line on Klais Bluff and who says the first tremendous rush of the Abbe's tidal wave had been preceded or preceded by a terrific and peculiar cannonade which he thinks was one of the worst cannonades of the whole war. He declared that a few moments before the surge of fierce Abbe's men had reached general Manley's works there was a tremendous rolling explosion of shells all about the battle field and upon general Manley's line and the christian positions were walled in great clouds of smoke. He said he saw as it were of any big eruptions rise in the air and the next minutes saw two lines of undulating sheets of flames sheets of flame along the christian positions and the rebel lines were being torn to pieces by this shell fire and wrecks. The next minute the christian charge came and as a whole hid everything out of sight he could not see anything more. There was really a tremendous duel of cannons that wrecked Manley's line and and therefore the cause of Manley's defeat may be explained. The experience of many of the wounded is most terrible. Many saw hundreds of their comrades facing the roaring flames and meeting a horrible death, some praying, while others had become actually raving maniacs. Yet no one will ever, can ever know the real horrors of the results of the battle, unless he saw the seas of burning wounded, and forest debris along that fatal M. C. H. Hollister gun stream.

"It was dreadful," said general Dargat. "The horrible nature of this awful affair cannot be realized by any person who did not witness the scene. As soon as possible after the last great crash of the battle had ended and terrible fires broke out I with a large party of rescuers hastened to that portion of the battle field. Countless thousands of the wounded of both sides were struggling amid the battle debris to get out of reach of those devouring flames and imploring the rescuers for God's sake to rescue or release them.

Franklin rescuers, thousands of them, stood at the side of that extensive and advanced furnace that was slowly melting in a hell heat and incinerating so many human victims. Every one of the rescuers were extremely anxious to save every one possible, and while working desperately, raved, cursed and blasphemed, until the air appeared to tremble. No system, no organized effort to relieve the sea of bent up soldiers of both sides was made by those working to subdue the conflagration. Shrieking they would go and "go to that place, no get him out for god's sake. Get him out of reach of those flames." referring to some officer they wanted to have saved. Under the circumstances it was necessary to secure more organization and by this means more were rescued than before. Some of the glandelinian prisoners at work also even under guard thinking I was trying to thwart their efforts when I ordered another point attacked by the rescuers advanced upon me, and threatened to beat my head off or dash me into the bloody river. One soldier who was trying by means of a rope to draw a wounded comrade out of reach of the flames pulled too hard, the rope broke and the wounded soldier was soon engulfed by the flames. The agonies of that rescuer was simply heartrending. He raised his arms to heaven and screamed in his mental anguish, and only to cease that and tear his hair and scream like one distracted. Every effort was made to save every wounded soldier possible and we had the satisfaction of knowing that fully 200,000 were saved from cremation. One young officer was found under the body of another. A force of searchers attempted to extricate him from under a birch tree and succeeded in releasing every limb but his right arm. For four hours they labored with the forest fire coming nearer and nearer. I was on the point several times of ordering the soldier to chop his arm off. It would have been much better to save his life even at that loss than to have him burn to death. Fortunately it was not necessary but the young officers narrow escape from death or mutilation he will never realize. The fire claimed a number of its victims not only the living wounded soldiers but also all the dead which were in some ways purposefully abandoned to the flames for the purpose of disposal. Many abandoned gun carriages and caissons were found half burned in the charred wreckage of the battle field. One of the queerest sights of the battle field especially near Gretchen which I observed was general Vivians demolished headquarters standing with one wall the other having been blown down entirely leaving the floors supported by only the upper partitions. In the upper rooms generally used by general Vivian could be seen a mantle with a lamp regularly on it and a large wall clock stopped at half past seven. Not far from the clock was a large sized Holy Bible though from the marks on the wall plaster the shell fragments of some exploding bomb had hit these things. In the upper parts of this building where the shock from these exploding shells was felt more intensely, there were many strange scenes. The furniture in one of the rooms, was toppled over one after the other in a row and left where they lay. One large table was turned completely over and stood with its legs in the air. Out of this building the general and his staff escaped safely and were but little hurt, although five of the generals declared they had been stood on their very heads by the concussion of some very violent explosion. Every room of general Vivians headquarters or I mean general Vivians headquarters had its own story which I had observed. From one an officer entombed by wreckage in the base of a basement by wreckage escaped by chopping a hole through every floor, and then the roof. From another a foreigner who was said to be a Hungarian but who joined the Angelinians just for adventure leaped into the street and fell thirty two feet into the water and escaped with a broken leg. . . .

A war correspondent described the situation near Gretchen nine days after the disaster to Manley's defeated army in this way: "So vast is the field of destruction that to get an adequate idea from any point level with the scene of battle is simply impossible whether you believe it or not. It must be viewed from a great height. From the top of Monrovia mountain just at the east of Gretchen, the whole panorama can be seen. Looking down from the high heights many things about the enormous battle, that appears inexplicable from below are perfectly plain. Now so much devastation was even caused by the awful shell fire as if a tornado swept through it a hundred times was made perfectly clear. The city of Gretchen was built in almost the form of a cross with the long at longest portion extending squarely toward the main river. At the shortest section was the junction of the Evangeline at Claire and Resurrection streams. The upper part of this cross pointed direct

ward

toward these elements of the victorious christian army. About one half of this cross (or only) was covered with buildings in crowded to its utmost with wounded christian soldiers except for four large brick buildings that stood near Evangeline St Claire river and these houses the medical supplies.

The course of the victorious christian armies from the exact point where they issued from their trenches to where they disappeared into the woods after Manley's fleeing armies the rest spreading in several columns over the flat districts of fifteen to sixteen miles clearly defined by officers whom I interviewed. The whole advancing christian army issued straight from its long line of works in an extensive solid wave of screaming roaring soldiery and swept across the fields and so on to the woods carrying all before it.

Here at the woods a series of strong glandelinian batteries consisting of guns capable of hurling grape and canister by the torrent volume were captured at one sweep. The woods however seemed to divide the invading wave. The greater part roared on to the south swept upon Manley's camps and carried these positions like a sweeping windstorm and then closed with the rebel line in the rear driving it down to Allenby's woods capturing the whole force at this section. The other wave spread across the field whether running southward and went over Manley's strong works at the center.

The glandelinian positions here in the meantime were defended by the very glandelinian reserves and therefore hurled back the christian onslaught for a few moments, but a portion of the christian wave turning eastward came upon the glandelinian rear and captured a portion of this section of the rebel army. The stream of soldiers that passed over the rebel works on the left was hurled back by the main glandelinian column under general Raymond, which moved off several and others, but were reinforced by the whole of the christian army and rushed forward again, when it drove the enemy back for miles in hopeless confusion and swept the force of the attack upon the last line of works. The incessant progress of this christian advance forced upon the retreating glandelinians and over the works caused the Nationals to have an irresistible measure that nothing could withstand, the greatest force being from the right and left and made a storming assault whose fury assailed every one who witnessed it. This accounts for the apparently or comparatively extensive path of the charging purple columns through the glandelinian camps where its course of advance through the thickly clustered and canvas tented company streets could have been easily seen. The force of the crushing onslaught increased gradually as it went onward for at the point where the waves of christian troops separated at each side of the small woods, every glandelinian column was shattered to pieces or driven away, and at the end the rebel lines were destroyed. In the middle of the battle line the disaster to the foe line was still more greater. Further to the right the attacking columns overlapped the enemy line, split it into sections, surrounded each section, and captured them all.

To the southwestward the gulf of the christian armies was of a different sort. They drove off every glandelinian column as if they were not resisting them at all, and hurled back the main line tearing it into small fragments or swept it over the last line of works and so on down over the fields for miles. This left the great christian armies so often written off of under the two Vivian generals in possession of the enormous glandelinian camps, the city of Gretchen and Gretina, scores of thousands of cannons, immense immense stores of ammunition and provisions, ten million big and small tents and millions of arms, and scores of thousands of provision wagons and others, and countless horses and mules. In this region there runs the Mac-Holles and Pandora Railroad. These camps now in possession of the christians do not relieve the shocking shocking picture of ruin spread out all over the battlefield but by contrast makes it all the more striking. That part of the rebel captured rebel encampments to the south where the christian forces won the first success of the battle there used to be a separate village of bigger tents which was called Camp Manley. It will now be called Camp Vivian. Some of the queerest kinds of tents are here.

Many of the addition of the tents that are being placed there halter and skelter in that neighborhood were never in that region nor any where near it before. They are being erected by the victorious christians and are extending from the rebel camps as far up as the city of Gretchen. I got into the building once occupied by Manley as his headquarters. The lower story had been set on fire by the fleeing rebels and everything in it had been burned to a total loss. Heaps of blackened wreckage could be seen. There was no

signs of any furniture. The ceiling of the first floor was burned through the windows were cut and the cold early May rain blew in and the only thing that escaped the flames, and remained intact was the small picture of some child appearing to look straight at you. She was lying on a bed with some large dolls in her possession. She seemed to look grimly and sadly serene. A melancholy wreck of a former house that child in the picture seemed to look upon. I saw a baggage wagon of large size in the middle of a company street sticking tongue and all straight up into the air resting on its tail board with the hind wheels almost completely buried in the gravel. Some rebel officers' library had been strewn over the full length of the same company street for there was a long trail of all kinds of books good expensive ones too left half covered by gravel and dust and reaching for over a mile block and a half.

Down at the lower end of the course of the wide Whither run Stream there was a house uniformly used by General Sherman as his headquarters. Through its side the trunk of a large poplar tree had been driven by some explosion like a lance and there it stayed sticking out straight into the air. From the concussion of the same explosion another farm house used by Adèle de Garç as his headquarters had been lifted over two big barns in some mysterious way and then had settled down between them and there it stuck high up in the air so its former occupants might have night have gotten in it again with high ladders. I saw General Sherman's headquarters with its side stove in gas if it had crashed against another house and in the hole the body of a dead horse

lay. In the gravel was the case and key board of a large and expensive piano and far down the river near the wreck of a long line of army provision wagons were the legs of an upright piano with all its inside apparatus gone stood straight up a little way off. What was once a set of most costly furniture and even a beautiful doll of some little girl and some school books were strewn all about it, and the farmhouse that contained it was no where in sight. The remarkable stories that have been told about officers being wounded and carried a mile over the battlefield and the common saying back two or three times more are easily credible. After seeing the evidence of the strange course the Christian wave of attack took in its advance upon the enemy. Those who lay wounded near Beldon Bridge saw four wounded officers being carried by privates under a severe cross fire to safety. Then regardless of the peril, and though it seemed suicide they came back to go past again and once more return with a wounded general. Then they were seen to go far down to the lower bridge and were seen rescuing other comrades. A prisoner was imprisoned under his place and these brave soldiers though exposed to the enemy's fire rescued him after three were killed and four wounded.

General Henshaw who was severely wounded and carried right past his own headquarters coolly told his men to fight hard to revenge his fall. He survived however though he had been wounded twelve times. Fearing that he would have died however the general had carried on a conversation with his officers while lying on the stretcher, and giving directions for his burial.

The third or fourth time the searchers made the wide and lengthy rounds in their efforts to find the wounded soldiers not touched by the flames.

It happened to be that fourteen officers had been caught under the branches of an enormous pine tree, and had to remain there for three days and nights before they could make any of the rescuers understand where they were confined. At one time scores of enormous trees prostrated by the explosions of big shells were wedged in together near the ruins of the great Whither Bridge. Forty brave men here went out across the river and working their way through or from one branch to another and warning their way in and out brought to safety thirty five men and twelve officers. Some of the wounded crawled toward from under the fallen smoking trees and in their struggles with the flames and hindering briars and foliage most of their clothes had been torn from them and rather than appear in the company streets they took the chances of remaining where they were until the heat of the approaching flames forced them to about for help. At this stage of the forest fire some of the wounded were lost by being burned to death then by the effects of the wounds received in the battle itself. As they were held under the wreckage of trees and other debris the roaring flames reached them and cremated them alive.

The rescuers began on the wreckage of Forest Glenwood just opposite the town of Grant. It stretched one of the most hot contested portions of the

the battlefield. The largest numbers of the wounded soldiers of both sides were said to have been lost here, the flames having wiped out everything on this section of the river and yet not touching the wreckage on the opposite shore a remarkable thing considering the terrific force of the sea of flames and the narrow width of the river at this portion. Twenty one hundred thousand bodies were taken out of this region within two days all horribly cremated and taken to be buried hastily in long trenches. In many instances dead bodies of soldiers were found wedged between the trunks and branches of large trees, or under wreckage of farm houses or other debris and they were all found to be terribly cremated at last to ashes. In this section of the devastated battlefield examination was sure to result in the recovery of bodies in every little spot and all around too. Thirteen hundred bodies were taken from the burning rubbish at Elkins bridge at one time on the afternoon of May the 4th. None of these bodies were recognizable and they were hurled into hastily dug trenches and buried immediately. They were so badly cremated that it was impossible to keep them until they could be identified. During a series of blazes at one of the other bridges in the afternoon all the bodies thousands of them were hauled or blown to pieces.

Yet the blasting had the better effects of opening one of the channels under the central portions of the bridges and to convey some of the bodies to a better reach so that more rescuers could get at them. Some of the bodies and the order that was issued was that all cremated bodies should be buried hastily in trenches or cremated over again right away. This was being rapidly carried out by the general who was in charge of the work of recovering the wounded and the cremated bodies declared that scores of thousands of soldiers and also the delinquent prisoners had been already put to work digging graves, and hurrying the bodies into them and at the close of the afternoon the remains of many others were being laid away as rapidly as possible.

Colonel Sanders had also taken charge of a regiment of eleven hundred Maryland prisoners who were already doing a most wonderful amount of work. In an interview with me he told me of the work that has to be done and he declared that it probably will take one hundred to three hundred thousand men to clear the battle field of all the cremated bodies and to find the rest of the wounded and also to try and stop the fire long enough in its approach to enable the others to remain the rest of the wounded wounded.

"Yet I am at a loss of how all this work can be done" he said to me. "This enthusiasm among the prisoners will soon die out and we will either have to obtain more volunteers or force the prisoners to do the work at the point of the bayonet. Just now the prisoners are willing and hope they will remain this way until the work is done." It will take all the coming summer for all the men to do all the work in this region that is necessary to get in all the dead bodies there are so many millions of them. Steps must be taken at once to furnish one range of prisoners and I have repeatedly sent a communication asking other armies to lend their prisoners if necessary or furnish relief in Marylandian workmen prisoners. I have asked for a number of men to be here to work for a week or two at a time and send them to the camps and prisoners in charge of guards and officers. We will board and care for these workers here in a manner as if they were our own prisoners provide they do the work willingly. These gangs of prisoners should come for a week at a time or more as no organization of any kind can be effected if rebel prisoners arrive and leave when they please.

All officers had declared that they proposed to clear the whole battlefield of all dead bodies and to send all wounded to all near town by towns as quickly as possible. I was here when many of prisoners came across one of the highest fallen oak trees I have ever seen in my life. It was still smoking, and a faint odor of burned flesh prevailed at this very spot.

"Dig here" said the officer to his men. There is at least one body under this smoldering tree. The men started in with a will. First a large pile of underclothes and a half burned uniform of gray color was brought up first. It was of fine quality and evidently such which belonged to some Marylandian officer of very high rank. Presently one of the prisoners exposed a charred lump of flesh and lifted it up on the edge of a pitch fork. It was all that remained of some poor Marylandian officer who had met an awful death between the fury of battle and fire. The trunk was put on a piece of cloth, the ends were looped up making a bag of it and the thing was taken to the river bank. It weighed probably fifty pounds. A stone was attached to the end attached to it and it was thrown into the water. This is done in many

cases to the burned bodies of both sides, mostly thrown into the river, or hurled into trenches or cremated over again."

There actual number of Glandelinian or christian soldiers who lost their lives at the battle of Gratochen will never be known can never be known, but over 4,550,799 bodies of the victims of the frightful battle cataclysm were identified, and these together with the hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of unidentified corpses which were reinterred, or buried in the river and in long trench graves and in the sand along the edge of the stream or disposed of in quick sands and other ways, or buried in the very oceans themselves, or those bodies which have been found in the mud burned areas of the battlefield those there also cremated anew, the hundreds of thousands burned to death while lying helplessly wounded and those taken from the very waters of the streams all these served to swell the horrible list as far as known to possibly seventeen million Angelinians alone and 7,000,000 Glandelinians which was the figure named by general Robert Vivian the fifth day after the enormous conflict. He had every opportunity for obtaining information on this point.

Until the reorganization and recovery of so many bodies began the officers in charge of the various burial camps of prisoners tried to make lists of all the bodies disposed of by their own men and prisoners but when it became necessary to hurry the burial of the corpses or their returning the danger of putrefaction being so great as well as pestilence that they had to be put out of the way at the earliest possible moment the compilation of these lists was abandoned and only a mere estimate made, and the work of recovering all these bodies proceeded but very slowly on account of the heat of the smouldering fires and the tangled conditions of the foliage wreckage the prisoners in the gorges assigned to this being enervated by the intense heat of the day sun, sickened by the effluvia from the already decomposing bodies and the smoke from those cremated by the forest fires and depressed by the gloomy character of their awful surroundings and also by the defeat of general Manley's army. Most of the prisoners thus employed many of whom were on comfortable circumstances before the battle disaster broke were now without any thing whatever. In the majority of cases these Glandelinian prisoners had not only lost their own earthly possessions from the captured encampments but members of all relations as well who had been in the army fighting for the cause and were heart sore and crushed in spirit and also revengeful. In the main many of these prisoners engaged to do in this work because they wanted to help those of their own wounded comrades, to help each other out in their desperate straits and for the further reason that it was not in mind and body they might possibly go mad.

Despite the fact that general Manley was wishing losing the battle and most of the prisoners taken by the christians were being put to work as written before there could have been some great hope of recovering and driving the christians from the battle field. Inner Myletze had in the meantime as written before crushed all other portions of the christian force had retreated with all haste to the steep sloped Glorinians heights about ten miles beyond Gratochen which too is on the Conservatory Run. As this move was for the time being in entire ignorance of Myletze or any of his own generals the retreating christian troops under general Wartucks Stanley and others had a good opportunity to form in strong battle lines on the top, and also many of the retreating batteries on the top had been brought to the summit under cover. It would take too much writing here to really tell what had occurred in detail, but Myletze had decided to take possession of Glorin Glorinians heights also and had no idea of knowing that the christians of the defeated right wing had taken up their position there within three hours time had sent up a large section of his force to go up and take possession. Many of the people of the world may have read of the Volcanic disaster at St. Pierre at Martinique. This disaster was something on that line but of course of the christian fire, but no city to destroy.

The unsuspecting Glandelinian army had got to about half way up the slopes when the whole ridge seemed to open like a million volcanoes of artillery and big guns added by musketry and within half an hour only a column of many hundred hundreds of thousands came back to tell the horrible tale.

Myletze then with great numbers hurled assault after assault against the ridge, and as often hundreds of thousands were killed and millions wounded and the survivors either routed or captured.

While Myletze was still unsuccessful, and Manley was being shattered at Gratochen, the other Glandelinian armies were still immeasurably successful at the other sections especially stated, like Conservatory Run, Parabeck and Treacin Lanes, but nevertheless had gone so far in their headlong rush that even while carrying all before them they had become so widely and widely scattered that they finally could not push on further, and the routed christians were having a chance to rally.

Here was the opportunity for general N. Oro Vivienne, and General Aronburg, who alone had been too strong to be hurled from their positions. The guns from the ridge in possession of the christians, also containing the Heights of Glorin Glorinians and other spots opened a dreadful curtain fire of shells, shrapnel, high explosives and shrapnel which bore to pieces all the works of nature in a helter-skelter of horror except any column of Glandelinians to pieces, and annihilated all and everything exposed to it. The roar of this fire was heard two hundred miles. This and the coming of this the remainder of the immense christian army appeared then like a tearing cyclone swept forward with irresistible speed, being forth their dreadful battle cry "Remember Abhisenn to Hell with Glandelinians", and each within half an hour column after column of Glandelinians became panic stricken. They were borne before the charge like a splintered log before the tornado. Those who could not escape threw down their arms and held up their arms in token of surrender, and the others tried to flee but were trampled under the horses' hoofs.

The disaster now to the Glandelinian army became immeasurable beyond description. Where at nearly all points before, the army had been so irresistibly victorious and had swept the christian ranks before them like a road before was worse. Indeed the disaster was far greater.

It took a party of fifty Glandelinians to fight like angry demons to save wounded Manley from capture and though they were successful and got him safely away only five of them remained.

By late afternoon the tidal wave broke loose, and the Glandelinian army was like a ship grounded on a rock during a wild storm at sea. Nothing save a miracle could save the Glandelinian army from annihilation, and apparently the miracle must have occurred through the coming of night, which put an end finally to the dreadful horror. Indeed the rout of Napoleon's army at Waterloo was a victory compared to this. That evening the christian christian christian armies had not only retaken all the lost ground, but they were in possession of all of the enemy's works, had captured three quarters of the numbers of their artillery and all munitions, too many prisoners to mention here, three lines of wagons full of stores, (10,000 wagons in one line) more muskets and other weapons than the army could take care of, nearly thirty thirty thousand battle horses, immense droves of horses, all kinds of machine guns, in great numbers, and had succeeded in capturing many generals of the foe besides.

What had at first for the first two days threatened to be the worst christian defeat of the whole war, and a most disastrous one, finally turned out to be the greatest christian victory on all records.

For some unknown reasons however the outcome of this tremendous four days most frightful battles beginning on the Aronburg Run and ending near Glorinians Heights and Gratochen was uncommonly unusual. The Glandelinian army as fast as it was possible for such a big force to move was continuing more big cannons and wagons behind because they were still in two feet deep quagmires of mud and wet sand and they had no time to go through the labor of digging and pulling them out. It seemed as if a "famine runner" affair had broken out again but on a far more immense scale. The Glandelinian army by the results of the battle had been badly and dangerously broken up, and were far apart from one another and some of the armies or divisions of the armies were literally lost and cut off from any communications with each other.

Even general Manley's ambulance wagon in which he was lying wounded got stuck in the quagmire and though the men and horses labored for hours they could not draw it out, and the wagon had to be abandoned for hours general removed to a covered wagon. The wheels had sunk to about two feet in the wagon would not budge and again Manley had to be removed and carried six miles on a stretcher until that portion of the retreating army got out of range of the quagmires. Hundreds of thousands of the retreating men had to plow through these boggy and muddy marshes with the dreadful fear all the time that the christians were still on the pursuit and close to them.

Indeed the dire results of the battle had general Inner Myletze greatly discouraged. Mostly all other battles he had fought against the Abhisennians he had either managed to hold his own or to literally win battles. But he will

know that during this conflict he had a friend his christian leaders that were like his equal or who could overmatch him, they knew more of the lay of the land than he did, and were able to place their armies into the strongest positions. Yet if Myletze had not been caught in a trap, when the christians had retreated toward the Heights of Gloriana and secured it he might have had a better showing. It too had been the deadliest route too to send great numbers of troops to aid the other Manley who was being assailed at the Gracyn section of the battle and his failure to carry it, and the christian artillery opening new from all other points and from unexpected positions spoiled everything for him.

He lost more men in his assault upon Gracyn than Gloriana Heights than the numbers of both sides that fell upon the slopes of Gracyn, White Rose and the Mc-Hollesater Ridge combined in that short hour of the fatal morning. The christian artillery fire had moved down Myletze's assembling troops in great waves for every charge. The slopes of the ridge were too open for shelter of any kind, and the Glendelinian troops therefore moving up had been so exposed that they were annihilated as fast as they rushed in even one quarter the way up. Myletze tried the cover these attacks by artillery, and though his fire was effective it did not stop the christian fire and only made things worse for the Glendelinian artillery men.

Myletze however had been and always was a wise and well learned man. He did not want to engage the christian armies here in the first place because for one reason he knew from the reports of scouts, which told him the truth too, that the opposing christian armies were under the most expert and greatest Abhiesmanian leaders, that the great and more dangerous armies under the two Rulers were not far away, and that too the christian armies were vastly superior to his own, had the most cannon, the best weapons, and the greatest positions also.

Myletze too always since his first meeting with him, and of his knowledge feared Concentinian Armies the most. And now he knew that he too could lick him. All of the Manleys were down wounded, two of them seriously and of the Glendelinian side the greatest loss of generals on all record breaking measures occurred. The numbers of wounded was far beyond all all measure and he had to place where in he could bring them too, and as he had been forced to leave the majority of the badly wounded behind on the field in the retreat there was no telling what their fate would be. He and the Manleys too had lost all their camp equipment, tents and other means for sheltering the wounded, nearly all the weapons were either taken by the christians or stuck in the bays, and even the loss in stretchers and all other medical provisions had been supremely broken heavy.

Thus ended the greatest conflict of the war to always make the Aronburg Stream and its adjoining creeks ever famous throughout the times. The way the battle terminated it would be very hard to say which christian general could really claim the victory as his own however. Emperor Vivian had been worsted and forced to retreat, and never had rallied till the battle was over, and Emperor Hanson's army though it had stood had been almost annihilated. Throughout the four days actions Concentinian Aronburg had failed to give way, before the enemy and so had the two great Vivianonnes especially Angelina Riches. Father, and all of the hammering of the Glendelinian armies against them had been of so avail.

It could seem probable that the victory could be claimed by any of these generals equally but which ever way it goes, nevertheless it was a great christian success, and the enemy's hope of ever securing the city of Angelina Arathia at that time was out of the question. If it could be spoken of that way this could have been for the whole Glendelinian Abhiesmanian war and for both sides, the Gettysburg. It seemed absolutely to be the main turning point of the war for the greatest Glendelinian generals were shamefully beaten broken and forced to give up all hopes of ever again so for months of repathering what was once four days before the mightiest army on record. Now it was broken and scattered for over three hundred miles, and many actions with all means of any kinds of communications cut off, and the dire peril of the christian armies moving forward on the morrow and taking more time to capture the lot of those cut off.

On the following morning the great danger that was so dreaded was greatly realized. The pursuit was hastily organized and the christian armies that were the first to go on swept onward, and the Glendelinian armies which had very little rest had to go to it again on the fastest retreat on all record. During this time too there were many more captured prisoners, and a greater number slain or had surrendered. One general gave himself up when he saw there was no escape, and many other officers were taken. So close for a time the results of the Gloriana Horror.

2155.

The storm of exploding shells flashed in tremendous display, and the crashing roar of the battle seemed supernatural. In the coming darkness of the night the magnificent flashes of the exploding shells increased their vivid and scorching glare.

They even rivaled the varying and prodigious dyes of the most beautiful rainbow. Sometimes while bursting in the sky the flash was in the shape of a gigantic star or light to lightning, but being of a bright blue as the most azure depth of the bluest sky.... When the shells burst on the ground the flashes shined like an arch which would sometimes be of a livid and snake like green or changing to a livid and infernal crimson....

When the many masses of the contending forces would come together in titan throngs time and again, they seemed to assume real quaint mimics of monster shapes all ways swirling low and free and then vanishing into fearful turbulent abysses of deafest destructible and bloody slaughter.... The exploding shells bore such sickening and poisonous smells as to take away breath and make a many go into senselessness.... The men on both sides indeed seemed at times to literally fall as sick as snow in a blizzard. Despite the catastrophes the Concentinian general Vivian's lines for a time could not be forced and finally the enemy had to give it up....

So despite all the deformities that threatened northern Angelina under the most terrible desolation and devastation which was worse than any hurricane or typhoon could do so to them, the Glendelinian lines seemed to be crumbling.

Indeed indeed suffered a crushing defeat at the battle of Mc-Whirther run and indeed the situation of the war up to this point had not now brought out some very disconcerting facts before the eyes of the christian armies in southern Angelina the state of Angelina's mind. It was that Angelina's death her greatest of victories already won was not yet on the point of winning the war at any point point though general Vivian had made his fighting forces serious aims in world affairs. Twice in the most serious conflicts since the battle of Big Girls Knoll had the trained forces of Angelina been seriously repulsed by the valiant Angelinians officered by mostly all Abhiesmanian generals.

At the battle of Mc-Whirther Run the Glendelinians under general Huesbaum Manley received the most serious reverse in the war because their uncutted, bravery frenzy and resources could not dislodge the entrenched christian armies. Always a hardy and desperate soldier the Angelinians had learned how to shoot as thoughtfully as casual casualties in all the battles testify, in which in many more Glendelinians fell in killed or wounded than the christians.

Huesbaum Manley had received such a serious reverse at the battle of Mc-Whirther run that his dwindled armies had to make a general retreat entirely abandoning the invasion of Eastern Calvernia and moving northward. Manley however showed terrible revenge for his defeat however, and so terrible were the desolations he caused that many believed that the grass never grew no more where his horses hoofs trod, and whole regions were made by him into a dreary waste.

In his retreat this armies swept northward like a flood of fire and ruin and despair behind them. They were now near and felt as helpless in the hands of their foe as a lamb would be in the hands of a pack of wolves. Manley's army literally swept everything before him like a great army of locusts. It was not until the end of the march after an excess of terrible orgies that Manley's armies reached the vicinity of

Julio Callico where they concentrated to make a stubborn stand should general Vivian and Hanson advance to make a drive against them. Thus ended the second year of the terrible and cruellest of wars and Calvernia was still in possession of the cruel and ferocious christian savages. So cruel and ferocious had been the christian barbarians under Tamarline and Federal, and so great their numbers that the very sight of them had caused alarm and terror causing fear which knew no bounds. These two were known by the world as the scourges of Satan, and these Glendelinians general indeed did believe that they were scourges of Satan in the hands of his Infernal Majesty. Federal alone was believed to be worse than any of the generals and was known by all the Angelinians as a human ORNADO as a "HUMAN TORNADO". Indeed no tornado has ever done the damage he did not even the mightiest earthquake.

musketry, the maelstroms of rending earth, the thousands of men and horses going to their death minute by minute and you will know what it was like. General Aronburg, the main commander of the Concentinians had never heard such a din which had become universal a regular deafening warfare of hell, this band to hand struggle against men on foot and on horse back being the most terrific the world had ever seen. Hundreds on thousands of the Concentinians were laid low and so fierce was the contest that those who grappled together tore the very clothes from the bodies of each other. Against the main part of the thesman breastworks the wave of destruction horror and slaughter progressed with the most frightful fury the Glandelinians fighting so furiously and with such frenzy of despair that they tore to pieces the very horses of their assailants with their bayonet pikes and sabres mowing down hundred upon hundred of Concentinians within a few minutes and shattering the big line as of many.

Provision wagons were destroyed by the frenzied stricken Concentinians and hundreds of cannons were blown up by the Glandelinians with the purpose of checking their maddened adversaries who were slaughtering and being slaughtered for leagues of miles. Whole columns of the Concentinians were shattered into fragments piles of their men and horses fairly obstructing the way of the others. A monstrous stone bridge on which ten thousand Concentinians were crossing to flank their enemies was blown up by the Glandelinians and the ten thousand were hurled into an eternity, hundreds of the horses and men being stripped of every limb by the terrific blast.

One point of the gray line was carried away by the pressure of the Concentinian host, other lines also recoiling while they poured in such a fire which made such a shocking crash as to shake every tree in McWhirther Run.

"ON TO VICTORY IN THE NAME OF GOD THE ALMIGHTY!" Shrieked Aronburg Evans amid the din and confusion of the battle. A big burly Glandelinian soldier barely missed him with his sabre but at last he was surrounded by a score of yelling infantry men one of which to his sorrow appeared to be his son. By sheer force of courage and desperation he managed to tear free of them but was again almost hit by the sabre of the same Glandelinian then he found himself surrounded amid a maelstrom of whirling sabres, stones of bullets of bayonets, and weapons of every description and he was completely compelled to draw out of the storm as he saw that his forces were being beaten. He tried frantically to make for safety but a lance from somewhere somewhere was hurled at his head striking him a stunning blow. Then a shell exploded and a bushel of bullets seemed to scatter about him his horse falling down on top of him his knee cap being broken.

His face and head was also badly cut and his body was covered with bruises and mangled cuts which resulted in hemorrhage which showed that he was suffering from mortal agony. He also had an eye gouged out while close to him was the body of a Glandelinian soldier who had his head so badly crushed that it was an unrecognizable mass of flesh and blood which issued from the eyes nose and ears. As the counter attack of the Omarians increased in violence the whole surviving column of Concentinians slowly gave way. The counter attack was particularly violent among the center of the Concentinian columns and the damage here terribly severe.

Twenty five mounted brigades of Concentinians were totally destroyed, by the enraged Omarians and one whole corps was cut to pieces and out to pieces and the survivors forced to surrender. Another Concentinian general by the name of Flocey was hurled in wreckage and killed and was badly hurt and near him two other general penny Axel, and Garribis were killed and a corporal general by the name of Mc-Nutt was severely wounded and probably crippled for life.

and hundreds of other officers were injured but the main command with a few others got out of the bloody maze of Mc-Whirther Run being Merigann. Forty five horses were rescued from the daze of battle with much difficulty. For the first time in the war the furious Concentinians had been beaten, being utterly thrashed. They had met a much fiercer foe the Omarians who had once been friends. Other sections of Glandelinians no matter what kind generally could be as easily beaten but not the plain Omarians.

Furious with their success against the Concentinians the vast columns of Omarians pressed on over the bloody fields of Mc-Whirther Run far and wide amid an ear-splitting crash of musketry which sounded like the roar of a million cannon. The Omarians crashed madly among general Simons purple wedge rending and tearing their lines savagely in the fur of their attack. The Glandelinians were cut down in every direction, amid the groans prayers and sudden shrieks. Enormous volumes of the Omarians vomited themselves everywhere upon the Christian trenches like furious human avalanches despite the showers and hot torrents of shells and canister and fiercer and mightier spread the horrid hail of streams of canister poured down as things among the surging gray columns and full into their most extensive wedges poured a curtain of destruction upon their graycoats, their cries being of death their silence of eternity.

The horrid storm of shells roared down among the woodland splintering wreckage an almost concealing the quivering corpses of the many scores of thousands of the fallen. It was a frightful tremor tremendous, tremendous torrents of shells literally pouring upon the assailants hundreds of which were thrown hither and thither by the explosions. The heaps of the dead and wounded rose high and terrifying, and many of the wounded gasping in muffled concentration in agony.

While this was on general Raymond Richardson Federal had thrown forward one of his main wings across the Mc-Holleston Run in three long lines of battle and these advancing like a great line of smoke from an advancing forest fire struck against the Christian lines under general Aronburg and for three hours these two bitter enemies kept their armies in titan throes, there being a regular warfare of titans but finally one of the lines of assailants was wiped out and the two remaining lines crushed and mangled and back they went in a disorderly retreat with general Simons in the head, Break-in-the-head, and Accountantine wounded.

THE FURIOUS CHARGE OF THE CONCENTINIAN SAVARIES.

Simultaneously while this was going on the entire force of Concentinians made a tremendous charge crushing the assaulting columns to pieces along their own front and carrying all before them. In their furious dash upon the Glandelinians the Concentinians in charging across the Mc-Whirther Run found at times their way so effectually blocked with the dead and wounded that thousands could not get over quickly and went down horses and all before the terrible run fire of the Glandelinian chain of cannons stretching for thirteen miles. One of their leading general Harry Anna was killed with them. Appalling indeed was the universal a roar of the exploding shells, and the storm of bullets, which screamed like a maddened fury. One whole army of the Concentinians went to fragments amid the volume of the same splitting crashes from the bombshells and high explosives and the survivors trying to leap the breastworks of the dead and dying bodies fared no better than the others for they were bayoneted and hurled to the ground by the frenzied Omarians who yelled like legions of demons in a deafening uproar.

The roar of the Glandelinian cannons hidden by a wall of smoke had redoubled that of before and as the Concentinians striving with all their fury tried to press on there seemed to ensue a world of roaring devastation and carnage, the deafening crashes of shells the roar of multitudes of bayonets against lances sabres and pikes, and the crashing of musketry and the yelling cries of the combatants was terrible and everything was hidden in a sea of smoke. The Concentinians fairly stormed with fury the battle being like a veritable crash of hell. Everything seemed to be in the greatest uproar ever heard, big volleys of hundreds of thousands of bayonets meeting the frenzied Concentinians seemingly as thick as snow, bayonets, sabres and pikes striking against each other like battering rams and no seemed to come to the bloody clash at close quarters. The Glandelinians being Omarians were bound to hold the morgue of Mc-Whirther Run at all hazardous. And never before did the Concentinians who always fought like the fiercest barbarians meet such desperate foes and where ever they assailed and hundreds upon thousands of men and horses Omarians who gave serious resistance and hundreds upon thousands of men and horses together were shattered and mangled together by the explosions of guns which in their desperation the Glandelinians blew up purposely to make greater losses among their assailants. Mangled flesh was scattered in all directions and if the victims shrieked the noise of the battle drowned their cries. Furious and terrible however as was the continual assault of the Concentinian the roaring of the musketry being as deafening as the heaviest cannoning and like the shells themselves....

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE WAR THE CONCENTINIAN ARMIES ARE SHAMEFULLY BEATEN BY THE FURY OF THEIR FORMER FRIENDS THE OMARIANS.....

The very explosion of shells seemed to scorch the skies the din being tremendous. Many thousands of the horses had their bodies broken or crushed, crumpled out or bruised and many of them were falling it could not be counted. The breastworks of dead and wounded gray and purple coats were being almost inundated by masses of falling horses and Concentinians. As more and more of the Concentinians arrived the attack broke with all its force and it seemed as if all the demons of hell had been let loose and were fighting among one another so dreadful was the din. In all directions on the Mc-Whirther Run there was a regular sea of combatant men, while whole columns were being rent and torn by shells whose explosions seemed to shatter the skies, the detonations fairly shaking the ground.

The real fury of this slaughter was indescribable. Imagine the roar of this terrible battle, the scene of this tremendous slaughter, the thundering shells and shells that seemed to spit the air, the screaming roar of

Marching little Greta general Vivianin was joined by Hansonin and thus redoubled in strength the christian ford forces awaited the approach of the enemy, determined to give battle in full force on the grounds of Mc-Whirther Run. On the hillsides of Gretahe, in sight of Mc-Whirther Run slipping and andsore and shining through the most sickening horrors of one of the bloodiest fields, and the grim silence of ruined cities, were the cannons of the Glandelinians numbered by the thousands raring whole christian armies to pieces. It was one of the awfullest fruits of the terriblest battles that had gathered but on the Mc-Whirther Run there was only a little part of its vast dreadful harvest, and so desolated was Mc-Whirther Run by this battle that naught remains of it save lonely desolation and loving memories of faithful hearts. General Weinstein had also been in the fearful action, and Vivian and Nero included but these four now lay dying on the wet ground wet with blood with silent soldiers around them. No scent of beautiful flowers was there now, the smell of incense, nor the drowsy hum of peaceful bees nor singing birds, nor the music of rustling of green leaves.

Instead the very abomination of desolation, a rent and blackened battlefield. No sunlight now nor stillness or encreasing breeze, instead the downpour of the rain of wreckage from the shell smitten woods the maddening shriek of bullets checking clouds of smothering smoke and such a steady deafening roar of heavy guns as to make the earth tremble.

THE CONTINUAL DESOLATION OF MCWHIRTHER RUN

AND THE FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE THERE! THE APPALLING LOSS OF CHRISTIAN GENERALS.....

In all the din of horrid noise and battle confusion these generals however had not been mortally wounded as at first thought but were too severely wounded to be moved and their lives were threatened every moment by the horrible storm of battle raging all around. The armies of these three generals each numbered five million had been crushed to pieces. Many of the voices of the christian general who had fallen on that bloody battle field were stilled forever and the heavy guns thundered as they lay in their mudstained, bloodstained uniform on the blood soaked ground. Their splendid bodies had been shattered by shells their faces covered with sweat and blood their heads now held on a rough soldiers dirty knees, the smooth brow earthstained and wet with blood and the dew of death, the strong delicate hands, the innocent hands motionless and limp, killed in Mc-Whirther Run the heroes of Angelina. There they bled; then where the others had been slain in sight of weeping officers and generals and so ----- they gave their bodies to that pleased country's earth and their pure souls to their captain Christ, under whose colors they had followed so long to sudden death, yea even this our little lives in is indeed great victory. And really among them were buried Nero and Weinstein who died from exposed, exposure it being a sadder sight of all and who could have told of the grief of Violet and her sisters when they learned of the deaths of their brave friends.

For forty two eight hours the two contending armies had been in titan throes, and three times the victory had been in the hands of the Glandelinians amid a sea of blood, fire and hell's daminating horror. Weinstein one of the best friends of the Vivian girls had been killed, in leading a storming counter attack across the Mc-Whirther Run in which his army of about nine million had been reduced to four million within four hours in a mighty tide of ruin and fiery carnage.

Nero had been killed when his army of about thirty million had failed to withstand the heavy thunderous onslaughts of Hoenam and Wicknell and these two Glandelinian generals had been wounded and suffered terribly. Nero's army confronted all day long by the armies under Tamerline and Richardson Federal had suffered unbearable losses during an almost preternatural carnage and gave way. Nero having been killed in trying to rally them. Nollans army itself in action on the same day had stirred for long bitter hours to recover the Mc-Whirther Run ground, but amid a sea of piles of dead and wounded he had failed and as he himself had been born from the fields dangerously wounded his army toward three o'clock was cut to pieces and hurled back even from their main line of works and only the most desperate efforts of the surviving officers and generals averted a rout of the most disastrous form.

Despite all the fury of the battle and the general success of the enemy on the Mc-Whirther Run they had yet to contend with the christian armies under general Vivianin and Hansonin whose lines were entrenched at a moment's notice.

A large horde of nearly ten million seven hundred thousand Concentinians all on horses and yet having batteries of artillery had reinforced general Vivianin, while the battle with Nollans army had been progressing. Not long did this happen but large forces of Abyssinians had also arrived and every effort of general Manley to oust general Vivianin out of his position only resulted in far greater carnage than on the other two days. Every assault of Manley was unsuccessful and he fell severely wounded as well as general Concerin and general Hoenam.

the Vivian girls that they did not wish them to die a death so easy as shooting. What they desired was to take them prisoners, when they intended to turn them over to death in order to be revenged upon them for causing so many of the recent battles to be lost. The fugitives knew this and made up their minds to die rather than be taken prisoner by such a blood thirsty warrior as general Richard Tamerline who was raising Cain with the rest of the officers for not aiming with accuracy as he wanted them to be shot down on sight saving in a rage!

"What in the tanation kind of officers are you anyway. Can't you shoot straight, or is your eye sight going to the bad. If you can't shoot better than that you are not fit for my army."

However there seemed no hope for the little girls at all or neither for the boys with them. They had reached Bernardine Mc-Holleston ridge and before them was a precipitous slope of about three hundred and fifty feet, at the bottom of which ran a treacherous quick sand bed the Glandelinianshamed them in on every other side.

To dash down the precipice would be almost certain death but the fugitives saw that it was their only means of escape, and frenzied with the fear of what would come if caught by Tamerline, they forgot the peril of the precipice and the three fore gathered up the reins and dug up into their horses, who leaped forward with their riders a terrible yell of confusion and astonishment arising from the Glandelinian officers who saw this performance. Strangely enough, the children and even the horses were not killed or engulfed in the quicksand, for the astonished Glandelinians saw the horses and riders make the perilous descent in safety, and plunging into very deep water of the stream below, and then quickly swimming out they dashed into a woods succeeding in making their escape, and taunting their enemies who were seen far up on top.

CHAPTER SIXTY FIVE

THE BATTLE OF GREICHEN

Mc-Whirther Run

Tamerline's army having recovered from the shock of the fall of Hoenam's army after many days hard marching had advanced in grand array causing Hansonin's army amid (rightful) carnage to fall back across the Mc-Whirther and Mc-Holleston Run. Hansonin's main wing on the left grand division made a desperate stand for thirteen hours on the grounds of Mc-Holleston Run, but the condition of the ground was very unfavorable and so collecting his great army already smitten he retreated northward to make a stand the next day. It was the largest army that he had ever brought together since the action at Big Girl Knoll all free men fighting for the children's liberty, and their families while the Glandelinian armies were mostly made up of men who were forced to leave their homes to fight for this devilish tyrant. The numbers of soldiers was so great among Hansonin's army that it had taken as a seventeen days and nights before the whole army after giving opposition to the enemy at Greichen for four days, could finally concentrate itself across the outskirts of Mc-Whirther Run, near Greta.

On the first of March at half past eight, one million hundred thousand Glandelinian Quarismans poring across the Mc-Whirther Run and long raged the bloodiest conflict ever seen since the battle of Cedernine. The despairing Quarismans fought with the fury of millions of tigers. They advanced, they fell back, they advanced again though their columns were wiped out by scores, and fell back again while the thunder of cannons though an avalanche of daminating storm of shells and canister among the charging columns. Again and again, an again the Quariman columns fresh in numbers rushed madly to the onslaught in a sea of fire from the christian guns but the Angelinians drove them back with dreadful slaughter.

Such was the destruction of his finest troops that poor Tamerline was filled with rage. He was determined to win the battle however even if it cost him his own life. Again the Glandelinians returned to the onslaught with redoubled fury, the braving Angelinians scathing the enemy's columns as they advanced.

Then a cavalry force of three million Angelinians and a separate force of dragoons rushed on their foes like a roaring thundering avalanche over throwing them as they advanced. The turmoil and slaughter was terrific and thousands of the Glandelinians crowded together were trampled under the horses' hoofs. Yet still more were driven up to the combat by the lashes of their officers.

The brave cavalry leader was killed and a desperate fight to take place over his body but there were only two hundred thousand of the cavalry even an d dragoons left alive. Their lances and sabres were broken and yet they fought as bravely as if they felt confidence of victory. They were overwhelmed by the surging columns in gray however and surrounded, and being overwhelmed by bristling walls of bayonets they were all slain not one purple coat having given up the fight. To Hansonin the battle was won however but not without bad results.

Tamerline again made a juncture with Manley and attempts of general Vivianin's part to advance was tared. Being overwhelmed he retreated northward being rejoined by Nero Vivianin, V Weinstein and general Nero.

CHAPTER SIXTY FOUR

THE GLORIANNA HORROR SHIFTS TO GRETCHEN TOWN
SLIGHT REVERSERS FOR THE CHRISTIANS.

Great and mighty conflicts, and terrible
bloodcurdling horrors of war.

But their sorrow can never be compared with Violet's grief which had rendered her helpless almost like a cripple. Many would after a long while forget the death of their loved ones, but Violet didn't and though she did not show it, Starving could notice in her face that she was still pining for her sisters and brothers. It even seemed to him as if she would never be happy again, and by her misery he was drawn nearer to her than before and never allowed her out of his sight a moment and was distressed by her features. She was still helpless on the wheelchair but to him her beauty had become more dazzling and more startling than ever. To him it seemed as if all the misery would have to end as it is as nothing could be done in reparation for the damage done. And only little more can be said before the battle of Chamblans breaks. Hanson had sworn that he would get Federal and Tamerline at any cost and many times when he accidentally heard Violet moan in tones of bitter woe.

"Good bye, dear mother, brothers, and sisters; Farewell to all I love. May I never see thee again. Oh please dear God take me also."

Refused with rage and emotion. Violet's seemingly last farewell was piteous indeed and the whole nation soon would mourn her. Her sorrow and what had happened may have been believed to have caused the violence of the battle that soon raged.

THE SMASHING BLOW AT HUEBAUM MANLEY, And the reverse/ fright
ful carnage/

"Oh if my sisters had not died or disappeared!," "Was Violet's piteous cry; "How happy I would be then."

At the approach of the coming battle Hanson moved Violet to a safer place though she protest saying that death would be the only means to end her misery, and that she wanted to die to go back to her sisters.

On March the eight general Viviania advanced several of his wings under general Hal Hurley, Buren and Bullian against the Glandelinian columns under Adele-de-garde and though these columns fairly raised hell with the Christians as to say and would not yield even an inch of ground, their leader was finally mortally wounded and the rest because they would not surrender completely annihilated.

It had been a terrible surprise for the enemy at Chamblans but one of Huebaum's main wings after seventeen hours of fighting which was beyond description reversed the tide of battle and rolled up the attacking line with terrible slaughter.

The Glandelinians on the morrow the nineteenth were the ones now to advance and during very severe fighting they captured the garrison at the town of Rosamminilating the inhabitants in the most cruel manner. At the same time amid fearful losses the Glandelinians assaulted the apparently weakest portions of the Christian lines at Chamberlane but fortunately as the Christian lines there were about to be crushed to fragments one of Hanson's main wings after five to six hours fighting rolled up the attacking line at all points smashed and crushed to fragments. So vigorously that Hanson on the third day of the battle pressed forward swinging attacks himself that the much greater force of the Glandelinians amid terrific slaughter abandoned their works to Huebaum's consternation. Two of his main wings were fresh however, and these he hurled upon the Christians but now they were overwhelmed and the whole Christian line advanced like a tidal wave sweeping all before it and crushing Huebaum's entire center to fragments. Huebaum saw that he must throw his supreme army into action and this he did the battle becoming terrible.

The Christian advance was temporarily checked by a terrible Glandelinian fire, but now as they themselves were the assailants the Glandelinians suffered awful losses.

One assault was made by the main columns under general Tamerline

sisters I know but they have their own grief. What would I give if this had never happened."

"It's God's will." "Said Starring; "He wanted to give your friends their reward so he they were called."

"But why should it be that we are left almost alone. Why was not we taken also with them?"

"This is something no Typhoon ever did." "Said general Hanson to one of his staff five days later after his defeat in a severe and long battle which had raged at a place called Poo-moonia; "It would take many years to get all this wreckage cleared away and years to rebuild the cities. In the time of the great Glandelinian war of 1841 1841 it took almost forty years to repair all the wreckage in this country where the same war raged. This catastrophe may make it longer than that though."

"Probably so." "Said Weinstein wistfully; "There is one thing that cannot be repaired for and that is of the sorrows of the seven daughters of the great general Vivian. And he will never get over the effects when he learns of this terrible devastation. It is strange that this bloody long war and all they suffered during and before the war has not killed them. If they survive all this part of the war and the other horrors, I wonder if they will survive the rest. They always seem to have charmed lives and the full protection of God."

"It is pretty hard to say who could survive attacks of these terrible characters." "Said general Zimmermann bitterly; "Such attacks of the enemy seem so fierce, as to defy God himself, raging at with such preternatural fury. It is a miracle that I or you and Weinstein or general Viviania and Hindernine and that the Vivian girls are spared. Many times during some of these fierce battles I was so afraid that the little girls would be slain, and probably it is God's will that they should survive. But how did they come to be wounded in the battle of Rondinia Andencia?"

"They were signalling with some of their boys when our lines were lagging and a terrific shell explosion laid them low. They may be in that condition for a month now."

On the first of march after a long lull along these portions in the terrible war thousands of officers were assembled to hear a speech from Hanson;

"My good friends." "Said general Hanson; "You all remember the darlings of the nation who whom many of the Glandelinian general have been brutal to. All of them except Violet had been reported missing and whether they are killed or captured no one knows. The whole nation of Angelinians including the state of Calvernia will soon know the whole story and lend the greatest sympathy to their grief stricken general ruler. Hanson then gave a long narrative of the suffering of the little girls, at the hands of the foe, and declared that Manley was the cause of it all.

"It was on the grave of one of my generals that I had sworn before God that I would do all in my power to avenge their murder of disappearance, by getting relief for this stricken nation of Calvernia, to do what I can for Violet, to over come any child labor evil for her sake, and I want you all to do what you can to strike a terrible blow against Huebaum Manley when I shall attack against him to morrow."

As he finished there came shouts and cheers from the throngs of generals who heard him mingled with sobs tears and congratulations and brandishing of weapons.

Indeed the fury of the war and its terrible effects had many times caused poor Violet and her sisters indescribable terror besides unnecessary sorrow, and the whole Christian army was willing to avenge it if it cost the last drop of blood.

No sorrows and terrors of war had really deprived Violet of her dearest friends and loved ones and sparing her and her sisters hardly nothing, though what happened to her sisters will soon be seen further on in chapter eight. Violet and her sisters had lost heavily however. How would it feel if some little boy or girl had six kind loving sisters two brothers and they should all die in an early battle or on one disappear, or receive such a report, besides getting an indecent burial and even no funeral because there could not be any means. Would not it break his or heart hear her heart, and would they not be prostrated with grief like poor little Violet.

"In Angelina." Said Violet: "Is that city I see destroyed?"

"Yes." Said Angelina Jennie Jennings: "The city cannot be even approached by boat as the surrounding vicinity by the enemy having burst a dam has been flooded to a terrific extent."

"Ood heavens." Gasped Violet as he eyes dilated with horror and every drop of blood driven from her lips and cheeks. "Where they many killed?"

"Two quarters of the city's inhabitants had perished." Said Starring soterly: "The flood is as I have heard, something frightful, and a godly section of the Angelinian volcano MtVivian had been torn away during the enemy's attempt to blow her up and many of her caverns were opened."

"The bursting out of the dams completed it." Said Mildred: "Reas were find find it almost impossible to reach those marooned by the flood which is terribly wild. Lots of drift wood and wooden houses have floated out to seawith people clinging to the tops."

"Did you see the flood?" Asked Violet.

"Yes." Said Mildred: "We had been gone but a short distance when we heard a distant rumbling rushing sound that seemed to waken a million whispering echoes which sent a creepy feeling and shiver down our spines. What it was we at first could not imagine but one of the soldiers said that it was a flood, and that Angelina was flooded. But I did not see the reason why it should roar like that. The roaring sound was growing momentarily louder as we drew nearer to it. Then all at once we knew that we were within hearing of the flood. The roar magnifying the sound into a howling medley of echoes. We then began to mount a high rise and soon came within sight of the flood. It had receded considerably since the dams had been burst but was still of horrible depth and rushing swiftly toward the west in seething seething torrents and spray. In traveling in a different direction we were soon near enough to get a view of the seething city."

It was indeed a sad sight. All the wooden buildings were gone into thousand thousands of tons of floating wreckage. The big volcano loomed up in the distance in eruption. The floods seemed to be very extensive and was full of wreckage of every description. We could not hear the terrifying sight long and left it."

Poor Violet and her sisters realized that the floods had swept away their own homes, the war having caused the loss of their two brothers and many of their best friends. These thoughts filled their hearts with rending sorrow but they did not say anything as they did not care to share their sorrows with others.

However they hid their faces in their hands and

sobbed and Starring noticed it said:

"Never mind my dear little friends, your brothers and friends have gone to heaven in that beautiful world where Jesus is. I will always pray for you little girls and I know that Jesus will help you. I always see that you try to be a good pray, every day and read the bible when ever you can and you will go to heaven and see them some day."

A week had come and passed and Violet and her sisters were no more than before. Everywhere sorrows were seen and no wail of despair, no words of ungodly prayer could a have had such a depth of woe. Hanson's army had been continually advancing and encountering a part of Husebaums army by accident, had come into a collision. No battle had been terrific while it lasted and hundreds of thousands had fallen in which it was predicted that through an accident that Jennie Joice and Angelina were killed, when they were in Hanson's head quarters all the time and long after the battle he had been trying to find out the false reports. The Angelinians however had been victorious in the battle which had raged four days in duration and which had been known as the battle of Bondinia Andencia. Both sides lost one million four hundred thousand.

A week had come and passed and Violet and her sisters were no more than before. They were on the veranda of a palace partially wrecked building Hanson used as his head quarters and in Starring was with them the little girls being confined to a wheel chair having been wounded every one of them during the battle just passed. Starring was sitting on the steps watching the Angelinian soldiers pass by to and fro with melancholic eyes. Many times Starring had heard the sweet singing of the Vivian girls and now he had orders from general to leave the armies and come to him as he was sending Evans to him.

"Violet." Said Starring: "Last night I dreamed I saw you and your beautiful sisters who raised their deep eyes and fixed them lovingly on me while rays and warmth seemed to go from them to me. My heart."

I dreamed that she spoke to me, gradually their words seemed to melt and fade as in a divine music, then I saw them come bounding toward me as if to come with a wreath of flowers in their hands hair, their cheeks as bright, their eyes radiant with delight, but as I looked their cheeks became a paler hue, their eyes had a deep divine radiance, a golden halo seemed around their heads, they seemed to rise on shining wings, from which flakes and sparkles of gold, and sparkles of all brilliant color fell off like start stars and they were gone."

Violet laid her head against his breast and sobbed.

"The world is cruel to me and my sisters." She sighed: "Starring I have only got you as one of my main consolers. General Hanson and papa and others loves me and m."

probably you will see the advance will soon be resumed. An angelic Jennings and Mildred Maxwell had found their way to the Christian armies and being with Violet and her sisters just then Violet asked them to tell of their marvelous escape.

"Please tell us of your marvelous escape won't you?" Asked Violet: "We did not far so good ourselves during the war. This is one of our boy guardians Jack Mc-Holleston Starring. My name is Violet Vivian and these are my sisters Jennie Joice, Hetie, Daisy Angelina and Catherine."

"My name is Mildred Maxwell." Said one of the little girls and my companion is Angelina Jennings. We had another little girl by the name of Madge Evans with us who alone failed to escape. We lived in Jennie's house but our homes are ruined and our parents dead."

"We lost no parents, but our brothers and best friends are gone."

Said Jennie: "We are unequal in our losses. You are pretty dear and remind me of a little lost girl called Gertrude Angelina who is a prisoner among the enemy or dead by now. Tell us of your experience won't you?"

"Indeed I will." Said Mildred wiping away a tear: "We were caught in it unexpectedly."

The first greatest havoc was at Marcucian Runwhere the advancing foe within three days wiped out the great city of St. Joseph. Here the approach of the Angelinians under Husebaums Manley was indeed spectacular as predicted by these two brave dear little girls who escaped so marvelously during the battle of Jennie Joice or of Gloria which checked his sweeping advance upon Bondinia where he was driving for and where Zimmerman coming up with reinforcements just in the nick of time gave him the most crushing defeat he ever suffered yet in the war up to this time. Angelina Jennings statement is thus:

"We were on our way to church when we noticed the skies in the south growing hazy with smoke and familiar as we are with the smoke of roaring battles which we two had experienced no more than once we were ignorant of the nearest of this great battle and at first paid no heed. We had come within sight of a little ditch in a thickly wooded region when we were surprised by seeing in the distance a wall of smoke all in terrific convolutions, and a terrific sound of firing worse than any we had ever heard before continued continually broke upon the air."

"Did you realize the danger then?" Asked Violet: "If you did, what did you do to escape?"

"No we did not even realize the danger then." Answered Mildred herself: "I and Angelina did not know that the battle was approaching near, but just the same we heard a savage snarling, and roaring sound far in the distance. We had a strange dread of the impending danger but bewildered, we were at a loss of what to do. We watched the advancing gray columns in terror and at the same time noticed an intense lurid glare that lit up the southeast as if it was a great forest fire."

"It was like that here." Interrupted Joice: "We saw through our glasses the blackest clouds of smoke overspreading the horizon above the glow far from the scene as we were."

"That is true." Said Angelina Vivian: "But at first we believed that it was the coloring of some volcanic eruption on its own clouds. My sister Violet herself said she heard an ominous roar and snarling sound that awed her. To her as she said it sounded like many frightful cries a cross a crossing a bridge and of thousands of trains of cars going through a tunnel at the same time in all their speed, mingling with a strange snarling and snarling sound like the champing of a caged lioness or a frenzied trapped animal defiance."

"It may have been the noise of the battle of Jennie Joice." Said Joice: "I hear from reports that the conflict was the most terrific ever waged."

"We were in the very heart of the Marcucian run which was crowned with glens of heavy beautiful trees some of which were nearly one hundred and eighty feet high. The terrific glow was getting worse and two broad full funnel convoluted clouds of smoke was arising in that direction and we realized that it was a big fire. We also then realized our extreme danger and rushed for an old cistern and jumped in and just in time, as a sea of purple coats came rushing through the glen and as we touched the bottom and rolled over and over on our backs in the deep soft clay we were bruised and scratched a terrific and frightful asphyxiating uproar that deafened us broke loose and in the blaze of the tempest and the distant glow of the fire we could observe all the men within sight fall while bursting flames shivered trees to splinters. As we looked cautiously over the edge as the cistern deep was it was had a long ladder running down up which we climbed we saw thousands of men falling every minute and it seemed to us as if the clamor of the battle would never cease. We were confined there as long as the battle raged until rescued by the Christians who happened to see us. We were injured by our fall into the cistern and laid up for several days. Where do you little girls live?"

At this time the foremost of Inner Mylsetz's army was approaching like a roaring tidal wave and storm, and Emperor Vivian was now becoming fairly frantic. General Vivian himself who had rallied his shattered command had decided to make a sort of stand but so bad was the situation of the ground everywhere and so many had perished under quicksand and other bogs that a safe position could not be had, and therefore hoped to continue the retreat with the small number of men he had left to himself was apparent to even Conventinian Aronburg who had fought it out during most of the battle that in Inner Mylsetz he had lost his watch, and so seriously handicapped was his own army that he felt almost repentant that he had ever dared to engage this great Glandelinian chieftain in so great a battle. It was or is probably one of the longest retreats of any Christian or Glandelinian army ever heard of, and was probably one of the most swiftest. A portion of Conventinian Aronburg's army finally halted near the region of Ig Birkenhol but also could not rally and thence was forced to retreat toward Jagnica where a great portion of the swiftly advancing Glandelinian army under Icknell was overlapping, and this force of Conventinian Aronburg was captured, he narrowly escaping being taken prisoner, but with his handful of men and officers he fled to the woods near by and took shelter in a ravine.

During recent Glandelinian retreats the Glandelinians themselves had passed through a literal "hell" of sufferings but now the Angelinians themselves went through worse miseries, and in such a condition as Emperor Vivian vanquished army now was it was evident that if not snatched soon it would really be captured.

Never once during this long retreat did the unfortunate Angelinians ever have a respite not even in the night, and countless numbers of men dropped from fatigue and exposure. Complications of troubles followed, such being something worse than the other, and worse of all the persecuting Glandelinians would ruthlessly open fire upon any portion of the army they came to close quarters with, and shot down or captured as many of the soldiers as they possibly could. In this case it seemed the Glandelinians were getting more lucky than even the Angelinians had ever been a yet, they were able to rescue for their own use all the baggage wagons caught in mud or left behind in hasty flight, and also even all the big cannons left behind, and also a most splendid collection of prisoners.

General Conventinian Aronburg had in the first place an opinion that general Inner Mylsetz was the best able leader of all the Glandelinian armies, as good and as able bodied a general as himself and he had never had dared to make the attempt to drive his mighty Hobbonite host from the region of Lucilla Jackson if Angelinia Agathia had not been in dire danger. And now both he and Emperor Vivian had found out to their sorrow that general Inner Mylsetz was one of the best and most able leaders of all Glandelinians who was also very high in rank and a good deal better than any of the fierce Harleys, and also he had already proved it, since the retreat had now been on its full three days duration general Conventinian Aronburg and Emperor Vivian had a better opinion of general Mylsetz yet and for this simple reason, Inner Mylsetz had since the beginning of the retreat had captured fifty five million soldiers as prisoners, and also scattered Emperor Vivian's whole army over a most wide territory in endless total rout, and made a great conglomeration of confusion and panic, and Inner Mylsetz had captured one hundred thousand six hundred and fifty five big cannons, two hundred immense trains of baggage wagons, millions of rounds of ammunition, and about forty thousand big gun caissons. None of these had been abandoned by the Christians on account of mud but had been taken by the victorious Glandelinians during raids and forays and barges upon the panic stricken Ablesianian troops. The Glandelinians captured also during the third day thirty three thousand cannon which had been hastily abandoned by the Christians besides all ammunition and ammunition caissons, and this indeed made a most good collection, and Inner Mylsetz from all points pressed the advance and pursuit with the most unwonted energy and speed, and during this long retreat and advance general Inner Mylsetz had kept his army almost within touch of the shattered Christian army, the Glandelinian army pushed on through the worse quagmires of mud without a halt, pushed on unchecked by the worse of the storms, and not even the wild floods of the yic-Whirther river checked for a single moment the swift cyclonic advance of general Inner Mylsetz's men. The Glandelinian armies were advancing through llobetacles as if they never had been there and during the retreat when ever occasion presented itself the Ablesianians threw obstacles in the way such as setting forests afire in their rear, or cutting down trees, mining the ground, or making flood condition worse and blowing up bridges and roadways and the like but all this did not in the least check the victorious Glandelinian advance one hour.

519

About nearly fifteen thousand precious cannons had been captured by the Glandelinian host, besides three thousand five hundred provision wagons and twice as many ammunition wagons, and a whole train of gun caissons which would have extended ten miles in a line and nearly twenty million rounds of ammunition had been lost this way.

Over this second terrible disaster Emperor Vivian and his generals felt sure that his main army could never reach the shelter of the works at Dorothy Gale and that he would soon be captured. This disaster and mishap caused unnecessary delay and the near approach of the vast Glandelinian army drove all of the Christian generals into consternation and despite all their best and most determined efforts, ten three thirds of the others threw down their arms and surrendered to the victorious foe as well as their precious and sacred battle flags and more cannons were left behind in the second day of this wild retreat, the retreat since it started having probably covered fifty miles. During this day of the retreat a most terrific hurricane of insane wind and th' terrible thunder and lightning and blinding sheets of rain followed the other troubles, and threatening to turn into the most frightful cyclone ever known. This caused great loss of life and immense destruction added to the consternation of the defeated armies, and the men were killed by scores by falling trees. Emperor Vivian was personal baggage wagon during the conclusion of the storm got stuck in quicksand near a little stream and though the men and horses made the most frantic efforts to drag it out it was impossible, and then when it had sunk too deep it was abandoned and sat at that moment a blinding flash of lightning struck and killed all the horses blew up an ammunition wagon and also the drivers, demolishing a tree near by at the same time and almost laid Emperor Vivian out who was at that time just mounting another horse.

During many other battles and retreat it had always seemed that nature had been the main enemy of the rebels but now it seemed to be a worse foe of the retreating Christians. Immense windows of fallen trees barred their progress, and this delay almost caused general Vivian's army itself to be surrounded by the foe for the Glandelinians were so close during the pursuit that the Glandelinians could almost shake hands with the Angelinians had they been friends.

Fearful and anxious as he was Emperor Vivian was also amazed at these dreadful occurrences. He had failed to crush Inner Mylsetz on account of the wreckage caused by the battle barring his swift advance, and now the same scenes was obstructing his retreat also great are storms and the enemy. If it was not a rain and thunderstorm it was a cyclone, if it was not a cyclone it was a fierce forest fire, and if it was not a forest fire it was a flood, and the danger of all of his army getting caught in torments of the flood. Only by great efforts and by using his brains did general Vivian himself manage to escape Inner Mylsetz's trap almost encircled as they were, and now so swift was the dreadful retreat of Emperor Vivian's main army now that the Glandelinians had to pursue just as swiftly as swiftly that even their own wagon and baggage trains and cavalry could not even keep up with the main army and had to keep on going without a pause, while even the baggage wagons, advancing artillery, and cavalry were kept following the pursuing army at such a speed that horses had to be changed every half hour to keep them from being overworked. It was a worse retreat and pursuit of the war.

Already now since the bloody three days battle at Lucilla Jackson or Glorianna the retreat of Emperor Vivian's army had probably continued for about seventy miles and had lasted for about forty eight hours or even less, and all this trouble coming to the army. Just think of it, and yet more and more was coming to them.

General Vivian though most desperate efforts had succeeded in rallying a part of his own shattered army and had succeeded in getting a good portion of his troops together, and was slowly retreating toward the direction of Randall on the yic-Whirther Run. There had during his own part of the retreat been a long continuous period of rainy and windy weather mingled with great thunder storms and hurricanes, and the soft rich earth beyond the great and mighty river which was also like the Stanok river near Jennie under admirably suited to the greatest and most excellent manufacture of mud and here the mud was of unusual depth, and here his army was caught, many perishing in bogs and quick sand. Thousands of baggage wagons struggled across these bogs or got stuck and sank, and only one eight their number ever succeeded in getting across, the remainder being stuck so fast and so deep that they could never be released.

The main christian commanders especially Emperor Vivian and his brother Emperor Jenson Vivian felt the disastrous defeat at Lorianne more than any of the Glandelinian generals had felt theirs, and cursed the luck that had befallen them and their most righteous cause. This defeat without the slightest doubt gave evidence that the Glandelinians were totally winning the war and there was no disputing it at all.

The christing defeat at Lorianne was worse than Manley's defeat at Jennie Turner, at Arkwood and elsewhere. In that three days battle general Jenson Vivian and all his generals had tried their level best to crush general Izner Myletze, but had seen his own armies crush down on them, had seen their best leaders go down dead or wounded and the main army torn up and routed worse than any ever seen before. All of the army except that which had stood its ground to the last on Lorianne Heights had been most seriously handicapped, and Emperor Vivian who had come up too late had all he could do to prevent his whole remaining army from being scattered beyond rally and reformation. During the retreat Emperor Vivian had sent all his generals and other officers everywhere all a o a along the line to keep order among the main armies, to try and rally the shattered corps and divisions. He exerted all his power but at the start the retreat of his beaten armies had been most remarkably swift and panic more like the flight of a herd of terrified steers, and it had taken nearly two days before the whole of the army could be drawn safely out of the trap and get the swift retreat on a full progress.

But then with the approach of morning strange and terrible things began to happen. Torrents of rain like that of a cloudburst, accompanied by the most terrified thunder and lightning and wind, and made such deep mud and bogs that the armies were handicapped by it. On account of this and because of the swift progress of the enemy's victory, our advance general Concentration Aronburg army had to leave about fourteen hundred big cannons behind, these having become stuck in the mud and bogs even up to the very hub of their wheels and all the desperate efforts to save them proved of no avail. Thousands of baggage wagons filled with the army's supplies and provisions were also caught in the deep bogs and all the horses available could not pull or drag one out, even though aided by men who worked with rails and the like.

His trouble was complicated by the hundreds of thousands of soldiers floundering in the deep mud three to five feet deep in places, and then to still make it worse the enemy cannons were placed on high ridges near by and opened with destructive effect upon the struggling masses and in their haste to escape the pursuing Glandelinian infantry the men had to swim across the near by streams or across the Aronburgs run at the risk of being drowned or overpowered in the swift current or being picked off by the enemy's fire of rifles and cannons.

It could have been stated that the width and line of this terrible retreat covered about a hundred miles of ground and so terrific was their losses even during the retreat that they appeared like a severe melting state of snow under a hot summer sun.

By all this trouble Emperor Vivian's beaten army was almost completely dispersed and threatened with total destruction, and by the time that the whole christian army had succeeded in crossing the whole region of the Whirther run three quarters of his army was far apart from the rest of the main body, one third had been captured with all their battle flags, generals and provisions and all their artillery and ammunition, the Glandelinians had forced the surrender of another division and the rest of the army was even beyond the near reach of Emperor Vivian. It took a very long time after the army left the region of Aronburg run and Lorianne that the broken fragments of the crushed army could be brought together, and this surely required a twenty hours delay, and yet all the while since the retreat began his whole army was seriously handicapped and badly harassed and torn by the swiftly advancing Glandelinian victory armies. Emperor Vivian and his generals were terribly anxious, worried and full of sorrow, for none of them could do a thing, general Vivian was too far away to lend his aid and all efforts to reform their divisions proved of no avail. The precipitate retreat never ceased since it started, but with the defeated christian armies it had been terrific thunderstorms, bogs and mud, and also too much water and terrific heat, some double worse. A large party part of the defeated christian army under general Jenson Vivian during its retreat was crossing a large plain within sight of the northern end of the Aronburg run this plain being so wide that the other side of the woods could not hardly be seen at all with the naked eye, and here a big force of the victorious Glandelinians lay hidden in ambush.

In their wild flight too many of the panic stricken troops were going over the plain at once and thus the gradual result was that nearly eighteen thousand were killed by the enemy's sudden fire while the remainder of the soldiers were forced to throw down their arms and surrender, baggage wagons and other army property being captured by the foe.

So swift was the retreat that scores of thousands of men dropped from exhaustion and were captured by the enemy. The banners of the artillery battalions lashed their horses unavailingly in their efforts to get them to go faster. Across the Aronburg run the retreat spread, and most of the soldiers who failed to cross the many pontoon bridges were in the deep water, and the scene was indeed more lively than ever can be conceived. It indeed seemed to be the turning of the war, as the defeat and retreat of the christians was similar to that of the enemy at Jennie Turner, only more so. Hundreds of big guns were stuck in the mud, and those who tried hard to get them out were suddenly surprised by the enemy and captured with the guns. The Glandelinians gave cries of triumph as they surged after the retreating christian forces overtaking the rear many times, and always capturing many prisoners.

If the same number of Glandelinians were all mad dogs they could not have so created the confusion and retreat which they accomplished. Glandelinian cavalry incessantly overtook and tore through large portions of the christian columns capturing prisoners by the wholesale every time they made a dash, cutting through like scythes through paper and scattering everything before them.

When daylight approached thick woods, and undergrowth, and bogs and mud, and fires and mud, hundreds of portions of the christian armies in their still precipitated retreat. Countless numbers got caught and smothered in the bogs as they tried to get across, either sinking or being shot as they were stuck in the quicksand. The enemy cavalry and artillery and infantry strove with many maneuvers to obstruct the christian retreat and soon the confusion became a thousand fold worse. Some very columns of christians even surrendered, but with the rest it was every man for himself. Muskets and firearms were thrown away in the swift flight, everything they could get rid of was cast down and they fled so swiftly it was hard to overtake the christian forces now.

No one can really comprehend how the retreat of the christian armies really was. Most of the christian forces in the front of the retreating hordes had outdistanced the troops in the rear, and guarded by cavalry had soon awarded many hill hills and plains not far from the recently bombarded city of Aronburg on the day before at the beginning of the battle, and their artillery men also managing to get up hundreds of pieces of guns decided to form a desperate rally and stop the rest of the rest if possible, and also stop the precipitate advance of the foe. It took nearly four hours for all this to be done despite the fastest work at it, and despite commands, and entreaties but at least a very strong force crowded over fourteen high and steep hills, and massed in front by strong batteries of calibre and

machine guns. Finally the other big forces had come up and seeing what their comrades in the other divisions had done started the same work themselves. Over half of the retreating forces toward the coming of night was entrenched in extra forces and on high ridges, and supported by artillery awaited the coming of the enemy. Soon the rest of the christian forces came up and pursued close in the rear by the victorious enemy. Seeing that half of the main christian force so terribly defeated had managed by overexertions to rally on the heights, the enemy checked his furious advance, and soon by late night concentrated near the christian forces but did not pursue further though the bombardment of Aronburg was recommenced again that following morning, and shells were again dropping into the damaged city. The christian artillery men seeing what was going on were horrified but nevertheless general Vivian who took personal command of the beaten army did not allow the artillery men to waste their ammunition by responding and so nothing happened along the opposing lines that day. Violet and her sisters were very grieved when they heard their father was so dangerously wounded but nevertheless never lost they felt better when all doctors who had examined him anew and attended him declared that he was not in danger of death but nevertheless would not be in condition for several months. Overcome with the excitement of the past days, and wishing to forget their sorrows and disappointments Violet and her sisters decided to go to their friend general Walter Starring and go with him if possible to see what the results of the bombardment of the city of Aronburg was resulting. As they went to several points of the christian lines and reached a higher ledge of ground on the hill top they could see that at a far distance thousands of small fires were burning, all in the country side, on hill sides, in valleys, and in glens, and that in the vicinity of the city of Aronburg the sky was clouded with the smoke of bursting shells and houses on fire.

Indeed. Indeed the horrible shells were creating awful havoc in the city of Aronburg and it is probable that the foe was awfully enraged because despite all their efforts in trying to prevent it the christian forces had rallied, and not daring to attack such heights in their disordered conditions the foe had again turned their fury upon the city of Aronburg and such havoc as described here in the next page exceeds all imagination. It was simply terrible.

In this terrible battle the christian losses were considered as 431,467, 770 in killed wounded and disabled. The number of prisoners is not estimated at all. Glandelinian loss in killed and wounded 431,044, 097.

As a fact it was as Evans soon discovered through his glasses. They were now still following the tracks of the Mc-Holleston and Portland railroad, which was clear at this point, the army now marching as fast as it could, the artillery men leading their horses in their frantic endeavors to get their cannons out of mud holes, or wild windrows of wreckage.

"It may be a long time before trains can run here again," said Evans. "I don't think so," declared Joice. "They will have to be cleared as soon as possible, so supply trains can run. You know the wounded soldiers in the ruined cities cannot be removed to any part of Abyssinile without trains, and there is no more wounded in any part of Calverinia or Angelinka herself that we could crowd in on them."

"Joice you are too terribly right," said Evans. "War is indeed hell, and no mistake at that."

"The enemy is one of the main things to be tackled with now when we get to Marcucian Run," said Violet. "And the main danger to be avoided is that they do not come upon our flank while we are on this march."

Evans indeed feared the approach of the Glandelinian columns which may be able to reach general Hanson's flank rear, before he or Robert Vivian could ever reach Marcucian Run, and he feared he could see clouds of smoke in the sky toward the south, for they could not be thunderheads of rain clouds. Put of course he was not absolutely sure, so he did not say anything to the little girls, though he kept his eyes in that direction.

It was generally well on in the evening now and all the Christian soldiers noticed that the heavy clouds covered the whole sky especially over the ridges, and as they watched, the smoke grew in density. Violet and her sisters also watched the approaching change, and became restless, all the soldiers fairly racing along, but it seemed as if the fast approaching clouds would catch up with them before they could reach any shelter from it. The wind was now blowing furiously the sun was gone, and presently a sudden increase in the shaking of the ground almost threw the mighty leaders off their horses.

Where the Christian armies were now passing trees lay almost as thick as straws. Evans had almost an idea now that that it may be the prostrated trees that were burning in the distance, but how fast the conflagration was advancing, he knew not.

Yet his fears were needless. What happened to be smoke of a forest fire, or from a cannonade was only the smoke haze of a new battle line near the ridge, and the smoke of cannons in the lower grounds were rising upward in clouds. In truth there were the most terrific forest fires the world ever seen far east of them, so far that they could not be seen. The wind was abating considerably now, and the strong smell of powder was still in the air. There was a strange thundering sound in the direction of the raging battle, and Hanson knowing the direction to hurl his forces with comparative safety and with evident success headed that way. The battle was quite a distance at yet, which made the Vivian girls safe for the time being. The distant roar was incessant and could have drowned out the roar of an eruption, the distant roar of musketry resembling the mightiest roar of the sea along a rocky shore during a hurricane of the most violent fury. And many of the officers did not believe there was any possibility of battling with the Glandelinians now with any success, and felt that the strongest line could not meet the enemy without disaster, or without being crushed to pieces. The Christian lines were now nearing the region of the distant battle being only five miles off now. Hanson or his brother were not daunted and decided to pitch in the fray as soon as possible. While his lines were being prepared the roar of the distant battle grew wilder and wilder.

"I see that this expedition is in vain as no one can attack the Glandelinians and survive it," said one of the officers. "I have a mind to turn back and wait until it recedes."

Unknown to him the supreme superior generals had the same idea and not only that but was determined to abandon the enterprise entirely. It was soon they were barred by overwhelming numbers of rebels.

"We are checked in our enterprise," said Robert Vivian. "I have a mind to abandon the enterprise entirely. Marcucian is unapproachable."

"But then how about poor Concentinian Aronburg?" asked Violet reproachfully. "The enemy must be swept back for if they break the line here at last and our country also. As you are the main leader of all the Christian armies it is your duty as you said before to crush the enemy at all costs. And you could pray. We would join in the prayer."

"I have prayed," said Hanson. "But he seems not to hear."

"And where can we strike the blow?" asked Baldwin.

"Toward the region of Accordia Park Tavern which would be a good place," declared Evans. "That is if we can get there."

"I fear we can't," said Jennie gravely. "Nearly the entire region is flooded. We will have to look some where else to strike the blow."

"Where?" said Hanson. "There don't seem to be no place to move a cross safely. We are barred by the enemy."

Evans drew the little girls closer to him for fear they would go too near and be swept away to destruction. As they continued on, Evans drew Angeline and Jennie to his side and said:

"Keep away now. A dangerous battle is raging. Do not go too near this region or you are liable to die for it. You are liable to do anything since you lost so heavily and I must watch you."

A-21

The heat of the atmosphere was terrific. Violet and her sisters noticing the strange grayness of the ridges, began to have strange fears themselves especially as the gray color was quite a weird, and freakish, even seeming to effect the far distant landscape, and the atmosphere. They could not at first convince Evans of the threatening appearance of appearance of those ridges, as he declared it was only smoke from burning trees or other rubbish. But after a time he became suspicious also, as he smelt sulphur of powder in the air. Baldwin smelling it also became suspicious, believing that the cloud may have come from Mt Catherine saying that the volcano may be in eruption.

"But why don't a blizzard of ashes fall then?" asked Hanson. "And Mt Catherine is too far to be seen anyway, and we can not suffer the effects of her eruption from here. So can only destroy to the distance of sixty miles. We are two hundred miles from her now."

"But she can throw her sulphurous clouds this far," insisted Baldwin.

"Maybe that is so too, but I noticed when these clouds first appeared they resembled smoke from shells bursting, or from cannon volleys, and not from any eruption as they blazed and spread out with terrible swiftness."

"Well it may be from those distant hills then," said Baldwin exhibiting some alarm. "If those guns are trained upon us we will have some great time saving our armies from the relentless fury of the explosions, and then how about the little girls? Hanson I fear something is wrong. I hope I'm mistaken!"

Evans had the little girls closer to him than ever now, guarding their every footstep, though it seemed to him at times as if they were celestial beings being over him. They had traveled for half an hour or more, when they suddenly began to see the country again and a good portion of a house near by, which seemed whole and entire.

"Let's take a look and see what's in here," said Hanson.

Hanson was the first to enter and gave a cry of dismay. At his shout Baldwin, Robert Vivian and Evans followed quickly. They were horrified at what they saw. The whole ceiling was down and mingled with the wreckage on the floor, were thirty dead soldiers, and several horribly mangled bodies of little children. Hanson stepped inside, and lifting a large beam drew out the armless and legless body of a little girl. Near her lay a boy. Her body was rent and torn and smeared with blood. Her head had been crushed and her eyes which were bloody also were half out of their sockets. Her neck was lacerated as if with a butcher knife, and her windpipe was protruding.

"Gracious this is no place for us," exclaimed Baldwin. "Those bodies of the two children and the soldier also looked as if they had gone through a meat chopper. Come better, to be out in the open here. The shell that hit this built building did some work."

As Violet and her sisters had not gone in they of course did not know what was up. As they saw their father, Hanson, and the general enter or emerge from the place with pale faces they realized some horror was in the place, and they could not suppress a shudder. Evans who had been with the men, refused to reveal what he saw, as he did not want to distress or horrify them still further. They begged and pleaded and pleaded, but he would not yield, so they gave it up, but nevertheless he knew that they suspected something awful as he saw the look of horror in their faces. Hanson and the rest proceeded onward into the open country. Evans had Violet and Jennie by each hand each being on each side of him, and he could not restrain from drawing them to him. He liked all of the little girls equally alike, but he did not have seven arms. He had become more like a brother to them, than a mere guardian or friend, and the little girls seemed to realize it. They loved him as such as their tender hearts could feel and show, and though they acted like dear little sisters to him, he nevertheless always had that strange feeling of awe, which frequently made him wonder. He thought to himself all the time with that strange feeling of awe; "Are they really flesh and blood, or celestial beings, disguised as children? He avowedly swore that he would protect them in any way, would be as kind to them as his heart would permit, and satisfy them in any way that was not injurious. During the whole march, Evans stayed with the little girls talking to them now and then on one or other subject. Hanson and all of them were tormented by the din of the distant battle, which was only growing worse, and by the concussion could hardly keep their feet. Fields, once filled with corn and wheat, were exposed to view, and now they were dull and bare, with big shell craters in them. Not a corn stalk reared itself above the body strewn fields, and the ground had the appearance of having been plowed by some immense comb with thrillions of teeth. The wheat fields had also been stripped but nevertheless was strewn with pieces of timber, and other pieces of wreckage from farm houses and barns. Violet and her sisters from their markings remembered these farms, because they had passed here sometime during the Christian advance before the great battle of Accordia Park. It was indeed a scene, compared to what it looked then.

The shell storm had swept these fields with cruel fury, as the shells had spared nothing whatever. Far in the distance through the driving rain of splintered debris raised by shell explosions now and then, Evans could see something blue, mingled with long white clouds, and with his field glasses discovered what it was.

"We are really miles away from the battle field now," he said to general Hanson.

"I can see it here with my glasses."

"I know," said Hanson. "For by boy, don't you hear that terrible noise like millions of trains of cars going through a large hollow cavern at one time? We are more than a mile from it for we could not get too near it so soon."

"I'll take good care of them all right," said Evans. "I'll do anything for them." A few minutes after they all started out for the region of Maracucian the leaders on horseback, and taking with them their provision train. The army soon found that the traveling was hard, for the fields and roads were covered with debris. To make traveling easier, the army chose the railroad line, traveling on the half shattered ties. At places no tracks were even seen so thick was the debris that covered the ground. The railroad itself seemed to be the hardest to travel for they were cumbered with the wreckage of broken fences, and trees. Evans surveyed the scene with evident dismay and then said to Violet:

"Violet dear, is it very far to Maracucian?"

"Quite some ten miles," he answered. "It may take an hour or more to even reach there on foot in all this wreckage."

"I wonder if we will succeed in crushing our way through or not?" asked Evans.

"Maybe the enemy is too strong already."

"Oh I hope not," declared Jennie. "It will be bad for us all."

"I thought most of the enemy's assault had receded already by this time," said Joice. "I was surprised when I heard that the region of Maracucian was still in the grasp of the terrible enemy. Oh Dear God help the poor victims. I fear they are doomed."

"And I also hope not," exclaimed Evans as they reached a long viaduct where the tracks were clear, and firm without. "It will lead to the toll of lives." The army had now traveled some distance, and now they were again within sight of the ruined town of Glorianna whose terrible ruins barred their way in that direction, the city being swept by a conflagration. The Christian army was impatient and as the heat of the smoldering ruins was intolerable, they headed slowly in another direction making a clean broad branch of the city. Soon afterwards they reached another portion of the ruined city. Though here the ruins were passable, they were yet indeed too harrowing a sight to describe. Such scenes are really shocking to view. What battles no man has nerves to visit, what the poor victims suffer cannot be told us, even in our utmost, outermost chambers of secrecy it so harrows up the soul. This was the ruins of Glorianna. Violet and her sisters could not look upon it. Yet for some short cut the leaders decided to try and make a passage through, and there was no backing out now. This section of the city was entered readily enough, and as they passed through the wreckage strewn streets streets they saw whole lines of massive buildings in total ruins. Tons of debris lay beside the buildings on in the streets, many boards and sticks protruding from it. The leaders hastened their horses onward climbing the wreckage in the streets at intervals and plowing through wide gaps choked with dust and debris. The atmosphere was hazy with the smoke from the distant battle, and the generals fearing a new shell storm hastened to get out of the ruined city.

"Goodness if the old officers of the Glandelinian batteries on those far distant Lucille Rickson and other ridges see us, they will order their gunners to hurl their hurricane of shells upon us, and if we are still in this ruined city yet, and they do, it will be good day with us," muttered general Hanson to himself. "Whew."

He at this moment now that it was drawing near evening noticed a strange redness in the sky toward the direction of the far distant thundering Christian ridges of the Glorianna peak heights.

"A fire of great force and strength is going on sure enough there," he cried. He was then astonished and almost frightened, for at this moment the glow suddenly disappeared, reappeared three times and was gone. Indeed Hanson feared they would not get out of the ruined city, and now wished that he and his army had not halted or gone in this direction at all. However he did not mention his fears to the others. Evans and himself did not have any fears, and the little girls did not even think of those threatening hills to their right. The one to be most dreaded for this section would be the Mc-Holleston ridge, the worse one of all. Indeed to Hanson it seemed as if there was no end to the city of Glorianna as they seemed to never leave it. Baldwin chanced to notice the worried look on Hanson's face and said:

"What is the matter your Excellency?" "You look as if you were worried about something. Are you fearing that after all our undertaking will be a failure or something worse?"

"No not that," exclaimed Hanson as he noticed the sky above the other ridges become gray with smoke so clouds. "I fear we are in for it. Suppose the enemy gunners on any of those ridges yonder see us. It may be going bad for us if we are still in this ruined city, and they shell us."

"Those ridges are suspicious," said Baldwin. "But probably some Christian forces may be again assaulting those ridges now, and the Glandelinians cannot fire upon us."

"I wonder what those gray clouds mean?" said Hanson. "I believe their guns are already in action. I'm afraid we may get it yet."

"Well what of it?" said Baldwin. "We will have to face a worse gun fire at the Maracucian grounds. Besides we ourselves are safer here, for we could dodge into some of the deep cellars of some of the ruined houses here." However Hanson had no faith in Baldwin's words. He was bound to get out of Glorianna before the storm of shells would start. The whole line of ridges had become as gray as the skies before the outbreak of a severe storm. More like the Kansas grasshopper, especially like the gray hues of the grass, and house mentioned before the outbreak of the cyclone in the story of "The Wizard of Oz" even the far distant ruins seemed to be of a strange gray color which made them look all the more desolate and terrible.

"We ourselves know the danger, and don't care much about going, but you better not go or we will too. It's like suicide. We know of the vow you have made, but it is not necessary to run such dare devil risks for it. We absolutely know we will win it on our heart's, that if you attempt it without us, you will never return. No army of any size cavalry or infantry supported by parks of artillery, could pass through that roaring inferno and live. Oh for God's sake don't go without us. Wait until the battle in that location recedes. If you two are killed our hearts will be broken for ever. You have time to fulfill the vow. Pray to God first, and ask him to withdraw the enemy's assault in that quarter."

The three great Christian generals, and the two rulers stood against, and looked at the little girls, and there was such a silence, that the tick of some clock in the wreckage could be heard. Yet general Hanson and the rest were determined to go immediately for to delay would only probably bring sad results. There was no sign of the enemy receding in that location, and there was danger every minute of Concentinian Aronburg's army being swept away.

"No," cried red Robert Jivian. "We are going at any cost. Duty calls first. I and my brother Hanson have a big army here to crush our way, and if we wait too long the raging Glandelinian assault upon General Jivian Aronburg's army will sweep away all opposition away before we arrive to the scene, and then what good will it do for us if we are cut off from retreat. We will not risk unnecessary dangers, and will not attempt to meet the heart of the enemy's assault. All we are going to do is to march round Op. Ophelia by the safest way. We are to go eastward, then south, then toward Maracucian Run where the flood of raddened Glandelinian mobs are not so much in the way. We could start that way from here."

"But the enemy's line of assault is extremely extensive," put in Baldwin. "I had tried that, and met only few failure and terrible slaughter. We will have to battle the foe in general fury that is all, or give up the undertaking."

"I'm not going to give up the undertaking," said Hanson. "We can go straight for Glorianna first then, no matter what the risk."

"If you are going for real, then we are going too," said Violet firmly and almost seriously. "Papa and Uncle made us a promise that if we asked for anything we would receive it. Either stay or let us go."

"But it is too risky to go," protested Baldwin. "There is nothing but a soothing storm of carriage so you see, girls, you fair Princesses are facing dire danger, when you accompany our armies, for there will be no safety anywhere."

"I know," said Violet. "But I don't care. Anyhow we have escaped many dangers before, and may do so again. We trust in God, and Evans and he also can accompany us. He will watch us."

"We did make a promise," said Robert Jivian. "But in that case we will have to excuse ourselves. We absolutely refuse to let you daughters of mine accompany us. We are not going to let you run the same dangers after we have made promises to see to your protection. There is no use to argue either as arguing will be in vain. If you accede accompany us you will do so at your own risk. So you are not going to accompany us and that is all there is to it. Do you think we are fools to let such beautiful children as you run into such hopeless peril. No. Maybe I cannot prevent you if you will use your will, but if you accede accompany us I'll abandon the battle altogether." And Robert Jivian's eyes flashed as he said these words.

Yet Violet and her sisters were undaunted. They knew full well that their beloved ones and only friends were facing unknown dangers and they were bound to follow if they had to go alone. They knew their presence would be more safe for the three mighty leaders so Violet said:

"Papa be angry if you wish but we are not going to let you run into unknown dangers and us not around to help. If you do not let us accompany you, we will go alone or you may refuse to fight the battle altogether. We are cool headed and can see the danger before any of you can and you know it. Taking all your Glandelinian soldiers would not help you any. It is also a very foolish undertaking you are after, and to keep you out of danger, we will follow even if we have to do it on the sly. Stay and wait until the battle line of the foe recedes, and we will stay, go and we will go. It is our duty to."

"I'm afraid we will have to yield," muttered Hanson. "There is no holding them back. It is better to let them accompany us, than if they go alone."

Robert Jivian was silent for a moment and then he said in a manner as if he did not like to give in:

"It is not my doing anyhow. I will not force them to decide. Violet bring Evans here."

Violet obeyed and in a moment Evans was standing before the great ruler.

"Evans my boy," he said. "We are all going on a dangerous mission. We are to advance against the enemy, but we will run many risks in the region we are going into as that region there is overwhelmed by victorious Glandelinians. My daughters insist on going along, and yet though I can hardly give them the permission, my refusal is in vain, and they firmly mean to go anyhow. So you will have to accompany them. Evans my boy guard them well. I leave their very lives into your hands into your safe keeping. If one of them is even hurt you will pay for it by losing your guardianship. So remember. I value my daughters greatly, more than any riches. More than success. So I'll leave them in your care and if they are all right even on our return, I'll reward you handsomely. I hardly can permit them to go, but then I cannot restrain them. Better to let them go with us than to go alone."

"It is," said Robert Vivian. "May many generals have not declared that they never before had observed more desolate scenes among the strips of forest bordering the Conservatory Run region. Nothing is within sight in the plains except melancholy wreckage and dead bodies. There is hardly not a strip of green foliage anywhere on the outer limits, and heaps of tangled wreckage probably from the villas and villages and towns had been seen north of where we are, and on the Catherine Hills more strange wreckage has been found. I have also heard that on these ridges the loss of life among the Glandelinians was appalling."

"How is that?" asked Evans. "The Glandelinians are not assaulting those hills now are they?"

"No indeed, but they did," said Robert Vivian. "They are now in possession. Some said there were eight hundred thousand Glandelinians killed and one million wounded and one hundred thousand mortally wounded within six minutes. Trees had been shattered to fragments by shells of every description, or even scattered into windrows of wreckage. The town of Ophelia yonder is in wreckage beyond redemption, every house having been leveled to the ground."

"Ophelia was a beautiful city," said Violet sadly. "It is harrowing that the worse of the battle raged at Lucille Jackson, and that both that city and Gloriana were wiped out by the storm of shells. Nearly every soldier was killed in the wreckage there."

"Yes it is true," said Evans. "I don't see how the enemy could have been so strong. Not a single street can be distinguished in the city of Ophelia, Gloriana, or Lucille Jackson and probably myriads of men are still working in vain to extricate the bodies. These scenes would make you two little girls feel sad if you were to witness them." He added placing an arm around Violet and Jennie. "But think of it, all those fallen trees will make it handy probably to repair or rebuild new houses, and young trees may start from the roots left in the ground."

As they drew near to Aronburgs street Hanson and the others saw a large image of our Lord Jesus Christ, with his arms outstretched and his head bowed. The cross was missing. Hanson at once understood the mystery. It had been a large crucifix like shrine used by the Sisters of a Convent near by to pray before. The cross had been torn away by some explosion. The crown of thorns was also missing and the bricks from the huge pedestal supporting the immense image had been wrenched away. This was a freak that surprised him, and the rest indeed. At his very feet lay the crown of thorns. The crucifix itself had stood about forty feet high. For fifteen minutes they continued on their way, and the more fearful they went the more horrible was the scene of wreckage. At many places half burned debris was exposed and they saw in the far distance that many big fires were burning. Ophelia itself was being consumed by fire, burning in smudges, that made many big clouds of smoke, and the following night after the battle, the glare could probably be seen for a hundred miles.

"It is terrible that relief cannot come," thought Hanson. "The only help I see is that Manley is stayed."

Indeed General Hanson Vivian had set on his retreat to get to Gretchen as soon as possible to strike Manley some blow so as to cover the retreat of the main army at night, or make another effort to win the battle itself, but he had been told that the whole region was unapproachable on account of so strong a line of the enemy. Robert Vivian and Hanson was indeed at a loss of what to do. General Baldwin had made an attempt to force his way but half an hour later came back with the report that no one could approach the region under any conditions.

"This disastrous battle has caused more damage and greater loss of life than probably the entire Glandelinian war itself," declared Baldwin. "I and my force of men had tried by various means to reach Ophelia but could not succeed. Even the general who declared that the loss of his picture caused the storm of disaster did all in his power to help me with his forces, but the attempt seemed just as dangerous as a wicked attempt to frustrate God in his purpose. Ophelia is utterly unapproachable by the battle line itself. The poor fellow got badly wounded in his effort to aid me."

Robert Vivian was affected by this story, but told Baldwin not to let the Vivian girls hear of the results, as they would only be the more distressed.

"I wonder what we are going to do?" asked Hanson.

"I have a mind to risk it any how," answered Robert Vivian. "But if we wish to succeed in the enterprise we must not be reckless."

"I'm with you," declared Hanson. "But if I were you, I would not permit the Vivian girls to go with you, if you can restrain them, for there is no telling what may happen to them."

"I'll do what I can," answered Robert Vivian. "I'll lose all if I lose

them. We will start immediately, and not let them catch us." But it was easier said than done. Their preparations for advance was discovered, and Robert Vivian had to confess. "But," he said, "we don't like to have you accompany us, as it is going to be a terribly risky undertaking. You little girls may as well stay with Evans. He will take good care of you until we return. Of course you need not fear for us, for we are not going to be reckless, and if we find the undertaking too dangerous we will retrace our steps."

Violet and her sisters knew of the risk these generals and their father and uncle were running into, and Violet said with tearful eyes;

an "the apparent loss of their brothers and dearest friends. This again filled their hearts with rending sorrow but they did not say anything more as they did not care to share their sorrow with others. However they did hide their faces in their hands, and sobbed, and Evans noticing this, asked;

"What is the matter now dears?"

They raised their heads, and Evans suddenly realizing said again;

"Never mind my dear friends, if they do die your brothers will be going to a better place, where Jesus is. I will always pray for you little girls, and I know Jesus will keep you and help you. I always see that you are always trying to do your best to be good, pray every day, and read the Bible, and you will also go to heaven some day and see them again."

Here Evans was interrupted by a burst of groans and sighs and lamentations which broke from the outside and died away instantly. Evans was struck with sudden emotion. The spiritual faces of the little girls, the long locks of hair, and their sobs struck at once upon his feeling, and he looked long and earnestly upon them and shook his head. Angeline Jennings and Mildred Maxwell who was also with them shook their own heads, as Violet and her sisters sobbed and wailed, with a violence which alarmed Evans, and soon Jennie was lying like a wearied dove in Evans arms and he bending over her soothed her by every kind word he could say. Suddenly the two rulers appeared, and Robert Vivian riding up and noticing the strange children, Robert Vivian asked;

"Where did you two little girls live before coming here?"

"In the city of Lucille Jackson," said Mildred. "We ourselves have no home just now and as an explosion of shell swept it to pieces."

"Do you wish to stay with me and my daughters for a while?" He asked. "They are loving and kind, and will be angelic sisters to you."

"Sure we would be glad to have you two stay with us for a time," said Jennie through her tears, and smiling sadly. "We would even wish you to stay always."

Robert Vivian told Hanson who the two girls were, and told him their homes and parents were destroyed in the storm.

"The poor things," said Hanson Vivian. "Sure they'll be glad to remain with the Princesses of Abieanna."

He embraced the two little girls and then turned to Evans and said;

"You may be their guardians also."

"I surely will," answered Evans. "When your new names and these little girls are placed in my charge, I'll protect them even with my life."

"Were you little girls caught in the frightful battle over yonder?" asked Hanson.

"Yes," declared Mildred.

"I have seen many hurricanes, and typhoons during my day, but not one of them did as much damage as this battle," said Hanson. "I and my wife was buried under the wreckage, and my daughter also. I escaped unhurt but they were killed. I presume you little girls escaped, though you were caught in it."

"Yes," said Mildred. "At Conservatory Run. We were caught in the Treedon Plain. Our experience was frightful."

"Lucille Jackson's destruction and also of Gloriana are terrible," said Hanson. "Those two cities are unapproachable on account of the battle raging along those points. Did you little girls not hear about it?"

"No," said Mildred. "We did not know the battle was raging there also."

"It is still raging also in the vicinity of Ophelia and with all its fury," said Hanson. "What is even reported about it cannot be exaggerated, and I witnessed a good part of the whole battle. It is terrible worse than any conflict, and the commanding was terrific. The list of killed and injured soldiers is unknown. Every one of the four wrecked cities are reported to be in the grasp of big fires, and everywhere outside of Ophelia especially where the surge of battle still goes back and forth is a sea of broken tree trunks, branches, and wreckage of country houses, on either side, of all the railroad tracks, and wreckage of battle arms, and covered with vast seas of the dead and wounded soldiers."

"I never knew that a battle could be so severe, or do all this in so short a time," said Evans. "It is terrible beyond doubt."

"Well the Glandelinian onslaughts have the most extraordinary force," said Robert Vivian. "And the rebels seem to be attacking here fiercer than any where else."

"I reported my way out of the battle fields, trees are found lying as ticks as straws, and there are so many wounded soldiers under them in the battle field, that as long as the conflict continues there is no hope of rescuing them."

"Have you two little girl scouts seen the Vivian Hills?" asked General Hanson.

"No," said Mildred. "The smoke made it impossible to see them."

"They are bare and naked," said Robert Vivian himself. "The explosion of shells from either side swept down to wreckage every tree on those hills, piling up their branches as thick as straws on their shell furrowed sides. The hills once green and beautiful are now a sad sight. Millions of shattered trees are also lying at their bases, and furrows, and craters, and rents can be seen on their sides. Not a whole tree trunk can be seen. The hills are desolate except where broken trees lay scattered in places."

"It must have been, and is in this portion then where the battle is at its worse," said Evans.

There battle here had been the fiercest of its kind, and the shells had again scattered tons of wreckage from Ophelia. The thunder crashes of shells and high explosion were frightful, and every roll seemed to shake the earth and reverberate in the heavens. It was at this moment that his Majesty Robert Vivian got a message which read as follows;

Your Majesty,

The battle line near Ophelia is now something marvellous in formation, but exceedingly terrible in character. The violence of the shell explosions caused great eruptions. A seething attack had now been made upon my line and concentrated most of its heaviest pressure upon my main columns. We were able to resist the first onrush of the enemy, without being totally crushed and routed, and when the second came we were also able to hold ground, and our center having a momentary calm in the storm was also able to resist the third onset of this great wave, and while the storming column extended expanded its line, a great deal of its force especially toward our center had been withdrawn to the main point on their right, which caused their center to weaken, and we were able to repulse the third assault.

It is your duty, Your Majesty as we'll as your Brothers and the others to try and cover our retreat, in case we are forced. At any cost we will be beaten, and in any way. I'm going to send my lieut. lieutenant generals down the way to meet your forces as soon as possible.

Your assit assistant. General Blomlinia."

Robert Vivian read it to the others. They were indeed surprised at the details of the letter.

"By Golly general Baldwin, but we must force our way past this glandelinian barrier." Said Hanson. "And get through we must. Shall we hammer away now?"

"We might as well do that," answered Baldwin. "And have it over with."

Across the region of Ophelia to the northeast, a new and great battle line had formed and extended out and gathering momentum as it rolled forward, it soon started heading and soon had swept across the whole region mowing its way through all the glandelinian columns that dared to barricade its approach, and from the Lucille Jackson ridge again, the very sky seemed to have developed into a down-pour of shell fire, and as the attack of the counter advancing christians under Blomlinia had gone forward without almost any warning, a large part of the foe line had little chance to escape, the enveloping onrush, and amid the deafening roar of the conflict, came intense smoke clouds, the thunder of cannon, and burst of flame anew. This was the character of the report of Blomlinia's counter attack, put in the Angolinian papers afterwards. More details than this had been reported however, telling also of the deaths of many christian generals, the freaks of the terrific explosions of shells, and the miserable sights of ruin and desolation left by the battle.

"If you little girls do not mind you can see the wreckage of the city of Ophelia." said Evans as they had stopped to halt near the region. The little girls declared that they did not mind, and were soon witnessing the real horrors of the bloody battle storm. Many tents could be seen standing, where the wreckage was a less massive, and even rude huts, which were built from the wreckage, while here and there the wreckage was dotted with the bodies of soldiers and old men, and women and children, the mangled bodies of children of all sizes laying seemingly as thick as the dead and wounded soldiers themselves.

Scores of thousands of the survivors were aiding in the collection of all the dead and injured from the wreckage, despite the roar of the battle raging round the city, and the sights of many of the bodies was loathsome. What pitiful scenes was before the eyes of the little girls, even now though it had slackened. Many thousands of mothers without children, tearing their hair in grief, or children made orphans by the deaths of their parents, filling the air with pitiful heart-rending lamentations. Many frail torn bodies of children had already been extracted from the tangled wreckage. Blood soaked this wreckage everywhere, and worse sights were exposed to the little girls than those they had witnessed, during the glandelinian massacres they experienced at Calmanrinia or other places. How hard it may have been to extract the dead and injured, amid the buffeting gale, then blowing, flashes of lightning from bursting shells can never be told. And greater than any Typhoon horror were these sights of destruction. Sometimes when the rescuers tried to extract a child from the wreckage either boy or girl, they only pulled off a leg, or head, which may have been partly cut off by shell fragments. When they would find their body, the sight would be too horrible to relate. Here also had been frightful suffering among the countless injured before they died, especially among the injured men and women and children, who could not be taken from the wreckage. The Vivian girls had never observed such wreckage, and neither did Evans. All the while the great battle in the distance was rolling swiftly toward the east. Hanson and the others were indeed near enough to get a view of the seething city of Ophelia, and here it indeed was a sad sight for the ruins were terrible, all the big buildings having been blown into total wreckage. And the surge of battle in the far distance seemed to be far extended, and was full of explosions of every description. They could not bear this horrible sight long, and turned away from it. Poor violet and her sisters indeed realized that the battle storm with its horror of shell storm had swept away their very own

A-24

Poor Violet and her sisters. Many things had spoken in their souls calmly and clearly that such miseries would come. Many times such fears rested in the hearts of the little girls, and which troubled them in a manner in which only they could know. It was already drawing near seven thirty o'clock in the evening, and the rays of the already setting sun shining through the smoke clouds formed a sort of glory about them as they advanced toward Evans in their white dresses, with their golden hair, and glowing cheeks, and their eyes unnaturally bright and abnormally beautiful. The appearance of the little girls impressed Evans suddenly and painfully. Their beauty seemed so intense, yet so fragile, that he could hardly bear to look upon them. He drew them one after another gently to him and suddenly folding violet in his arms said;

"Violet dear, I believe you and your sisters will soon get over the effects of these sights before long."

"It's all no use." Said Violet. "I always felt that such a disaster would come, and it did. I am sure I or my sisters will never get over the effects." And Violet sobbed.

"Oh now dear little violet." Said Evans trembling as he spoke, but speaking cheerfully. "You have become nervous and low spirited. You must not indulge in such gloomy thoughts. It is not like yourself. See, I've got a large ripe orange for you."

"No Evans." Said Violet putting it gently away in one of her pockets. "I'm not nervous, and low spirited. If it were not for you Evans dear, and my parents, I or my sisters would never be perfectly happy. And I have things I would like to have said to you long ago."

"Why dear little P. Princess, what has made your little heart so sad?"

"There are a great many things that make me and my sisters also sad, and which seems dreadful to me and them. I would rather be dead, but yet I do not want to leave you, or the cause when we are needed so much. It almost breaks my heart." "What makes you so sad, and what seems so dreadful to you, violet?" said Evans.

"Oh the things that are done by this awful battle. I feel sad for all the poor injured, for I love all the brave soldiers dearly, and they are all kind and good to children. I wish Evans, dear this had not happened."

"So do I." answered Evans, but we cannot check its course."

"And my dear Violet." He added, "You are too sensitive. I'm sorry you ever saw this war."

"Oh but that cannot be helped, Evans. You want us to live so happy, and never to have any pain, never suffer anything, not even hear a sad story, when millions of other creatures now, have nothing to do but suffer pain and sorrow, probably all their lives. It seems selfish. I or my sisters cannot help witnessing such scenes, and horrors, and we can't help feeling about them. Such things have sunk into my heart, they go down deep. I've thought, and thought about them, Evans. And is there not any way to have all the wreckage of the cities repaired?"

"That is a difficult question dearest. There is no doubt many of the buildings will be rebuilt, but it may take a score of years. I really wish there was not a single war in existence, but then what can there be done about it." At this moment a call from general Hanson, put an end to the sad interview. During the meanwhile reports came that the christian columns under general Blomlinia had been swept down by a storming attack of the glandelinians, and the real loss in killed and injured was not known as yet. This same glandelinian assault of terrible ferocity traversed the whole Angolinian front along this portion at gloriana, sweeping upon the strung but already shattered lines of Abbeannians, the christian fire along this point being so terrific, that it prostrated hundreds of columns of men by the very concussion, and scattered thousands of regiments of assailants by the dominating shell fire.

The real length of the assaulting column was not given but its velocity and force was considered that of a mad runaway from an army of demons, and this had given forth the facts to Robert Vivian who was worried, that the conditions of the battle was ten times worse, as reports came in, that the christians retreating from the region of the Vivian Hills was swept by the same shell storm and assault, which shattered every tree of a forest in that respectable region by the converging cannon fire of both sides, the two assaults having occurred at the same time. The cause of this great onslaught was really known. Extensive christian columns were traversing all the dominated points toward the left flank of the Rickson ridge known as the Bordon Hills in an endeavor to bring to a check the glandelinian onslaught at this point, and which had caused all these horrible slaughters. Simultaneously another terrific hurricane like assault traversed the battle fields on the center. It did not extend to the region of Ophelia until an hour later, and this was what Robert Vivian and the rest saw the wreckage fly. Consternation was produced among the many christian commanders as many feared the battle was going to be lost right now. The storm of mines flying everywhere became in itself a veritable screaming hissing sound. At the time the christian armies of retreat under the A generals of Hansons and Hanson and Robert Vivian themselves had reached this region, it was raging with a fury enough to waken the dead, but gradually now it was receding, and still the attack was sweeping upon Blomlinia's front though just now large portions of Conservatory run was free of the mighty shock of the battle.

What cruelly the child slavery itself could not do, what the horrors of the worse child massacres and the severest typhoons failed to do in Abbeemina, the guns on the suicide of Lucille Rickson and Carnation ridges accomplish a accomplished, and in two hours at that, a killing, hundreds of thousands in a way too horrible to predict.

The sorrow of the Vivian girls could not be correctly described. They gazed upon the dismal gleaming ruins of distant Chm Chabernane as they reached the place with the slowly retreating armies with an aching heart, and with a feeling as if they had lost everything they had. Evans himself wished in his heart that some mistake had been made, that the seriously wounded generals were not their good brothers, and that they were some strange men who resembled them. Robert Vivian with the fragments of his own armor decided to make headon for Gretchen or Grata to cover the retreat of the other main armies so badly wrecked, and if hard pressed to retreat to Marauder town, and again cover the retreat and march back Huebaum and Johnston Jackson Manleys swiftly advancing armies if possible.

Violet and her sisters followed their father in his retreat who was at the head, in a slow and melancholy gait, and Evans could see that they were almost heartbroken and always stayed more closer to them, trying to console them, and bring their thoughts to another channel. He drew Violet and Jennie nearer to him and placing an arm round each said:

"Now try to cheer up down. All this crying and weeping won't bring their health back. Don't give up you poor things. I can be as a brother to you if they go."

Violet laid her head against his chest, and sobbed. Evans was indeed touched and embraced them fondly. Never had he seen such pretty little girls in such sorrow. Evans was sorted with the little girls in a private army covered wagon and tried to console them by singing some cheery songs. From where they now were, they could observe the wreckage of whole freight and passenger coaches, which had been left on the sidings of tracks in this region. Not far from here was a small creek clogged with wreckage, scores of dead horses, and twigs of trees, and now the sound of the receding battle seemed louder to them, and indeed Violet and her sisters felt sad and lonely, and the warmth of the evening, and the roar of the losing battle made them feel worse. To them it seemed as if they were the only living things, or beings in existence entirely.

They were in danger of losing their brothers, best friends were gone, and home and everything else, also happiness. The whole world seemed dreary to them. It was only a short time after the retreat started, when the vicinity of Ophelia was reached by the van guard, and the ruler found his retreat barred by a new

swing of the battle whose terrible uproar was in fullsway and a large force of the Scoodlers was advancing. The wreckage of Ophelia was sailing into the air in clouds from thousands of explosions, and poor general Hanson, a coward did not know what to do, and fell like a giving it up, but Robert Vivian wished to force his way through the rebel column if possible.

"Baldwin is right," said Hanson to himself. "Ophelia is already unapproachable not because of the battle itself, but of Manleys seemingly impenetrable positions and we are cut off from retreat in this location by his advancing hordes, and of his sweeping onslaughts upon Vivian's still going on now. I hope to God's help that generals Wienstien and Noro Vivian's holds Huebaum Manley from making a junction with Johnston's advancing forces. If Wienstien fails, it is good night then, because if Huebaum succeeds, the two combined will be able to crush our retreating armies between them like an egg shell, and with win a more glorious battle, and so this must be prevented at all costs."

"During this temporary check in the retreat, while their uncle and father debated over the situation, Violet and her sisters went among the injured, and many times Violet and her sisters laid their hands on their bosoms and sighed heavily. Their cheeks were more pale, and a deep earnest shadow at times, passed over their eyes.

"These sights makes my heart ache," said Violet to Evans. "Our brothers are probably dying, only few friends are left, and now we are threatened with a most disgraceful defeat. These things sink into my heart. I wish the war was over, and also I can almost wish suicide was not a sin. Because then, I would attempt it by a doing some rash deed, or going into some fatal adventure."

"Why Violet dear how you talk," said Evans in sudden alarm.

"I can't tell you, but when I and my sisters saw so many of these poor creatures among the wreckage you when, when we and you came up, thousands of children who survived had lost their mothers, and thousands of women had lost their husbands, and scores of thousands of mothers cried for their little ones, and when I heard how many children were killed along with the soldiers, Oh was not that dreadful? and a great many other things, I have felt I would only be too glad to die, and get away from all this misery. I yearn to die, and wish I could Evans." said the child earnestly laying her little hand on his.

Evans certainly looked at Violet with the greatest awe, and when she glided toward her sisters he wiped his eyes many times as he looked after her. He could see plainly that this disaster, and the sights the little girls had witnessed had caused them more sorrow and pain than they could really bear. Evans and their father, fearing that their sorrow might cause prostration, had tried to keep the main sights of misery and horror from them, but in vain. Hanson felt the same as a certainty but fortunately they were not prostrated, being brave enough to keep up their spirits.

The threatening deaths of their two loyal brothers and the disaster and other things had caused them more sorrow, than any other, as and as he looked on them, Evans felt as if he was in the presence of sorrowing angels over the death of Our Lord.

A-25.

A wild crashing roar came peeling from the distant horizon, a sound which almost froze the blood of Hanson and the others, and the fearful unearthly uproar seemed to be fairly thundered into their very ears.

"Well let us hope they are not going to shell us again," said Angeline. "The ruins are terrible enough now and Avezzano or Messinde could not look as bad." It was not but an hour after when they had all left the ruined city behind, and began to reach the scenes where it was reported the brothers of the Vivian girls had been dangerously wounded, and Violet and her sisters after weeping for a long time beside their cots lay as if almost dead themselves for the little girls had fainted away in overwhelming sorrow. And yet they had no desire for revenge. The funeral ground of one famous general who was killed in the battle was just outside the ruined Carries Square district in a lot partially cleared of wreckage. To the last Robert Vivian and the others saw the last of the good and faithful general in the coffin, then they saw the cloth, and the flag spread over him, the lid of the coffin closed, then it was let down into the grave. Robert Vivian and the little girls stood beside the grave looking vacantly down. They saw the men lower the coffin, they heard dimly the solemn words "I am the Resurrection, and the Life. He that

Believeth in me though he were yet dead, yet shall he live. And no greater friend had I than this, that he lay his life down for his friend." And the earth was cast in and filled the grave, and they could not realize it was the brave general they were burying from their sight. Nor was it, but only the frail seed of that bright immortal soul, which shall yet come forth in the day of the Lord Jesus. Violet and her sisters were sobbing in uncontrollable grief and emotion, while some sad hymns and songs were offered and prayers recited. Then with some old wreaths and roses in their hands they decorated the graves, while a long prayer was read by Evans for the dead. How beautiful and powerful his grave looked, decorated by the tender hands of Violet and her sisters, with the wreaths of flowers, those beautiful flowers, which spoke so silently to all hearts of the resurrection of the Body and Life Everlasting for the righteous souls. Indeed where the very graves of many children were, had stood numbers of beautiful trees, where hundreds of birds used to build their nests, and many sparrows sang. Now these trees were missing as the storm of shell fire had cleaned out two cemeteries of a all trees, and every tombstone known to be there. At the grave of the dead general, was placed a large cross and Robert Vivian wrote an inscription at the foot of the grave, which was nearly hidden by flowers now;

"To the sweet memory of the brave general who was killed at Aronburgs Run ory Gloriamal. A ge thirty seven years."

In the center of the beautiful cross there were other words and they were in gold. These words were beloved and always honored by the still living parents of this dead Christian general. Violet and her sisters left the graves weeping as if their hearts would break, and the rest with down cast heads prepared to go to their commands. It was near by, and start on the retreat in the direction of Gretchen. Evans had a feeling anew in his heart that drew him still nearer to the dear brave little Vivian girls. He had always followed them where ever they walked or played or went out on scouting tours, and when some times he had seen them so pale and quiet, there was more to him in their tearful eyes than he had ever seen before. Even since the Lucille Rickson disaster occurred that morning it being now six thirty, he had begged them to eat a general mean meal but they only shook their heads.

"Oh Evans," said Violet pitifully. "The whole world seems as empty as an egg shell. First all my best friends are gone, and now we are in danger of losing even our brothers."

"I know it is hard to bear," answered Evans with tears in his eyes. "It was overcoming to me because I never knew those generals were your beloved brothers, and that they may die before I even know them. I saw that frightful battle storm and the glandolinian assaults that caused them to be so frightfully wounded, and how fearful it looked. One of the officers had told me the Christian line gave way at the first shock of the impact, and not a single brigade, or divisions or a single line of the Christians could hold."

What Evans said was true. Also the tenants of Aronburgs Mansion in Carries Square had taken notice of the approach of the battle, and yet were taken unawares. The building had been a block long, three hundred feet wide, and three stories high, with walls three feet thick. When Christian divisions of soldiers began pouring into the streets and into the houses, and repelled the first shock of the enemy assault to take the houses, the first shock of the shell storm came. When the first shell

barrage struck the concussion occurred simultaneously, and a perfect salvoes of shells exploding about and upon the structure, tended to burst the building into fragments, and the whole mansion had caved in, pinning all its tenants occupants soldiers and all beneath hundreds of tons of debris. Only the wall of the eastern end stood, but its remaining rooms were gauged out by following shell eruptions, and all the walls reduced to three stories, and shattered into grotesque ruins. The injured brothers of Violet and her sisters had not been taken from the battle field until three hours after they fell, but none of them would have been considered in such a frightful condition, had they received care instantly.

revenge the repulse of their most creative column. Division after division while I was on the scene was being dissolved away and the long battle surges had been forcing it its way over woods, and across plains and through valleys across mountains occupied by the horrible roar of their cannon. Hundreds of thousands of men had given up their lives to meet the fury of the Glandelinians and Zimmermannians the fiercest Glandelinians of the lot, and those who had such good luck of getting to their works without too heavy losses were safer than those who moved in to the Mac-Hollister Woods near Lucille Jackson and received their fatal blow from Doppo Evans the most dreaded Glandelinian general of all. This is what I take the Glandelinian assaults to be what they are, and I defy anybody on earth, no matter who they are, who read our books, on wars, and battles, and then witness this hell of slaughter, and make an thing else or less of our own battle. Talk of the fury of the Glandelinian onslaughts upon wilderness across Conservatory Run. Their own covering artillery fire from all guns in the woods, and along the stream and on the edge of Conservatory Run were surely the agents of unsurpassed destruction, and the only reason the very landscapes of planktonburg, Penn. did not give way before the roar of millions of shell explosions per day, and the shattering explosions of mines, like the cities of Lucille Jackson, Ophelia and Chin Chamberlaine, is because along the Aronburgs Run the battle did not last long enough or was not infinitely furious enough to rend their way through to the very hell itself. For pity sake, for shame sake, be cause we seem to be men, horns of milder nature, and not of savage demon ferocity, many of the Angelinians and Abyssinians do not dare to use the fullpower of their own attacks, like the Glandelinians of all sects master upon themselves, and which the Glandelinians do, and go the farthest, we only rushing on with the power, that we have at the crisis of our nerves and courage, trusting in God alone. I declare to your fair creatures, after I had witnessed some of the horror at Conservatory Run and the Gloriana Heights, and between Ophelia and Chamberlaine, and at Lucille Jackson itself, there had been instances when I thought if the whole country would sink and hide out all this butchery, and whole scale destruction, raging on the most beautiful spot in the world, I would willingly sink with it.

I had been rushing back and forth along one battle torn line after another late this afternoon before coming here, and reflected that every brutal disgusting frenzy stricken army of human fiends in gray was on their horrendous course to destroy as many christian soldiers as possible, and as many cities as they could splinter to pieces with their biggest cannon, when I have seen so many multitudes of men rendered to pieces to their very innards, by Glandelinian shell fire from that horrible Ricksen ridge and Garretton range I have been ready to curse the atmosphere, to curse nature, and the cause of the war itself.

"Uncle, uncle," said Violet. "I'm sure you have said enough. I never heard anything like this in my life before."

"Like this!" said Hanson with a sudden change of expression and resuming his natural careless tone. "Pooh, your ways are always something opposite to mine."

"Well but the question is!" said Jennie.

"Oh yes, to be sure the question is, and a duce of a question it is. How came this battle to rage in this state of surpassing incredible fury? Well I shall answer. First. Both Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia are threatened by the biggest Glandelinian armies ever mustered, and defended by a vastly superior christian force. Second. The battle became so by the violence of the Glandelinian attacks, and defensible methods when we attacked. And the fury of some of the Glandelinian attacks,

I have witnessed had been incredible, and made y immense lines of rebels scores of miles long, and what is more the cruel ferocity of the Glandelinian soldiery, and also their reckless disregard of death, made them rush on with such fury and daredevil recklessness, which bid fair to destroy all within their path. The Glandelinians known as the Mac-Hollisterians and Zimmermannians as a I know generally advance with a fury too great to be described, and their own covering or defensive shell fire boom with a violence as to seem to rake over mountains, and to seemingly force to an extinction over nature herself. The Glandelinians are also known as Turnersamians, Omarians, and a all sects of Gargoylians are still more terrific and reckless in their nature, and extremely ferociously ferocious in battle. Don't look at me as if you do not know what I mean. The Glandelinian columns which assaulted the strong christian position all along the edges of the Conservatory Run Grounds and the Parabeek and Trocan plains were of the greatest extent of any line of battle charge ever seen in any battle before, and even their massive separated columns extended as far as ever I could observe. There was no shortness or error of the duration of this battle for the possession of Conservatory Run either, and any body that ever went through that wild inferno this morning and afternoon, will say the same. The battle going on for the possession of both sides of Conservatory Run was a direct embodiment of hell's horrid fury itself, a fact to be accounted for in no other way by experience. And now I have explained all and will say no more on the subject until it is all over."

"Hark, what is that?" suddenly gasped Violet as a whiteness over spread everything.

"'Aybe it is only the means of the injured still among the wreckage." answered Baldwin as they all made their way for the asylum.

"No it must be from the distant battle." said Robert Vivian. Don't you notice how it is roaring now."

"Goodness come here." said Hanson laying his hand on his brothers shoulder and lead ing him to the veranda of the asylum. "Do you know what that is? Hark!"

"I did once and I repented after committing the revenge." said Joice.

"So did I." said Hanson peeling an apple. "I repent of it all the time."

"Why do you keep on doing it over and over again?" said Angelina.

"Did you not ever keep on doing the same thing over and over again after you repented dear child?"

"Only when it takes my brains and fills me with remorse." said Violet.

"Well it takes my brain." said Hanson. "That is just my difficulty."

"But I always resolve I won't do it over again, and break it off." said Violet again.

"Well I have been resolving I won't do it over again, and on all these months the war raged." said Hanson more sternly. "But I have not some how succeeded. Have you succeeded in giving up all your miseries and sufferings, and sorrows without wanting revenge on the whole Glandelinian nation, violet, and your sis ers sisters?"

"Uncle and general Hanson." said Violet severely. "I suppose I deserve to say that I never failed on doing anything on that line. All I say is true enough, but it seems after all there is some difference, and a good deal between me, my sisters, and you. Nobody else feels it more than I or they do. It seems to me I would rather have my very innards taken out while alive, than give up a single pain I was suffering, unless it was for God and His Blessed Mother only. And leave out the revenge. But we form our laws. You have seen war too long, so have we, and you have been hardened by it, and so you of course would sooner see all the prisoners who are Glandelinians destroyed or put to the sword, and probably would do so your self now if you was in their country. But what good would it do. It would bring the same thing on ourselves. The Glandelinian authorities would murder a ll our soldiers prisoners in their hands, and would leave no stone turned up whatever in their efforts to secure our capture. We could flee to foreign countries hundreds of thousands of miles away, across the seas, and they would get us there through their spies and agents. So what good would your desire for revenge do for us and the nation. And in particular is if the war turned out as a victory for Glandelinians?"

"Oh now violet." said Hanson placing his hand on her hand hand on her head. "You know what a good for nothing, saucy man I always was. I love to poke you little girls up, that is all just to see you get earnest. I do think you little girls are desperately good, and that you can get the better of any man in an argument."

"But this is a serious matter and subject Uncle." said Violet laying his head against his shoulder.

"Oh dimmally so." said he. "And I believe there is a thing now I understand, why the Glandelinians themselves have been so terrible in their advance."

"Oh Uncle tell us why."

"Tell you why? Well I'll suppose I'll have to. Well the course of the enways main assault during this battle already can eluding which I have already witnessed and fought in, was generally straight toward the northeast, without any zigzagging about it."

"I don't see why the enemy did not zigzag in their line of charge at all!" said Violet.

"Well I'm coming on, and you shall hear. The short of the matter little girls." said he, his handsome face suddenly settling into an earnest and serious expression on this abstract question of Glandelinian onslaughts. "There I think can be but one question. Glandelinian assaults which seem to come from any direction, and other assaults which may threaten to carry all before them may shatter and destroy whole christian divisions and even armies possibly to a degree that would astonish the world at their ferocity if once the christian divisions allow themselves to be surprised.

They during this battle had been lashed the christian lines at Conservatory Run into a million furies, and no nobody knows what else, but after all assaults in battle cannot do so much damage or kill so many, in one particle the more, that the seething fire from their covering batteries."

Violet and her sisters looked in surprise and Hanson apparently enjoying their astonishment went on;

"You seem to wonder but if you will get me f i fairly at it, I'll make a clean breast of it, and sweep all before me. These accursed Glandelinian armies what are they now? What do they do. They are now like gigantic hell storms of battle enraged, half crazed demons of unknown ferocity. Their own shells which used in covering their attacks, will strip the land of all it has, ruin everything to the last, while their biggest cannons hurl shells that can shatter big cities to pieces, and destroy every christian column trying to carry one of these batteries." Then the question is what are they? Why they are explosives of brutal force, and the Glandelinians are men of the most vile, and brutal nature. Because our christian armies at time seem weaker, and because the rebel Devil yell is worse in sound than a screeching typhoon or cyclone, and their rush as wild, they therefore try to destroy all christian armies opposed to them, and spare only such christian child as so much suits their fancy, provin prod provin providing they work in the slave places. What christian army is too strong to attack, or what position is too strong to carry by assault or demonstration, or flanking movements, they shatter into bits with their batteries, and because the Glandelinians don't like our side to win, they wither our lines, set whole forests on fire, to frustrate our advance or retreat, and burn cities and towns away. And because our christian armies give resistance with ten fold fury, the Glandelinian batteries rend and feroce them with gaps, splinter the main line of battle, and strip our positions naked of every tree. Their battery fire destroys immense multitudes of human beings per volley, and

"It's a clue alright," said Baldwin. "You little fairies are as good as detectives. What did you see, anything, particularly on the other floors?"

"You the beds were piled against the walls of the north end of the wards as if they had been stood that way by some man themselves."

"Beds piled against the wall hey! You discovered good clues alright."

"Yes, and also found one of the floors with all the beds intact sagging slantwise toward the west end. At this part the wall was so completely gone. It was all the same with the floor of the kitchen, though it was whidrowed in wreckage."

"On my word," said Robert, given excitedly. "I firmly believe it is a freak of the terrible explosion of the gun-powder shells."

"Maybe you are right after all girls, I'll dare say," exclaimed Baldwin. "The explosions may be a natural process and the shells can expand their force. I examined some ruins far north of these buildings on the Treason Lane Ridge District, and discovered almost the same symptoms." put in the examinations with a zeal as you could have said was quite brain raking. If it was they were not so violent for the scenes I examined was in various degrees of ruins, though the interior of the structures was much like those your little daughters talked about. I also seem to think there was a sudden with the withdr wal of the Glandelinian common fire from some portion of the assaulting christian line, which was directed upon us when the christian forces took shelter here, and the shell explosions here may have caused the freaks."

"I hope you are right," said Evans.

"I suppose you are of the same opinion as the King or his daughters," said Baldwin.

"It had been an abominable attack upon the defences, perfectly horrible," said Violet, "Why I never saw a shell storm do all this havoc before, and yet it spared these two buildings."

At this moment general Hanson Vivian appeared.

"Pray what inquiry had turned up now?" he asked.

"What now? Whynt is about the mystery," said Baldwin, going on with great strength of detail into the story, and enlarging on its most particular clues.

"I thought it would come to this sometime," said Hanson.

"Thought so. Ain't you going to do anything about it?" said Baldwin seriously.

"Haven't you any body to look into such mysteries?"

"It is commonly supposed that I should have, in these cases. If mysteries cannot be solved, I do not know what is to be done. It seems as if the buildings were uncatched at" right but there is no hope to solve the my story about it."

"It is perfectly strange, a greater mystery than any other one Uncle."

Said Violet. "It will certainly make you a greater man if you succeed in solving it."

"My dear little girl, I can't do it, haven't the time to do it, and I can't get any clever ones to help if I was behended in my failure. The only one who probably can is general B. r. parger and he is too badly wounded to even leave his cot. If other men failed to solve the mystery after all their examinations, what am I to do. They generally have absolute controll over mysteries, but nevertheless they could not solve this one. There would be no use in getting other men, there are none that amounts to anything, practically for such mysteries. The best we can do is to let it alone, and revenge all this unnecessary devastation caused by the foe. It is the only resource."

"How can we revenge such wrongs when we are supposed to be christians!" asked Violet while her sisters looked frightened. "We are not to revenge, said the Lord."

"My dear child what do you expect," said Hanson. "Here is a whole city prostrate, prostrate, torn to pieces, by shell fire deliberately aimed to crush all my christian armies in it, ground almost into rubble, soaked, put without any sort of terms and conditions entirely into the end or hands of the Calvinian Authorities, as the majority of these cases are, and declare that only a foolish nation would do so. The Glandelinians have no consideration about christian children, and they have no regard for even them under any circumstances. So what shall we do let it go like fools. I can't allow this go unavenged, and the most all can do who intend to become slackers over this tragedy, can keep out of the way of the various Abbeinnian governments or fir face the firing squads. As you know Violet, and your sisters, and it is your own rules yourselves, that no slackers are allowed to go unpunished whether man women or elder children, and will justly be punished by confinement in jail, or death, according to their crimes. So there you are stuck."

Hanson's fine countenance was for a moment overcast, looked angry, but suddenly he called up a gay smile and said:

"O my violet and your sisters. Don't stand there looking like seven fates. You have only seen little of the real ruins, a specimen of what had occurred in shape or of other. If we are to be prying, and spying over all, the forgiveness of such an enemy we would probably become mits over it. It is like looking too close into the details of a Volcanous furnace."

"I tell you Uncle I or my sisters cannot give up things so easily if you can," said Violet. "When we believe we are in the right, I fear to make no laws no matter what Abbeinnian governments they be if they violate the command of God! 'Vengeance is mine' And it is a perfect defect for you to go and revenge this, when you know very well how the enemy would retaliate. That is a good idea of mine."

"What now," said Hanson sternly. "Are you such a sweet innocent as to suppose no body in the world ever does try to forgive wrongs like these! Don't you, did you not in your younger lives, repoll your enemies, and threaten vengeance, when you found it hard to bear your troubles caused by them?"

"Oh I don't believe we need to," said Baldwin. "You learn the mystery from the asylum itself."

"Why?" said Evans. "Don't you believe the hospital building has any clues?"

"Who I?" I did not say such a thing. If I were to say anything on this mystery matter I would say out fair and square that it is the asylum and hospital together. We have the clues now and mean to keep them. It is for our convenience and our interest, for that is the long and short of it. That is just the whole of which all this mystery becomes a matter of all, and I think it will be intelligible to every one else."

"I think Baldwin that you will be able to solve the mystery anyway," said Robert, given. "Anyway the beautiful hospital building is in total ruins."

"Shocking indeed is the truth. All the ruins in the Lucille pinkens city is shocking. By the way, why did not the shell storm destroy them all and show its horridness and its reasons of its fury tearing cities and forests and land scapes to pieces and various havoc of that sort, blowing away whole forests, and yet sparing these two buildings?"

"Well," said Evans. "Do you think the mystery is impossible to solve?"

"I'm not going to have anything to say on that subject now my boy," said Baldwin gayly. "I answer that question I know you will come at me with a half a dozen others, each one harder than the last, and I'm not going to define my position. I'm one of the sort that lived by throwing stones at other peoples houses, but I never mean to put up one for them to stone."

"That is the way he is always talking," said Violet. "Yet you can't any satisfaction out of the mystery. I believe indeed that it is the shells that has something to do with it."

"The shells," said Baldwin. "That made them all look at him." "The high explosives! In all this wreckage done by the high explosives. In all this sea of rubble spared or damaged by the high explosives. Can a shell which deened to crash upon every house and country spare, everything in its path. If that the way the shells leaves buildings we and entire, while their great explosions seemed to blind and destroy nature itself! No when I look at these terrible ruins, I must look for something else than the work of shells, yes for the work of shells, and nothing something round it. I must look for the cause, the situation of the asylum and outhouses, and the surrounding grounds."

"Then you don't believe that the bombs spared the buildings?" asked Violet.

"I absolutely say that the bombs did not do anything of the kind," answered Baldwin. "And it would have been a serious thing if they had hit the building, which I'm positive only one of them only nearly did. If the shells spared the cities, and towns more than the fire, how could the high explosives do it?"

"I'm all satisfied with these things, and it would make me angry, to think that some one would say it was a phenomenon, for it was not, and in short something else you see." He added suddenly remarking his gay tone. "All I want is that different things be kept in different varieties. Now when any one speaks up like a man and says the high explosives had anything to do with this mystery, where can he get his proof and how, and where he would be begged if we gave it up, and of course we mean to hold on to it. This is well defined language, it has the respectability of truty truth in it, but nevertheless there is something wrong. We may judge by the fury of the explosives, and the majority of the world would bear us out on it. But when they began to get freakish, and carry all before them in the force of their explosions, I incline that something else had something to do with it, than the shells."

"You seem right at that," said His Majesty Robert Vivian.

"Well," said Baldwin. "Supposing that the high explosive shells would descend in thousands upon a town, or city, and make the whole scene a splintered sea of debris. Don't you think that even only one of this High Explosives, could have done the same to these buildings? What a flood of wreckage did pour along with the explosion of shells, and high explosives, and how immediately it would be discovered that every thing out of the tracks or range of the shell storm seemed drawn within their influence."

"Well at any rate," said Violet. "I'm thankful that the asylum was spared at least, though I still believe it was the freak of the high explosives, and indeed I feel it must be and at any rate, I don't see how it could be anything else."

"I say what do you think, Angeline," asked Baldwin. "Which one of us do you think is right on account of the situations of the places, or the explosions?"

"I don't think either one is right," answered Angeline.

"Why so?" asked Baldwin.

"Why the other out houses are still lower down and they have been smashed into mere boards," said Angeline looking earnestly.

"How that is just like Angeline," laughed the king. "But maybe she is right."

"Am I right?" asked Angeline turning to Baldwin.

"Father not," said Baldwin. "But then no one knows the real truth until we have explored the ruins. But what have you little girls discovered elsewhere in the hospital building?"

"Oh we examined the galleries first, and found that all of it was sound except except a part of the south side."

"A part of the south side hey!"

"Oh yes, and we found also that a good portion of the wall had been pushed in like an open door way as I said before."

blessings from many inland. Oh how huzzing were the sights of the poor wounded, and of many poor children, all the wounded as quickly as possible, being transported to the hospital trains and taken northward toward Abyssinkille. Hundreds of trains that morning had been filled with wounded, passenger and freight alike, and all the hospital buildings in northern Calverinia out of the hands of the enemy, were soon to be filled with the wounded. Women and children taken from the ruins of Lucillie picksen made a sight more heartrending than could be told. On account of the overwhelming disaster, Abbieanna and her king realizing the situation, was sending general aid to Abyssinkille, and Angelina giving away a good extent of her southern forests to be used for the building of shelter. The total loss in soldiers the selves killed in Lucillie picksen and the loss of the entire force here was considered as five hundred thousand killed and injured, and over six million were prisoners. It was already also believed that the loss from the ruins of Chamberlaine was over sixty five million, nine hundred and ninety nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine, in property loss, and a loss of nine hundred thousand soldiers killed and wounded. The property loss of Lucillie picksen was not yet known, but believed to exceed 75, 77, 988 dollars. The property loss in Gloriana which also suffered severely exceeded \$79,400,789 and a loss of killed and injured soldiers, and those driven crazy by their privations and the horror and dying from humanity and delirium and those perishing from fire in flames and shells as two million, four hundred thousand. The total loss can be readily guessed in these cities especially in the region entirely swept, and in the city of Angelina. Angelina A. Athia also severely shaken by the battle's concussion the property loss was considered as \$400,000,000 but no loss in lives, while the property loss in the big town of Ophelia was eighty million two hundred and twenty two thousand, four hundred and forty four dollars and \$10,000,000 soldiers killed, though here also the greatest loss in injured occurred.

In fact after this terrible calamity was known scores of nations had offered to render aid as far as it was able, as it was realized that three of the stricken regions had been rendered almost helpless.

Would there ever be another such a disaster as this? Lucillie picksen was described as a city ground up in a machine and the same with her neighbors so complete was the destruction. In fact the entire district all along and round Conservatory Run, Aronburgs Run, Mid-Holleston's Run, Gallies Run and Mid-Whirther Run was devastated by the terrific shell fire of both sides and by the storms of bullet, grape and canister, and the distress among the sea of wounded in these regions was indescribable. And it probably would take weeks for hundreds of thousands of soldiers and survivors to rescue all the wounded and others not hurt imprisoned in the grain and terrible ruins, and bring up food and clothing for the survivors, and indeed during the whole battle, and within the battle field itself approximately fifty seven length of miles length of country had been devastated by the concussion and fire of the battle. In the region of Gallies Run near Plankenburg it was reported and believed that more than nine million Angelinian soldiers had been killed, and probably more than sixty million injured and \$10,000,000 rendered insane from the din. The disaster of the battle was the most extensive of its kind ever witnessed since the typhoon that destroyed scores of cities along the Abbieannian and Calverinia sea coasts in the Easter Season of 1699 when in the whole storm region alone only seventy million people were rendered homeless and one eight the number killed or injured. The frightful number of killed and injured in the Conservatory Run districts and in the Marie Osborne and Mid-Holleston woods was not estimated though it exceeded two hundred million half of this number of which were either pinned under the branches of fallen trees, or covered by debris of earth by explosions of mines. In many sections of Conservatory Run fire and flood added to the horror of the battle. The Conservatory Run had six levees burst by grape shot explosions and a million of the helpless wounded of both sides were drowned in the flow of waters upon some sections of Conservatory Run. Violet and her sisters indeed felt sad as they surveyed the wreckage on that sultry morning immediately after the catastrophe, Evans having been with them going where ever they went for fear they would run themselves into some danger of some kind. Even after the morning's disaster the wreckage had been swarming with hundreds of thousands of men who were trying under the shell storm to rescue the injured, and extract the dead, and who themselves suffered terrible losses in killed on account of the explosions which continued at intervals. The wreckage wetted by the blood and also water from thousands of burst pipes and water mains made a more dreary sight and also mighty risky for the poor workers of mercy. Every once in a while the thunder roll of a shell exploding and its flash of lightning would make them scatter for dear life.

"Well beauties" said Baldwin as he and general Hanson Vivian came up to them. "How about about the hospital building you just examined?"

"I believe we found some clues." said Evans. "It was a most strange clue at that. Though the building was in total ruins, some rooms and the galleries in the parts hardest hit were spared."

"It's all very strange" said Hanson.

"All the views of the building is strange." said Violet. "We only found that the southern veranda and that part of the wall veranda was pushed in like a door. The place also resembles the home where Eyalugeline St-Clure lives in" in the story of "Uncle Toms Cab in", though all the beautiful things are ruined." "And I only could wish you had seen the place." said Jamie.

CHAPTER SIXTY THREE.

SERIOUS HAPPENINGS: THE TERRIFIED HURRICANE OF BATTLE. THE BAD RESULTS OF THE BATTLE. THE CHRISTIAN RETREAT.

"THERE must be" said Evans, "as the ruins are in the strangest positions. Come let us make a thorough examination of the galleries. It might help us to solve the mystery." Violet and her sisters followed Evans to the other side, which strange to say they found wholly intact, not a board having been ripped off.

"This is a strange sight for the terrible ruins of the building itself." said Evans. "It is funny the shells damaged the building so badly as this, and spared the galleries. Only the southern galleries have been damaged."

"There is hardly a mystery about this place and Baldwin certainly ought to know it." said Angelina. "And Evans come here, look at the wall on the south side. It's been forced in like a door."

Evans and the little girls noticed this, the wall indeed being in a strange position, just like that of a half open door. Part of the inner roof was exposed, which as they went in appeared to have been the main kitchen. All the kitchen utensils were scattered about the room, tables had been splintered, and even the stoves rent in pieces. All the plastering on the ceiling and walls were down exposing all the laths and two by fours. Where the windows had been there was now wide gaping apertures. Up near the ceiling in the laths of a wall they saw a cleaver which had been driven in by its very handle. Violet found a whole mince pie in a cupboard, which she had opened, and finding it still good, she divided it among her sisters and Evans. "My what a condition the kitchen is in" said Evans as he gulped down a big piece of mince.

Indeed it was in a bad condition, the floor being strewn with wreckage and tons of plaster and thousands of laths covered the debris or was intermingled with it and even several beams and one of the walls was partly down. There was a little glass roof at the corner of the veranda which resembled the room where little St-Clure and Poppy entered, when Evan Eva begged the colored child to be good. Another room resembled Evans bed room, but was in various conditions. This room also opened onto the veranda. The windows which had been hung with curtains of roses and rose colored and white muslin had been torn and shattered as if with cannon fire, the beautiful curtains being down and covered with dust but unharmed.

A large sitting board with the designs of rose buds and leaves with a center piece with full blown roses was also another thing that escaped destruction in the room, though it was now covered with rubble and debris. The bedsteads, chairs and lounge made of bamboo and wrought in peculiarly graceful and fanciful patterns had been shattered to pieces and an alabaster bracket which had been fastened over the bed on which was a beautiful sculptured angel stood with drooping wings had been shattered to bits, and the crown of myrtle leaves which it had been holding was missing. Light curtains of rose colored gauze gauze striped with gold and silver was found lying amid the wreckage of the bed.

A light fanon fanciful bamboo table that had stood in the middle of the room was broken, and a large Abbieannian vase wrought in the shape of a White Lilly with its buds, stood amid the wreckage unharmed. Books and little trinkets resembling those belonging to little Eva was found near the table by Evans. Lying on the floor was a broken alabaster writing stand, and on the floor beside the wall Violet found a once beautifully wrought statuette of Jesus receiving little children, which was broken into fragments. Five or six exquisite paintings of children in various attitudes lay on the floor with the frame and glass broken. Evans trying the door to the dining room found that it could not be traversed as it was in terrible ruins and the floor slanting sideways toward the street. All the rooms that was only safe they explored, and after they examined the dispensary room, they went out on the veranda, then climbed down and proceeded toward the asylum, in quest of Baldwin. As they entered they heard terrible news. General Hanson and their father Robert Vivian the Emperor Napr ruler were talking about the extent of the disaster.

"It is certainly terrible." said the Emperor. "It goes even beyond what I thought. The damage along the whole region of battle is more serious than recently reported. Hundreds of thousands of beautiful parkways have been torn to pieces by shell fire. Even it is reported that the town of Poppy is wiped out. A flood of battle storm is going on in that region also as I have heard but fortunately for us the Angelinians are getting some reinforcements."

"Well Angelina is getting some aid." said Hanson. "The northwestern trains have started on their way to bring workers who are to extract all the remaining bodies and provision trains are also on the way. The trains are to traverse the regions not in the grasp of that raging battle, and they may arrive to night."

This was true. At that Hanson and his brother late that afternoon having been out rescuing those still breathing, and the Vivian girls the selves before, rescuing their three friends had rendered all the aid they could getting

Angeline had a letter, and she had to go back again with the others to the city. The girls had not yet left, and she was sitting out alone, and now the shells were again on the ground with Evans, and they felt the heat of the sun. The atmosphere was a warm, dry, and heavy from the clouds of the distant hills, and from the ruins of the city. Violet noticed this and said:

"How hot it is! I wonder if we'll get a thunder storm. There are signs of it in the air."

"How not," said Jennie, feeling alarmed. "We have had enough destruction already."

"I don't believe it would strike here any way," said Joyce. "There is sure signs of a severe storm in the air but I believe it will tear over some other region."

"Let's go and visit some of the ruins," added Angeline. "I would like to see how the ruins are anyhow."

"It's a dangerous undertaking," said Evans. "I would not venture upon it."

"Why not?" asked Violet. "I can't be dangerous now and the battle has receded."

"I heard general Hanson say that there is danger of the wreckage sliding," said Evans. "The shells have worked havoc among the windows of wreckage and have left some of the piles in a condition to slide."

"What shall we do then?" asked Violet. "Would it be safe to explore the wreckage of the infirmary? There may be things there we have not seen yet!"

"Yes, let's do," said Jennie. "We may make new discoveries."

"All right," said Evans, placing an arm round Violet and Joyce. "If we find anything strange we can go and tell general Baldwin."

Off they went to the hospital building which they saw was in the same condition. Looking through a window they saw the room below was full of water so to explore that place was out of question, though where the water came from was a mystery. The steps leading to the main entrance had been blown away by a shell, so Evans and the little girls had to climb to the veranda which was in grotesque wreckage at one portion. They looked at the pillars of the veranda and noticed that they still held to their fastenings, though they were twisted every which way. The roof of the southern portion of the veranda had been splintered, and the wreckage covered the flooring. It could also be seen the hospital was once a magnificent building built in something like that old mixture of Spanish and French style combined of which there are specimens in some parts of New Orleans. The ruined hospital was a square building, enclosing a wrecked paved court house or yard, the arch gateway of which was missing. The court in the inside had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous ideal. Wide galleries ran all round the building, the four sides whose rain reign or whose arch pillars and arabesque ornaments carried the mind back as if in a dream to the reign of oriental moor in a Spanish style. These now at certain portions were in grotesque wreckage. In the middle of the court could be seen a beautiful but broken fountain whose marble basin once fringed with a deep border of fragrant violet and water once placid as opaline and alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels, but which was now choked with rubble and plaster. Round the fountain ran a walk paved with a mosaic of pebbles laid in fancy patterns and this again had been surrounded by turf as smooth as green velvet, while a carriage drive enclosed the whole.

Some portions of this was now obscured by tons of debris, boards and utensils of every description. Scores of large orange trees once fragrant with blossoms, which once threw a delicious shade and arrange arranged in a circle around upon the turf amid marble vases of arabesque sculpture lay as splintered into thousands of pieces. The vases containing the choicest flowers of the tropics or tropics were all smashed, though huge pomgranate trees with their gloomy leaves and flame colored flowers were prostrated, shattered, and some splintered.

The dark green Arabian Jessaminies with their silver satrs, and geraniums had been uprooted and lay withered, while luxuriant roses lay scattered among the heap of abundance of withered flowers. Golden Jessaminies, lemon scented verbena all were prostrated among the debris. The galleries that surrounded the court had once been festooned with a curtain of some kind of brilliant tulle but now these lay in shreds all over the floor.

"It is strange that the shell explosions did not rip away the galleries," said Evans. "The galleries look weak enough, and any fairies." He suddenly exclaimed, "Have you not noticed that this hospital building shapes like little St. Clare's house seen in the novel of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

"It does not," answered Jennie.

"Go it does," said Violet. "But I never noticed it before. Maybe that is why the shells did not batter it into ruins like it did the other buildings around here. I wonder if there is a mystery about this place too."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"I don't know," said Violet. "I would like to see the ruins of the city."

"It was some kind of a deadly gas bomb with a poisonous fumes," said the doctor hoarsely. "Where is his Majesty Robert Vivian the King?"
"I don't know," answered Evans who was trying to make the sisters recover from the effects of the strange strange strange gas. "Does their sister Angelina know of the strange occurrence?"
"It would be better not to tell," said the doctor with a laugh. "For she may be forced to laugh, which would hurt her injuries. But don't worry, none of you fellows were hurt in the spread. The little girls will recover for they did not get the full benefit of the gas."

"We all fear that the battle now raging is lost for sure," said Evans in despair. At this moment Robert Vivian and Hanson strode in.

"What is all this racket?" began Robert Vivian, but the doctor interrupted him; "The distant battle seems to be making fast progress," he whispered. "I shall expect a moment to go with strange fumes, probably one of the deadliest gases known but no effects came from it however."

"Is there no hope of those awful shells stopping in landing here?" gasped Robert Vivian hoarsely. "And couldn't we surmount our wives again? They are badly needed here in this serious condition."

"But how can they get here?" asked the doctor. "Look at that wild roaring battle in the distance. It is only worse, and they will surely perish if they risk another trip here, especially as long as this shellstorm continues."

Robert Vivian realized that no one could brave the roaring battle in the distance, and that something else had to be done. He stood mournfully and gloomily by the window watching the roaring battle in the distance with fearful eyes. He remembered the previous sorties of his own brave little girls, and was he now going to meet a terrible downfall by losing seemingly the biggest battle ever raging.

Because general Francis Hiss-Hollister had been slow in advancing with the rest of the armies the battle really lost, or was it that general Godfrey had double crossed him or was afraid? If so would he dare act as a traitor or a coward? For was it that the distant battle, or the forest fires, rendered him as helpless as the others, or was it something else, perhaps worse? These were the thoughts that passed through the mind of poor Robert Vivian. It was true also that general Jacob Baldwin was hurt but not so badly as was reported. Then he found himself saying: "It is my opinion she is pining herself in grief for him, and as he is in the room of this building, it is up to me to tell her, and her sisters and then get him."

All that fatal afternoon had now passed, it being near five o'clock and the distant battle was redoubly worse, and one of the Vivian girls almost suffered severe headache that made her writhe and moan from the terrible din, and Evans became more worried than ever.

"It is pretty alarming now," said the general. "Any one and any one can believe that it seems for sure that the war is lost."

At this Robert Vivian broke down. He staggered out of the room with his hands to his eyes.

"So we are losing after all!" He thought to himself his heart coming to leap into his throat. "And now the situation of the distant battle seems critical."

These words stung him like anadder. He had hoped that the battle, if it really was going to be a battle, and not a slaughter of the whole old civilization as it now seemed, would have a more peaceful turn in events. But no! No! It was threatening to be a glendelinian victory, and in its most deadliest form. And his dear little girls had borne more misery, than any one for the sake of God and His blessed Mother, and the Cause, what would become of them if the battle and even the war was lost? The thought was maddening. Robert Vivian fell on his knees with hands upraised and cried in a voice of bitter sorrow:

"Oh dear God, you know despite the disasters, I am still an extremely rich man, and that I still possess that, what no one in this country possesses. I have it hidden in caves, all the banks of this country, in foreign banks, and in strong safes and vaults, and in my houses and palaces in Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale. Oh God if it by thy will spare from me this threatening defeat, and I'll use it all for the benefit of the stricken nation and her properties. Oh please dear God, hearken to me. Don't turn a deaf ear to me who have been your humble servant for life. And don't let such a disgrace come to me who have daughters after all they went through, for your sake, and the nations cause. I leave spare me from this calamity."

amen.

He lay long on the floor, how long he knew not, but when he rose to his feet he found it was exactly five thirty o'clock. Half hour had passed and the terrible concussion of the distant battle had shown no signs of abatement, and the inhabitants and soldiers defending Lucille Jackson who had survived also had tried various means to give relief to the injured that had been rescued, and other work went on to rescue others, but just now the wreckage could not be passed. And who could describe the horrors of the shell explosions still going on at intervals. Hundreds of men, women, and children could be seen at times sent flying into hundreds of more fragments by the shells bursts, and those who tried to rescue others still pined in the wreckage and in this destruction, were also caught at the mercy of the terrible explosions.

"If there was a thing that shocked Evans, it was this. Evans was sitting by the open window and he saw that a new and strange scene was playing out. Little girl Princess, and it is enough to fill any one with horror, though I know not why. If your father knows these scenes affects you, I would have you and your sisters gone out of this city."

Violet did not answer, but laid her aching head against his breast, and at this moment, Robert Vivian came in, and noticing Violet's white face, strode up and said:

"What is the matter with my little girl, Evans? She looks distressed.!!!"

"She can't stand all these sorrows very well," answered Evans. "She complains that the noise of the battle, and these scenes make her head ache."

"I can't blame her at all," said the ruler. "I suddenly gleam a pensive in his eyes." Evans you carry her, and lay her on a lounge, while I go and fetch Hanson and the rest. What she needs is a good rest."

"I hope nothing serious will result from the battle going on," said Evans as he carried her, and laid her as gently as an egg, on a couch. "I'm kind of scared the battle will turn out as a glendelinian victory."

"I wish my sisters would come and see me," moaned poor Violet. "Evans dear, would you please find them?"

"I'll do so," answered Evans with emotion.

At this moment Hanson suddenly appeared.

"These scenes are enough to affect all of us," said he bitterly. "I hope by Gods help the battle don't turn out as a glendelinian victory. Besides I'm wondering what our armies in the north is doing and if those from Dorothy Gale or Angelina Agathia are coming. They seem too blamed slow."

The doctor was there also, and he said:

"Your little girls must be kept quiet for a while, as they may know the nation is in a dangerous and a dangerous situation, and no man can get by with them. Evans I advise you to remain by Violet and watch her, and if she feels restless, we will go out, once more to find out the mysteries of this damned place."

"When in the name of common sense do you think the armies will arrive to Frank Manley?" asked Robert Vivian. "What makes their advance so slow?"

"I'm not sure," answered the doctor.

Her sisters at this moment came in and Joice cried in despair:

"Violet dear, we fear the whole nation is going to be ruined."

"How so?" asked Evans as he drew Joice to him.

"It seems that way from all the damage done. Oh why did we have to be so foolish as to go in this city, when we knew it was so dangerous? We are reckless that's what we are."

"Come now, don't weep so over all this," he said soothingly, and caressing her. "Maybe in the end we will win the battle alright."

"I don't believe they will," said poor Angelina sobbing the wildest. "We lost many other battles of the same ferocity, and the same was said about the war then."

Evans felt the same way about it, as they did, but did not care to admit it.

"You must not disturb yourself yourselves over this," he said softly. "The doctor has said that you must keep perfectly quiet;-----"

"Oh God, oh God, such a din," Violet suddenly cried out, and as she did so Evans surely believed that the place was going to rock itself to pieces.

While the sky seemed splitting with a prolonged roar, Evans noticed also that Violet's countenance was becoming livid from the effects of the horrible din, and now as each aspiration was attended by prolonged crashes, as if attending a series of outbursts from volcanic eruptions with hills between, Evans rose to his feet;

"Quick girls out of the building before it is too late. I'll go for the rear rest."

The moment Evans was gone, and Violet had reached the last step outside, a violent fit of a lives of thundering crashes broke loose with two fold forces, then all of a sudden the air seemed suffocating with smoke, and as the little girls made valiant efforts to jump the last step, they found themselves too together bounding into a maddly hole like foolballs and all on top of one another at once. A sense of impending danger seized the little girls and as they grasped the column of a half standing ruin for protection there was a shrill shrill characteristic melencholic howl seemingly from the very girls themselves, which filled the air with an uneasy sound and which almost resembled a mad dogs cry, but before the little girls could do anything they were suddenly enveloped in a big rolling cloud of smoke, there was a ear splitting crash, and a minute later a with torn and tattered clothes

the little girls found themselves sitting in the room or sliding not in the room of the asylum itself, but right into Hanson and the rest, knocking them all sprawling like ten pins in a bowling alley. It was at this moment that the doctor approached, and as they staggered to their feet they all began to cough and sneeze and sneeze, their voices became hoarse, and red froth appeared on their lips.

"It was a high explosive shell a hundred feet from our column of refuge," gasped Violet. "We were thrown right into the building by the concussion."

Her sisters were coughing, their voices coming to be almost gone, while for a moment their faces became very pale, as their lungs pained for want of air, their heads being thrown forward, and they seemed to be coughing their very tongues out. They were also seized with convulsive spasms and the men the melencholic themselves a dionally crouched near the window, dreading contact with that terrible strange and poison, that had been hurled about by the shell, which was three feet in diameter, and had the very bones of their bones.

The shells dominated all the lower streets, and poor victim who could be saved, were or had been rescued by the men, before any shells would flow then to nothing. Fragments of houses still standing, could be seen flying into the air, at every explosion, it being a thrilling sight in deed. Violet and her sisters did not pay any attention to it at all, their sole thought being on their sister Angelina and the other little girl, what would be the doctors verdict, as soon as he returned from the asylum laboratory? Would it be that the dog had Hydrophobia, or would it be that it was a fit of infuriated rage, or crazed fear, at the roar of the distant battle? General Hanson, and his brother, and neither Evans or the little girls did not do anything else, but listen to Angelina's words in alarm, and prayed incessantly that God would at least spare them, even if the dog had rabies.

"Lord afflict us, but spare her." They would say. General Hanson, including the vivian girls, soon met the doctor.

"I cannot account for it," he said. "I have labored for five minutes with my best physicians and best microscopes but cannot find a trace of rabies. My chief believe belief is that the dogs may have been run enraged at sight of her as she was a stranger to them. Wolf hounds will certainly go for strangers they say."

"Maybe you examined the wrong dog then," exclaimed Hanson with a more cheerful look. "One of those dogs as the man had told me had really been bitten six weeks ago by a mad dog, and fortunately he had been separated from the rest. I'm sorry now the janitor had shot the good dog. And it was from my fear the informal din that it was my opinion that they all had rabies. Would you mind examining the other dogs, and locate the one having rabies, and if it is still alive I will shoot it." At this the doctor strode toward the room where the dogs were. Hanson lit a lantern he found there.

"Here is the dog sure enough," the doctor exclaimed pointing to the creature in the last dog stall. You can see it by its eyes and mouth..." The doctor was right. There stood the dog with whitened eyes, one being larger than the other. Thick, slimy, white, yellow, and brown stuff covered the dogs face, while from its mouthropy brown mucus exposed itself. Hanson's heart gave a leap of joy. Both little girls were safe. Then thank's be to God. Only an enraged dog had bitten them both. He hastened out of the room to spread the good news to the others, and meeting his brother Robert, Vivian he gasped:

"Robert, Angelina your daughter and the other girl was bitten by the wrong dog. Only one of them had rabies, and I had just shot him. Come and see for yourself."

"Thank god," exclaimed Robert, Vivian, as he saw the truth. "We must spread the good news to the others."

In a few minutes they found Violet and her five sisters and Evans, the little girls sobbing by Angelina's bedside. At their approach the little girls stirred. "Come, come, cheer up," cried Robert, Vivian. "Angelina or your friend is in no danger. Only one of those dogs was mad, and the one Hanson shot. The one who bit your sister and the other little girl was only enraged..."

At first the poor little forlorn creatures, would not believe it, and did not until proof was shown to them. Despite all this, and her rescue, and her escape from hydrophobia, both girls were in a serious condition. After a good examination, the doctor hint upon the cause of the dogs fury.

"They were indeed mad after all," he said. "But their madness was from the din of the distant battle, or the crash of shell explosions round here, and the one who attacked Angelina and the other little girl, did it with blood thirsty intent. If the other dogs not having rabies, had been loose and all attacked both little girls, they probably would have been torn to pieces, and perhaps devoured before help could come to them."

All this while the roar of the distant frightful battle, (rattle) had roared at its height, and from the din itself both little girls suffered from their injuries, though the doctors chemicals had now given out, and nothing could be done at all. The shell storm of the gun fire of Ridge Lucille Jackson had done its wicked work too well, destroying substances of every description besides the houses. Sorrow and y yearning was indeed everywhere, and terror also from the ravages of the recent shell explosions.

"If the battle would only subside, probably something could be done," said Violet. But the distant battle did not subside, and hundreds of thousands of more dead were to be added to the list. Fortunately however Lucille Jackson had not been killed so badly as the other little towns, and the two cities of Chamberlaine and Ophelia, and the worse of all afflictions that could threaten, was starvation, many of the poor children in the asylum would soon be crying for bread as and as none could be had they would have to move off with the Christian armies in case they retreated toward Angelina Agathia. And if the battle would last much longer death for all would surely ensue, especially if once more the shells would come their way, and as the rains were too badly blasted down already nothing could be expected that boded good. In the meantime Violet who was with Evans said faintly:

"Evans dear, I don't know what the reason is, but I don't know what to say about all those scenes, and the sight of it and the continual noise in the distance makes my head ache. I believe Angelina Agathia or Dorothy Gale is lost."

And spread their wide columns to such an extent and in such a condition, that very few towns were escaped the very Christian shell fire which was maintained upon the Glandelinian forces from Glordina Heights, and tearing up the Glandelinian wave which was forced to advance between and through the towns on account of heavier shell fire hurled by other batteries. Ophelia itself was in the grasp of the great storm of explosions, which flooded the city with clouds of smoke and flame, killing thousands of Glandelinian soldiers at every explosion.

"I am wondering what is causing this terrible battle to last so long!" asked Evans. "It will surely add a greater list of dead."

"All the armies are so large, that it seems as if the fiery darts of hell were let loose upon us," said Hanson. "The battlesurge had overflowed all the plains in our locality, and they may have risen into a great flood of dead and mangled already. We are forced to remain here to prevent the troops in case they recoil from retreating into La Lucille Jackson."

"It must be so, but at least I wonder what is that continual howling like dogs?" said Evans. "Is it in the basement?"

At this moment the Mother Superior, came to Hanson and said:

"Your Excellency, the janitor who was killed, kept four wolf hounds in the wrecked hospital building, and seven weeks ago, one of them had been bitten by a rabid dog. Their howls were unearthly, and I believe they had been ill fed. I had spoke to him, but his only answer had been: 'I hope you ain't k getting the mad dog score.' At this I had said no further words, but was unconsciously had sent a little girl by the name of Angelina Jackson, who heard a strange noise in a room next to the childrens playroom to go and open the door. She did so, and met the brute of a dog, who sprang at her with blood shot eyes, and ravinous piercing howls, gashing its first spring, the hound covered sullenly, then like a flash it was at her throat, and had borne her to the floor, fang her tender neck with its keen white teeth, and smelt i smelling the blood the other beasts in the same room, tagged and chained at their chains, setting up an infernal din. The janitor and the other hired men hearing the dreadful clamor, and Angelina's screams, had rushed to the spot, but all their proddings, and beatings with a heavy stick could not make the enraged dog let loose. Then the main head of the janitors hearing Angelina's agonized screams, the shouts of the men, and the hell like chorus of the raddened dogs, ran with his sabre, and prodded the brute of the bleeding child, who desperately struggled with the dog, rolling and kicking in the litter and straw. Angelina was hastily dragged out of the room, while the man holding the infuriated dog at bay, banged the door behind him, and on the raving pack. Angelina was hastily put into bed, her throat being cauterized with Arsenic acid, and weak solutions of Carbolic Acid, then bandaged with almost a box of vasoline. The janitor then, his mind clouded with a great fear, which drove him into a frenzy of apprehension, drew his gun, and boldly entered the room and fired shot after shot at the dog. At last it had sunk whining and howling. At that moment he had been found by the doctor, who had cut off the dogs head and examined it. If this dog was rapid, then it will be all off with the poor little girl, despite all your trouble." He had said. "It will be too late. The dog is past doing further harm, but the deadly virus, or morbid poison may be in the little girls veins, and no skill of science can check its rapid course." These words had filled us all with alarm. "Oh Oh god please don't let this be!" I cried.

It was at that moment that the priest came up. "What has happened to the child?" he gasped. "Was she bitten by one of those wolf hounds?" "One of them mangled her throat horribly, and though she was pulled through despite her wounds, she is in danger of the dread disease Hydrophobia." "I had told him." "I would have sooner killed her than let her suffer such a heinous death after ward." The doctor had said. "Oh God how could it be. What will happen next?"

"Don't lose heart just yet," the priest had said. "You have not examined the dogs head yet, and you can all let us know the outcome to morrow. That would be probably this very night now. But now Angelina must not be disturbed, as she is suffering terribly." "But can't I see her a moment?" asked. "No sister, it is not probably you can just now." The doctor told me. "If you disturb her now you will kill her. She is even in bed to day yet, and now one of your own neices the vivian girls has been bitten by another dog."

One disaster after another seemed to have come to them all. First the cruel battle still raging, the raddened dogs either suffering from rabies, or crazed from fear by the din of the distant battle. And to add to their misery the battles roar had increased louder and louder, swamping the skies with flame fumes of bursting shells, and rapidly filling the distant valleys and landscapes with a smoke clouds, and all kinds of wreckage in the distance shot high up into the air. That whole time was into afternoon of misery. Angelina was fairly writhing in agony, and calling constantly for a cup of water, which the man had been forced to refuse, saying that hot lemonade, or milk would be better. Gladly would she give the poor wounded and bitten vivian girl water, but she feared it would hasten the dread calamity. It was indeed a sad sight to see two girls by the same first nurse in all their misery. She continually called for Evans, her father, and her sisters, and even swooned several times, while the bandage round her arm, where the dog had bitten her, was covered with blood. During all this time of sorrow, fear, and excitement, and the sight of the mad dog, the roar of distant battle had become more terrible. Frightful symptoms of wreckage and smoke rose dangerously close to the orphan asylum several times, until great mass of wreckage against or past the building with noise.

Evans at this moment said to Violet:

"Have you not my dearest friend, noticed the strange positions of the wreckage of the hospital?"

"Yes," said Violet, "what is the matter about it?"

"Nothing serious, but I believe it gives a clue," said Evans. "I'd better tell general Hanson about it, or to your father."

"It would be all right," said Violet sadly, "but why not us seven examine the wreckage first? Don't you think it would be alright?" asked Violet.

Evans smiled.

"If your father the King, or Hanson the general does not make any objections," he said. "You know it is kind of dangerous in that place, as all the remaining floors in the those rooms are loose, and may cave in."

"But we do not need to go inside," protested Violet. "We can only examine the outer ruins."

"But that would not give us any clues," said Jennie. "We would have to enter the building."

As they coaxed, and pleaded, Evans decided to do it, but he asked the consent of the two rulers, first telling them what was discovered.

"I believe I have seen the same thing," said Hanson.

"You may go," said Robert Vivian. "But be mighty careful of my daughters. Don't let anything happen to them. They may be all I have now. All my property is gone, and if they are gone, all is gone, the cause also. The Angolians will be too discouraged to fight on, if they are dead."

Evans promised heartily that he would guard the little girls as if they were his own daughters. They started off for the building in a moment.

"What dazzling beauty to your daughters have," said general Mc-Holleston.

"I saw that one of them had a small bandage round her head."

"She was hurt slightly, in rescuing one of her friends," said

Robert Vivian. "That one is Violet."

In the meantime, Evans the seven little girls made their way carefully into the ruined hospital. First they went into the corridor, whose floor was fortunately firm. Religious Pictures were still hanging on the walls, but were out of shape, or hanging crooked. The floor was littered with rubbish, broken bits of glass, and the wrecked ballistrades. Against the walls at the east end, stood a dusting Polisher, which weighed one hundred pounds, and had a long pipe like handle attached to it. The little girls went into the ward, where they found the beds mixed in confused wreckage of plaster, timbers, laths, and window shutters. The sheets, pillows, and mattresses, had been scattered all about, and the religious pictures, statues, and the Crucifixes were missing. The position of the wreckage, of the second floors wards, was peculiar and here the damage was severe. Not a picture, statue, or crucifix however had been touched, to their wonder. The brazen beds were piled against the northern walls, riddled by shell fragments, while the floor had been ripped entirely away, at one point, the northern and southern wall missing, having been torn out probably by one of the great explosions. The door of the ward was found standing against the eastern walls, as if they had been placed in those positions by human hands. On the third floor the wreckage, was still more severe, and here was where the strange sight, mentioned was exposed.

"I believe the explosions had something to do with it," said Violet. "The position of the wreckage is strange indeed." Exclaimed Evans.

"A d the western wall has been torn clean out, as if done with a sharp knife. So neat and perfect."

"The floor is firm," said Violet as she went in. "I guess it is safe."

"I would not risk it," said Violet with a warning look. "The floor is too slanty slanty to satisfy me."

Violet, noticing this, also hastily retreated. All of a sudden there was a crashing sound, and a part of the floor gave way, bringing down some of the furniture. Violet saw that the planking lay scattered in one direction, while one of the tables was found attached to the eastern wall, supported by a bed. After this they went out,

fearing that more shells may fall, and wreck the building further, and probably cause their injuries or deaths. In the meantime the battles raged in the distance and became tremendous. The noise caused great bewilderment, and fear among the surviving inhabitants, and all the injured still pined on the wreckage. The surge of battle had already appeared within sight of the Orphan Asylum, and every one in the building finding that the city was encompassed in a sea of carnage and desolation, were horrified. Robert Vivian, and his brother, and the Vivian girls and the rest were the only ones, that saw and cool, though the building was shaking and smoky once more.

The roar of the terrible battle in the distance could be plainly heard, and far in the distance the eruptions caused by explosions seemed to be full of wreckage earth and air and human beings shooting high into the air. Nearly every town in the vicinity of the greatest battle of the war was threatened or already destroyed. The wreckage of the smaller villages and towns near Conservatory Run had been blown into the air by great explosions, even the towns themselves. The Glendellian forces had by this time as stated during the main description of the battle been overwhelping the Christian forces on the summit of Glorianna Heights. The whole field of ruin was now a rushing wave of men in hellish fury, and in whirlpools of destruction. It was a wild flood of shell explosions, that were also again threatening the lower districts of Lucille Nickeon, but the Glendellian forces

A-33

jeopardized by this calamity. "Maybe we will lose this war entirely."

"Maybe so but something will be done when the enemy attacks on the enemy side proceeds," said Hanson and we could appeal to all the nations to help us."

"But how can we get help from the friendly nations?" protested Joice herself. "They will suffer from the effects of the war or worse."

"That is true," said their father. "But I have foreboding that our nation is not helpless at all though we are helpless with our losses. But we got to win and shall."

At this minute two men appeared who were great generals and greater ones than possible. Buster Johnston or Double Day Federal arrived."

"You two men have been tired of the dim scenes of the wreckage of Chamberlaine and Ophelia." One of them said. "So we came here."

The men in Christian generals knowing these officers since child hood greeted them warmly.

"So the towns of Chamberlaine and Ophelia suffered indescribable destruction also eh?" said Hanson. "I thought these towns were not near enough to be reached by the Glendellian cannon on the Lucille Jackson ridges."

"Neither was not shaken badly, it was the storm of shells that put them low for the battle curved back and forth there also," said general Mc-Holleston."

Having met these generals Hanson and Vivian decided to make their way back to the chapel chapel again, as the mystery must be there somewhere. Reaching the chapel entrance, they met three of the hired men who were serving the altar, and from them, they learned that the chapel had nothing to do with the mystery. This was indeed surprising, and general Schroeder a tall, brawny looking man said:

"We will make an examination anyhow, stand aside and let us investigate."

The men obeyed. General Mc-Holleston a taller man than Hanson and just as handsome, turned his attention to general Evans.

"This young major general, Evans is as good as a detective," he said. "And I'm very glad I met him." And he shook hands with him.

A full examination of the chapel was made, by everyone, and not a thing in the chapel escaped their sharp eyes, yet the mystery was left unsolved. The ruins of the outhouses were fully examined, and it was found that the hospital which stood south of the asylum but in front of it, was not damaged so much as the other buildings after all, as many of its rooms, and three of its walls were left intact.

"Let's go in here," said Hanson. "Maybe this building will give us a clue."

General Mc-Holleston was the first to enter, and here a sight met their eyes, every picture being shattered, the floors sagging and the furniture smashed to matchwood, all the plaster being down, and the rooms were almost unrecognizable. However it seemed to be a clue on the building had been almost spread as well as the asylum. But however the mystery could not be solved as yet. At this moment Hanson thought of the slip of paper paper he had taken from the door, and drawing it out unfolded, and glanced over it.

"Oh my boys," he cried as he advanced toward his fellow generals, his brother, and Evans. "Read this."

This is what they read:

"Dear general federal;

Won't you please spare my home, and the kind Sisters here. They have not done you any harm, and we all don't want to be killed. Oh please spare the home. Won't you?" A little girl."

The generals and the ruler looked serious, when they read this, and peculiar as it seemed, they did not laugh as supposed.

"Let's find the child who wrote this," said Evans. "That may help us."

"Yes let's do," said Violet.

At this they all returned to the asylum meeting the Mother superior.

"We would like to see the child who wrote this note," said Hanson. "This note is very important."

The Sister led them all into the childrens playroom, and calling a very pretty little girl to her, said:

"Alice, these soldier soldiers would like to see you."

The little girl came shyly, but Hanson drew her to him and said:

"Alice did you write this note?"

"Yes sir," answered the child. "I wanted the Hills the call general federal over yonder to read it, so he would spare the home, and he did."

Hanson smiled and drawing the child closer to him, said:

"My dear little girl, don't you know that there is no mercy in such a man as general federal?"

"I thought the hills could read," said the child innocently. "But they did save the place anyhow. The hills did not shoot at us."

"That is true," said Hanson. "But it was god who saved the house."

"Have you not any idea of the Sanctuary Lamp?" asked Hanson. "How thick is the thing to do with the mystery, as it is the only thing, besides the Blessed Sacrament unsaved in the whole chapel."

"I don't think so," answered the nun. "It had been down and out with the oil spilled on the floor, and I and two others put it up again after refilling it and relighting it. Did you think it remained hanging there, despite the violence of the great explosion?"

"Yes I did," answered Hanson. "How did you get it up?"

"With the aid of the men. They'll do anything for us."

"That is quite queer then," said Hanson. "Very strange indeed. Did the explosion break anything belonging to the altar?"

"Yes," now she answered the sister. "Everything exactly disappeared. Even the Tabernacle had been robbed mysteriously by the explosion. Even the glass is gone. The steeple of this chapel is some where in Carries Square, but where the wreckage is impossible."

"The explosion certainly did this evil work," said Hanson confidently. "How many non-combatants alive besides the soldiers were killed? I and the row rescuers counted about two thousand five hundred and fifty five which were taken from the wreckage of the Treacian Lane ridge district. The total loss in injured cannot be estimated and only five thousand could be rescued to day. The greatest number of dead of all parts of soldiers and non-combatants were taken from St. Peter's Street, Carries Square and other parts. The whole dead and injured of the non-combatants in the whole city may not be known. Never be known, though I estimated the number of dead soldiers on the Treacian Lane ridge district as nine hundred and sixty thousand, six hundred and sixty six, with ninety thousand men women and children among them."

"This is worse than I thought," said Violet, her face grave with horror.

"And I thought the loss was only three thousand, in which the two thousand were wounded," said Violet.

"But that was only immediately after the disaster," said Hanson. "And it was a false report at that. The greatest losses are in soldiers and not in women and children."

"The greater losses among the non-combatants were not in children I hope were they?" asked the Mother Superior.

"In the main loss it is hard to tell," answered Hanson. "But they were the greatest losses on the Treacian Lane ridge district. There were many orphan asylums, schools and convents in that district which had been leveled to their foundations while crowded with soldiers. The loss of dead children also is appalling, but whether they make the greatest loss, no one will know until the entire number of dead of all is observed. But they had been found as horribly mangled or more horribly mangled than the adults however. They were in the same condition as children slaughtered by the rebels during the glandelinian massacres, and it is believed that the force of the shell explosions, and the rending crashing avalanches of wreckage sent whirling about by the blasts had something to do with it. And chiefly the shell explosions."

I had found many featherless chicken coops with their intestines protruding the same with the other animals, whose corpses were torn asunder and fairly skinned. I firmly believe that these shells of the glandelinians must have been of the worst variety as it only takes shells with such mighty force to do such horrible things as these did."

"This disaster has been very freakish," said Robert Vivian. "You people ought to see the sights, and as it is you would have almost laughed. A wagon with its entire team of horses had been found hanging from the trunk of a half shattered tree, which it took two hours for the men to get down. Now the shell that committed this freak did this no one knows, as no shell explosion occurred in that vicinity."

"And another freak," said Robert Vivian "was of a little girl hanging by her chest from a high projecting beam out among the branches of a tree. She of course had been ripped open, her intestines lying at the foot of the shattered tree."

"Gang, gang shells certainly have their freaks," said Jack Evans. "It is my opinion that the force of their explosions that does it. It can't be anything else. There force make perfect eruptions."

"It may be so at that," said Hanson. "The force of these explosions are exceedingly violent and smash up a city like a tornado or a typhoon would do to whole blocks."

"There had been another freak also, of a schoolhouse, which had been broken in two with one half turned upside down, and the other half crashed in through the floors," said Baldwin. "The loss of life in this building was very serious."

"I have heard about that one," said the nun. "We men had been blown into the windows of that building but were not hurt."

"Have you seen the building?" asked Hanson.

"No," said the nun. "I do not wish to see it either as the sight of the bodies, would be unbearable."

"But how can we solve this mystery?" asked Hanson.

"I don't think we could without help," said Evans.

"We could have the best examiners help us," said Robert Vivian. "That we can intend to at least. It is the only way it can be solved. And we would need a priest also or a cop. I don't see how this wreckage can be cleared away and new houses build either," he added. "I fear the entire nation is jeopardized

to discover that none of us were hurt. But we lost our good janitor, he being killed in the old house. After the shell explosions ceased in this location, we sought the chance of going outside for fear of the building collapsing upon us, as the ground shook so severely then, but as nothing happened and it had to be used for shelter for some of the injured, we returned and so here we are. But all this while up to this time, and still yet, those ridges have been hidden out of sight by that a smoke screen screen and still we are sometimes tormented by the shaking of the ground and that awful roaring in the distance."

From this Hanson and the rest had proof that the building sustained the same storm of shells, but how it stood, could not have been solved by reports. The outhouses had been smashed into rubble and lumber piles, and all the animals in the barnyards had been killed. Hanson also learned that an investigation had been made by checkers and detective detectives to find out the strange mystery, but of no avail. Then how was this building spared? Several of the reporters and Christian soldiers declared that the shell had missed it, and that the slight damage done to it was the shocks of the near explosions. But Hanson and the others seeing the building roofless declared that at least one or two shells did hit the asylum but that a great miracle had been wrought though some cause. This was the strangest mystery of all, for the building looked so old and weak, that it was believed the mildest typhoon could have blown it off the foundation and killed every one in it. And yet she stood as a barrier against all these fierce explosions.

"A large part of the fear that great gang-gang-shells have inspired is due to an instinctive dread of their tremendous powers of evil," said Hanson to the Mother Superior. "They are bosoms of death and destruction for they can do enormous amounts of damage, and they are capable of putting the high lands, and even the coast lines temporarily out of commission as an inhabitable piece of land. The terror that was aroused in many quarters by this great shell storm had been recalled by the appearance of several new kind of volley storms within a few hours this fatal afternoon, so that it is worth while to consider what an evilly disposed high explosive could do in their eruptions. By their strength, and by affecting the atmosphere in such a way as to form terrible outbursts of noises, is considered as the first of a war inconceivable havoc. Four things have to be taken into account: the velocity of the shells as they soar through the air, and force of the explosion considered as some mighty volcanic eruption tearing up the ground and houses in the city. The second is of their tremendous fury and sulphurous fumes and blasts, are very deceptive in regard to their force. These kind of explosions are very violent, and their blasts carries all before it. A thousand square feet, or a thousand yards would be more or less affected by the terrific shock of the explosions, and the damage of these explosives falling into this city would be more inconceivable than committed by the mightiest earthquake, and as you see the strongest buildings have been blown into total ruins, the gang-gang shells are the most destructive and capricious explosives of all, and the force of their blasts could throw hundreds of tons of wreckage round about to the distant of half a mile."

Hanson and the rest, including Violet and her sisters examined all the rooms in the building and found that they were absolutely intact. They even went to the once magnificent chapel and found that the altar barred the entrance.

"This is a freak of a shell explosion," said Hanson. "The force of the explosion moved or hurtled the altar from its right place, and put it here."

"But how are we going to get in?" asked Robert Vivian.

"We will have to see it that in all," said Hanson and the two of them did but with the greatest difficulty as the altar weight thirty tons. The windows on both sides of the chapel had been blown in, the roof was gone, some of the walls displaced, and the pews shattered to match wood. Hanson was bound to solve the mystery but how. It had once been a sort of hotel but at his own law, but he doubted if it was on account of the strong material he used, and it seemed to be the only religious house in the city that had a chapel. Could it have been the mysterious power of the Blessed Sacrament that saved the building? If so why was the chapel so badly damaged? Hanson's truthful answer to this query was "No". The chapel was completely gone or roofless except an immense beam three feet wide from which the sanctuary lamp itself was still hanging before the spot the altar had stood, the little flame still burning to the awe and surprise of Hanson and the others. They all felt queer while in the chapel, a feeling of being in the presence of some supernatural power. Violet and her sisters after leaving the chapel said some prayers, and looked at Jack Evans queerly.

"I believe the building was saved because of the Sanctuary Lamp or something," said Violet. "I don't see any other reason."

"A great miracle has been wrought," said Evans. "But I'm positive sure it is some freak of an explosion that landed in the chapel."

"In what district was it where the janitor was killed?" asked Hanson himself of the sister as he and his brother left the chapel.

"They say it was near Carries square, but I'm not sure," said the sister.

"Do you think we could find the spot some day?" asked Robert Vivian.

"No," answered the sister. "Part of that district is being consumed by a raging fire started from the ruined houses. There will be nothing left."

The building was four stories high, consisting of three wings each of which were seven hundred feet long, and one hundred and thirty feet wide. In surveying her general mansion and the others realized that it surely lay in the path of the main shell storm. The out-outhouses had consisted of a laundry, two large school houses, two play houses, hospital building, and five large livery stables, all of which had been fortunately empty at the time. All the outhouses were flattened ruins. The asylum had all its windows out, a good deal of the roof torn off, and the doors shattered, beside the fire escape being down. Hanson also noticed a piece of paper tacked to an unwarmed door, took it down and put it in his pocket, intending to read it after a while. (late smile) Violet and her sisters were the first to enter and a knowing where the main entrance was it, Hanson and the three others entered by this. To their evident surprise they were met by a crowd of children, and two sisters, one who appeared to be the Superior. Both had a bunch of religious books in their hands.

"I thought you were never coming," said the sister mildly. "Your daughters the heirs to the country Throne is with you I presume?"

"Yes," said Robert, with a bowing. "And good little aniles angels you will find of them too."

To learn about the mystery the generals inquired of the Mother superior about her experience during the shell storm. The sister told the story in full detail.

"One of the children a little girl had noticed the approaching fury of the battle, and came running in to me yelling, 'but a forest fire' was swooping the hills. 'There is a big forest fire for the clouds of smoke is swooping all over the distant hills,' she shouted to me. There is a forest on fire somewhere." "I went outside in a hurry and noticed that in the distant, in the direction of Conservatory garden that clouds shaped like an arch portend the color of white smoke from burning hay or leaves, and it was full of puffy convolutions at the lower extremity. I at once knew from the sound I had heard all the time that the little girl had made a great mistake, the upper portions did not seem to move at all, but the lower which was in the most fantastic convolutions over soon continued and spread with incredible rapidity, the front like lines of the clouds seeming to recoil southwestward while other clouds of all various shapes and colors, seemed to have a strange retrograde motion, while extending upward and westward at the same time. Though they did not know the nature of the cloud, which seemed on fire in the south and west with so many strange undulating flashes in long lines, the children were nevertheless frightened, and started tremendous screaming and shouting, which they ceased in speechless awe as an ominous sound suddenly came from the direction of the Lucille Jackson hills and some of the houses in the distances seemed to suddenly crumble into ruins.

One of my little girls having known the nature of the clouds, or may have known the nature of the clouds as she pinned a slip of paper on the south or northern entrance of the house asking the "earthquake" to spare us all."

"Yes," I have that in my pocket now," muttered Hanson.

"Well we listened to the strange sound," continued the Sister. "It soon changed to the sound like billions of carts rumbling over a long road of pebbles. At the same time another sound came that seemed to be a dull booming far off sound, which shook the building to its foundation, and made the windows leap against their casements. To me it sounded like the far off heaviest cannon fire ever imagined, but the booming was mingled with a furious crackling snarl, and in the far distance among the city I saw puffs of smoke issue from windows and smoke, and all at once something like thousands of eruptions, and whole wooded stretches of trees go to pieces or whirl to the ground. A strange supernatural whiteness overspread the Lucille Jackson hills in the distance, while the roaring noise increased in intensity second, after second, I could see a line of houses disappear along this street twelve blocks from here, and dissolve into smoke clouds and dust, and then the shock came.

It was awful. The previous screaming of the children had been deafening, but to save my life I cannot describe the clamor of the scenes and destruction just past. Series of great crashing explosive sounds more louder than the explosions of tons of dynamite came from outside, and prostrated by the shock as I was, I saw the out houses go into thousands of pieces or wreckage at once in perfect eruptions, other buildings swayed from side to side, and explosions sent tons of wreckage careening right toward the asylum with a greater din. All the windows on all sides were blown in, and the building trembled as if an earth quake had taken place.

I had expected that at any moment the building would have also gone to pieces but the only damage done was to the roof and chapel which were totally destroyed. The children were all scared, many many hiding in the closets, or under the beds, or clinging to the other Sisters, and hired men, and if they screamed, they were not heard for the din or of the explosions which soon tossed us, and every piece of furniture all about the room from their convulsions became ear splitting.

Our greatest loss in the furniture, roof, windows, and chapel. And my but it seemed as if it would never cease. From fright, several of the other sisters fainted, and I felt I was going to swoon also. Those forty five minutes seemed like eternity. I could plainly hear the roar of the destruction in the city, which sounded like the earth blowing to pieces, but the explosions gradually changed its course but did not cease elsewhere, and the distant roar continued, and the swaying of the remaining buildings also, and it took nearly two hours

St Ann was severely injured however her face and neck covered with blood, having been cut as if by a scythe. The cut though serious was not fatal. Her brother and parents had been killed by the shell blast itself, she herself having laid in the wreckage for two hours. No sooner had the roar of distant battle receded, when it developed into another forward surge, and into a terrific ear splitting clamor accompanied by spasmodic clamor or crashes of hundreds of thousands of big guns and millions of musketry which reverberated the ground with the severity of the great Lisbon earthquake.

An authentic account of the awful calamity had been preserved in a report sent by Robert Vivian in an appeal several days later after the battle, which ran as follows:

"Your kind hearts will, we doubt not be touched by the deepest of sorrows at the harrowing spectacle of a splendid city within a days time changed by a terrible and unexampled event into a heap of ruins. The fiercest battle ever known raging two days, each day eighteen hours apiece with inconceivable violence had produced disasters so severe that the force of the foecassaults overthrew every christian division whatever, and shells upon the city of Lucille Jackson added to all the horror from the glandelinian cannon. The City Law Tribunal every building, nothing has escaped destruction. Thousands of demoralized officers were struggling through the windrows of wreckage in dismay seeking if possible from the torrents of shell fragments some place of refuge and safety, with the small number of soldiers escaped like themselves almost by a miracle from this greatest of war disasters. The sight is fearful but there are sights yet more terrible that of the largest proportions of the army of soldiers holding the town dead dying and injured buried beneath the ruins of the dwellings from which they repelled the foe attack, without it being possible for want of 1 laborers to render assistance under such circumstances to withdraw from beneath the rubbish those still breathing. Shrieks, groans, sighs, and moans all the accents of grief are everywhere heard while the impossibility of redeeming from death those wretched creatures, render still more harrowing the voices of despair, that appeal in vain for help and compassion. A new scourge had been added to all these calamities, and augmented their very horror. From amid the ruins of the overthrown or shell-blasted buildings there is all at once seen to rise a raging fire storm.

Shell explosions had struck the remainder of the crumbling houses, and the fires then lighted by the shells had kindled various combustible substances found among the ridges of wreckage, and the fires are slowly devouring the sad remains of a city once the glory of her sovereigns, and so many simultaneous disasters have to be added a thousand others, beyond description, horrible. Every one of the corn magazines, and grain elevators have been blown down or overthrown, and their debris swept in windrows by the shell explosions. Bread, the most needful of aliments fails and the Angelinian and Abbeinnian governments have been obliged at my demand to detain in harbor the vessels laden with this commodity to lessen and remedy this evil, but no such ships have been found, and as the shops and utensils adopted to this trade are buried under the ruins, while the bakers have either perished or are awry, how could bread be made? The water courses have been turned aside, the public fountains are drained, and the mills can no longer grind corn. This aggravation of disasters have reduced to despair all the remaining survivors of the battle who demand with loud cries, bread for their substance. I entreat the governments of Angelina Agathia and Porothy Gale to send to this city of Lucille Jackson and the others visited by the disasters caused by the battle storm provisions of all sorts for the substance of the many remaining survivors.

His Majesty Robert Vivian, ruler of Abbeinnia.

To the christian generals who witnessed all this it was indeed a sad sight.

It was late in the evening, when Robert Vivian and the others finally reached St Peter's street, and here the ruins was the same as they had seen it before. In the far distance they could see St Ann's Orphan Asylum really standing as it had been reported.

"That is strange," muttered Hanson. "A miracle had occurred sure." The guide knowing the shortest route led them toward the place, though they all had to climb and stumble over the wreckage and the mangled corpses all the way. At last the building was reached, and indeed it had been the greatest miracle ever known. St Ann's orphan asylum had about two thousand two hundred children, all girls, sixty five nuns, and forty hired men besides the priest and other lay men. The building was one of the oldest in Lucille Jackson and stood at the extremity of St Peter's street at the very outskirts of the city.

"My friends the vivian girls, where are they?" she cried pitifully.
 "They will be here soon," said General Hanson kindly. "Don't be afraid. They won't desert you."
 She tried to rise but "Hanno" Hanson held her down.
 "Listen Jennie," he said. "You must not sit up or you will kill yourself. The doctor said it is seriously dangerous."
 "I would rather die than see the vivian girls not come back," said Jennie bravely.
 "I love them too dearly. They have been good to me."
 "But they will not stay away long," insisted Hanson. "I know how you feel but then it would break their hearts if they knew you would die. It is still now and don't be reckless. They won't desert you never fear."
 Jennie laid down as heavier thunder of shells set in, and she felt nervous, for she knew that the glendolinian shells were peculiarly destructive, during a battle of this great violence. The shell storm was continuing continually growing worse again, the rain of shell fragments seeming to pour in torrents, and through an open window Jennie saw a terrific explosion whose thunderous roar almost made her deaf, and also scared her, for she feared the building would be struck at any moment. Robert, vivian who had escaped unhurt and learned where Hanson was and so with the rest had made for the telegraph station despite the dashing storm of explosions, and reached it after three hours of exhaustive climbing, and stumbling over the wreckage.

"General," he said as Hanson came out. "Any have been buried under the wreckage."
 "I wish you could send as many of the survivors as you can to help in the rescue work."

"All right brother dear," said Hanson saluting. "But by the way don't you know that your daughters are round here safe and sound without even a scratch."
 "Good God is that so?" gasped Robert vivian. "Were they not among the ruins?"
 "They were not in the city when the catastrophe began," said Hanson.
 "But don't get too excited. They will be here shortly again."
 Robert vivian was inside the room in a moment but Hanson had quickly said:
 "You may see these two wounded children, but if you value their lives don't disturb them."

Robert, vivian with a joyful heart strode quietly to their beds. He saw the suffering in their very faces, but as the children seemed to be asleep or senseless, he did not disturb them. However he felt heart sick over the sights he had witnessed and staggered out of the room as if he were drunk. Hanson then placing several nurses over the wounded little girls went out to collect the survivors to help in the rescue work. Robert, vivian with a number of men, and sad at heart went outside to start the work in general of extracting the many injured. He saw that the streets in some places were impassable with the windrows of wreckage that he had to make wide stretches across the body strewn wreckage. Many men and soldiers were already at the work in freeing the injured, and all that Robert, vivian saw was windrows more of wrecked houses, many streets being almost impassable. He certainly did witness the greatest scenes of devastation of his life. Whole streets were choked with windrows of wreckage. All the wooden houses were junk piles. The greatest damage was done to the brick buildings, the very walls having been scattered by the shell explosions and many dead and injured were found here as they lay as thick as on the battle field. Robert, vivian and Hanson did not go among the workers for they had their own duty to perform and that was to go west to the region where their expected reinforcements were coming, so he and his brother could take command and avenge all these horrors.

Mrs. vivian and the queen of Angelina came galloping down the pike astride of a wild horse, unbridled. She stopped at a tavern at Acordia Park.
 "My servants and three children friends are in the ruins and my house is on fire," she sobbed. "Can you get Angelina Agathia on the phone? I want the fire department. I want the fire department and some men with axes."
 "Angelina Agathia cannot be connected as the telephone service is completely completely destroyed, and the fire departments cannot reach us," replied the Innkeeper.

Everything at this moment was a turmoil of distant battle, crashing toppling houses and violent shaking of the ground, hail of shells and thunder of greater explosions. Violet's aunt hysterically weeping dragged herself into the tavern.
 A few minutes later and merely pointed through the driving rain of battle hell fire to a smudge of smoke clouds which was spelling ruin for herself and here having lost everything, she could not say how she or the woman companion escaped. The place they took refuge in was close to the great Hic-Whirlian Lane and they were literally blown out of it. They had found refuge in the tavern which alone was unscathed being out of range of the enemy's guns, and when the crashing and banging of shells had stopped they had then made their way toward Lucille Jackson where they found their husbands and the children.

A party of little happy girls were returning home from a picnic and were caught directly in the path of the two night battle surges of glendolinian and christians alike, but managed to save themselves by leaping into the muddy creek bed of the Conservatory run and clinging to the projecting rocks they found there. At another point a slender pretty little girl stripped off her clothes by the blast of a shell eruption, had escaped with her life, though her hair had been blown into bits on top of her.

The great war with a stopped to Lucille Jackson.

"How do you feel?" she asked.
 "I feel better already," said Angelina Turner. The doctor says I will soon be able to see out of that eye. My hair and feet are badly scalded and burned, and I may not be able to walk for some months."

"I'm happy to hear that you were not killed," said Violet's aunt. "We ourselves had a narrow escape as the concussion of the battle in that location shook both Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia with some force."
 "Did it do any destruction?" asked her husband. "I heard that some parts of both cities were badly damaged."

"The report is false," answered Violet's aunt, but I see this Lucille Jackson city is almost wiped out. The shells must have torn every building to pieces leaving not even the big biggest building."

"How many do you think were killed here?" gasped Robert vivian.

"I can't be certain," said his wife. "The shock and concussion came upon Dorothy, Gale and Angelina Agathia without warning, and as the enemy line is so extensive no aid I believe can reach you from those places."

"The destruction is really worse here than it seems," truthfully declared General Hanson. "Angelina Turner was almost buried in wreckage on the Trechan Lane ridge district, where she and Jennie were found, and several other children near by were found in a waterless ditch half buried by shattered trees. It seems as if hell had changed places with the earth, so fearful was the slaughter. The parts of this city or of the Trechan Lane ridge district and Jennie, Mary and Carrie Hill were almost wiped out."

"Well I'm glad that Angelina Turner and Jennie were rescued," said Violet's aunt. "But she and Jennie must have suffered terribly, as their injuries were dangerous."

"Jennie's wounds were almost mortal," said General Hanson. "She was badly mangled by the falling debris and may be lying helpless for years. I myself had a narrow escape from serious injury before I reached here."
 His wife bent over Jennie or Angelina Turner.

"How did you get caught?" she asked. "Was the shell explosions too quick for you?"

"The falling wreckage was too quick for me, and the shells had nothing to do with it. I was surprised before I was aware the battle would surge in the city. The house after it was wrecked by the explosions fell on me before I was able to get out. I thought that was the end of me."

"How did you get from the wreckage?"
 "I don't know," said Angelina Turner. "I must have been senseless as a heavy bomb gave me an awful knock on the head as it fell. My wounds were at first considered fatal."

"It certainly is a battle that is going on, and a fatal one," said Violet's aunt. "This battle is a hundred times worse than any I have ever experienced. It had to last already lasted sixteen hours and three quarters."

"Did you have much trouble coming here?" asked Robert vivian. "I heard Jennie, Mary, Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia cannot be approached on account of the smoking battle lines between here and the rear, and on account of forest fires between us and them."

"I did you have much trouble coming here?" asked Robert vivian.
 "No answered his wife. "After seeking refuge in the Park Tavern we made for Zivornia, and thence for here."

Jack Evans had been predicted to be seriously injured and to be cut by flying pieces while a house was being torn to pieces about his ears, but it had not been so and he was even now with the vivian girls. When Jennie was taken from the blazing ruins all besmeared with blood she had been unconscious. The rescuers had had great difficulty in securing Angelina Turner who also had been severely mangled, whose leg had been broken. The survivors who had gathered round, thinking that the vivian girls had been greatly perplexed, for all the houses had been badly damaged, and they did not know where to take the injured children. The men however were told by the vivian girls, and then the children were swathed in bandages and placed at a certain street where they would not be exposed to the shells and the falling wreck wreckage. Hanson himself had appeared a few minutes after the two children had been laid under cover, where the crowd was standing, attired in a chicken coop which had been blown over his head in such a way that his arms were pinned to his side, and he was unable to remove his helmet strong as he was. Several of the men had to cut it away for him before he could get it off.

"Take the children to the telegraph station," he said with emotion. "That building though wrecked, is whole enough to put the children into."
 Two men tenderly lifted the little girls as if they were something precious, and followed Hanson to the telegraph station. Several uninjured beds had been extracted from the ruins and brought into the building, and soon the two little girls were lying in it. Jennie had come to at seven fifteen that evening and found General Hanson leaning over her.

"Did it still?" she whispered. "But you are all wounded and must not move if you value your lives."

Jennie was in no mood to answer his words, but nevertheless he took pity on her, for he had seen many beautiful children before, but none like her or the Vivian Girls, and now he kind of feared his words annoyed her as he knew her suffering was more intense than his, and he had been under other during the operation also, and she had not been. There were thousands of injured soldiers in this vicinity, and another officer was groaning in terrible agony. He had an amputation of two legs and was dying. Jennie ran herself now realized the horror of the war, and the misery and sorrow it caused. She shivered, as she imagined she still heard the deafening explosions of the shell storm, and the ear splitting roar of destruction. A few minutes passed and a soldier entered followed by a Sister. He was also in a sling.

"I believe you know these most pretty, seven children in the world." Said the soldier who was also an Abyssinikilim's officer. "Two of their best girl friends are severely hurt, and they themselves have lost all their friends, and two brothers, and probably their mother and aunt and are sick by it."

The man who was Sister Angelina walked quietly to the white cot, the soldier making a bow as he left.

"Too bad, too bad," said the Sister. "I wish for my sake, and your own that you little girls would not stay in a region of such battles."

Violet tried to answer, but tears came to her eyes and her lips quivered vehemently.

"Don't try to speak," said the nun kindly. "I know how much you little girls suffer from your loss."

Violet and her sisters felt bad indeed. Violet took the sister's hand, and held it fast. The presence of the sister seemed to cheer her and her sisters, and her pleading look made the sister realize that the little girls wished her to remain. Poor little Jennie, as she lay there like a little injured angel and a angel looked so wistful. Her hair was all in golden curls, and spread over the pillow. Her bare arms were cute to behold, and her delicate little neck was almost as white as her porcelain. Angelina Turner was lying on the cot close to Jennie but she was asleep.

"Violet and your sisters are brave little girls." Stroking said the sister stroking violet's hot little forehead. "and I never thought you had such daring when I first knew you. You and your sisters look as timid as if you knew nothing but fear and dread. You hear all your sorrows, and sighs like these so patiently. Hm! How did you two friends, Angelina Turner and Jennie Van get hurt?"

"I don't know," answered violet as she looked sadly toward Jennie and Turner. "They may have been caught in the wreckage produced by the shellfire from Lucille Rickson ridge."

Indeed to all of the Vivian girls it seemed as if the world was wounded and also in a raging ramp age of rage and fury. Gush morning, pleads, cries, sighs, and screams and the roaring thundering crash of the distant battle. It seemed to be ever where at once. Sister Angelina indeed felt sorry for poor Jennie Van and Angelina Turner for she realized how bad their injuries were, and she wondered if Jennie would ever be able to walk again. And her friends the Vivian Girls had two brothers who were on the point of death and what had really happened to their mother and aunt. Had they come to the region and shared the same fate or worse?

She looked long at Violet and her sisters who resembled beautiful angels with beautiful long hair which had been curled so beautifully the day of the fatal battle. As she was looking at Violet and her sisters another officer entered, who resembled very much the general Rud that Rudolph Rason Rudolph Rousseau pictured in the Record Here herald but who was taller and more heavily built. His name was Harry Thorndale he being a general also.

"Well Mother," said Thorndale. "do you have some wounded children here, and who are those very beautiful ones. Wh! I know they are Robert Vivian's daughters."

"Yes," said sister Angelina. "Two of their friends are seriously injured, and the Vivian Girls are prostrated with sorrow. It is reported their two brothers are dangerously wounded, and no one knows where their Mother and Aunt are."

The man had a fierce mustache and he strode toward Jennie's cot.

"Does their father the Governor know all this?" He asked of sister Angelina.

"Yes," answered the nun. "He intends to have the injured children moved to St. Ann's orphan asylum as soon as possible."

"As much as I know," heard the Mother and Aunt of the Vivian girls were in Acorn Court Park, Favon north-east of Lucille Rickson, when the battle started. "and the general is. And now they are in the ruined city looking for the little girls."

At this moment violet and her sisters gave a glad cry, for in came general Hanson, Robert Vivian and the queen and Hansons wife, who were soon embracing the little girls.

"How did you escape through the shellstorm?" asked the ruler when the little girls had been released. "We thought you were killed."

"God alone knows," said the Queen. "We were caught in the flying debris and a shell struck our place of refuge, but we escaped with only slight injuries."

"How are the little girls, Jennie Van and Angelina Turner?" asked Violet's mother.

"They are still in a very bad condition," answered Robert Vivian. "They both had a narrow escape from death. Angelina is laid up as she had her left eye almost gouged out. She will improve slowly but surely."

In a few minutes general Hanson himself did come in with Russell, and no sooner had he brought the little girls to their mothers, when in came Robert Vivian and all the others being excited.

"Hanson my brother!" he cried. "do you know what has happened?"

"No I do not," answered Governor general Hanson.

"All of our armies in this battle had been torn down and are beginning in full retreat. I have heard that the loss of life is something fearful. I've tried to get Dorothy Gale or Angelina Agathia, even Jennie Wren - gone on the phone to ask for the other armies there to come on, to give us aid before it is too late, but no one can get any communication as all the wires are down, and Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia lies between a raging sea of forest fires. Of course the fire will never touch them but the fire cuts us off from aid. Whole forests are blasted like an earthly hell. Oh it is terribly fierce. We will all be lost if anything is not done. We are almost cut off from retreat."

"Good god," gasped Hanson. "Our wives, can't we try the wireless?"

"I've done that but could get no answer so I believe the enemy had cut down the wireless signal stations. Goodness listen to the roar of cannons. It is horrible."

"Oh I hope none is not killed," shrieked Jennie at this alarming news, and now her sisters broke into a fit of weeping.

"We simply got to find out about them somehow," said Hanson desperately. "Oh god I fear the worse has happened. How did you find out this horrible news?"

"A general with the fragment of his division of one million men just came from there," said Robert Vivian. "Jennie Wren gave out 1 largest and strongest city cannot get any communications with us and the region round here is a morgue of dead soldiers."

For an hour or more the two rulers tried most frantically to get either two cities or Jennie Wren on the phone, but in vain. Three minutes had only passed and though the little girls had come to their senses, they were sinking lower and lower, and the doctor having attended to them at this moment came to Robert Vivian, who was in distress and said:

"Your Majesty you have got to find out about your wife and that of Hansons or your daughters will die of sorrow, as the shock is killing them. They are sinking lower and lower, and only good news can save them. We got to find out."

"But how can we?" gasped Hanson, turning suddenly upon him, while Robert Vivian remained silent. "All the wires are down, tracks are covered with debris, and Jennie Wren gone on account of the battle is impossible to approach."

It was indeed a puzzling to them all.

"Your little girls ought to be taken to St. Ann's orphan asylum for better shelter until the conflict ceases," said the doctor at last. "but then it seems impossible as the wreckage is almost impassable. There is a doctor there who could fix the shattered knee of their little friend Jennie Van."

"We have got to get them there somehow," said Robert Vivian. "I believe we could climb this wreckage, though it is slow work. We also have to get away from this ruined city to meet our forces coming from Dorothy Gale so that if they arrive we can lead them against Manley's rear. It is our only hope. They are to arrive this afternoon by six o'clock."

Poor little Jennie Van! How she did suffer from her shattered knee, when she was taken from the tangled wreckage. Her whole leg had been found covered with blood, and even her foot her pretty little foot had been found severely mangled. She indeed was a brave little girl but the pain had been intolerable, excruciating, and when she had been picked up she could not help giving a little scream.

"Oh please be careful, my leg is broken," she shrieked. "I thin the man had lifted her as gently as possible and carried her to where she lay now. The surgeon had examined her mangled leg and had said it was a serious injury, but that the operation could not be performed without the help of two more doctors, and that if the operation was not performed within two hours amputation would be necessary to prevent death. He pitied her and as she was so naturally brave, he could not help loving her. He had made a full examination of her leg and foot and saw she was going to suffer indescribable pain unless the operation was performed right away. He turned to general Hanson.

"I hear you are a great doctor besides a general," he said. "If you can give me aid I can save her leg. It is probable the women had remained at Angelina Agathia's and are not killed and will be found before another day."

"All right," said Hanson as he threw off his uniform coat.

A sort of table was made out of the best of the wreckage and she was laid on this. The operation though started immediately 1 at half an hour, and it was done without other, and the child suffered horribly, but she tried to be brave and uttered not a sound during the whole operation. The leg was placed in a cast and firmly attached. Angelina Turner though severely wounded did not need any operation, her eye having been dressed as soon as she had been brought in. After the operation Jennie Van did not suffer so bad as before, though every noise of any kind made her and her sisters, wounded men brought in from the wreckage was lying near her having his arm in a sling, and both his legs in a cast, and a bandage round his head.

"Pretty bad to have a broken leg oh!" he asked cheerfully. "But I'm in a worse fix than you see. Two crushed legs, a broken arm and a badly skinned forehead, besides a bullet wound. I was taken from the battle field yonder at the front of this city. I was an officer in the Abyssinikilim army. We Abyssinikilims will pay the enemy back for this one day."

Hearing that three of his daughters had been found at Mac-Holleston Street and near Alice Square, Robert Vivian and the others decided to proceed in that direction, and to return to the other points later. After fifteen minutes traversing the ruins of Alice Street they came into sight, and as they surveyed the miserable ruins, the Christian generals felt a great foreboding of evil. It was not worth while to explain how the ruins looked, but in graphic description I might as well say that all towns shaken down by modern or recent earthquakes, did not look as bad. The ruins were so fairly matted in human bodies mostly dead soldiers, and men women and children that it was a sea of dead, and only partially one wall of a building reared itself above the dismal sea of bricks, boards, timbers, rubble, and sliced up corpses. Though this building was a quarter of a mile away, it could be plainly seen. The guards knowing who the generals were and the ruler also, permitted them to pass, little Aronburg following with awesome steps. As most of these ruins had been leveled as smooth as the slopy lay of ground itself, travel was not very difficult, but they had to watch their steps nevertheless, in case their feet would be caught between boards, or they would walk on the bodies. In about ten minutes Robert Vivian and the Christian generals, and little Aronburg, were as near as the single remaining wall, and here they met a group of men and so, soldiers.

"There are none of your daughters here as reported." But there is a little girl resembling her who is going to die, and you had better come quick if you want to see her before she goes." Said one of them.

In a few minutes the two generals and little Aronburg entered a tent, where three frightfully mangled figures lay on mattresses. One little girl resembled Catherine Vivian but was not quite so beautiful but she was already dead.

When Robert Vivian and the Christian generals with Aronburg reached the next tent, they went inside and saw a little child sitting up, then she lay still. The wounded child tried to rise, but the effort only brought excruciating pain, and sinking down her long golden curls she said rather painfully:

"I'm going to die to day."

The same late afternoon while the Vivian girls had seen the hasty rescue of other poor victims, and while the rain of shells was still pouring, met Jack Evans suddenly, whose arm had received severe sprains, and now they were sitting near other poor children, who were suffering terribly. Violet and her sisters were doing their best to comfort these suffering victims, when a Christian general by the name of Russell came in:

"You are the Vivian girls, the Princess's of Abbeonmin?" He asked.

"Yes," answered Violet, "why?"

"I have sad news for you. You had two brothers did you not?"

"Yes," answered Violet growing pale. "Has anything happened to them?"

The general hesitated fearing that the news would hurt too much for them, but the little girls seemed to realize what the news was.

"They are killed?" They gasped.

"Not exactly killed," answered the soldier, "but near to it. They are dangerously wounded. Also Cannon, Jennings, and many others. We lost four hundred of our best generals. I was very loathe to tell you but it had better come from one, than from some other person. Baldwin is also severely wounded. All fell on that bloody battle field yonder."

Violet and her sisters burst into tears, for they were shocked at the news.

"Oh tell me they ain't dead," wailed Jennie. "Oh will I never see them again?"

"They are not dead yet," said the officer, and seeing the results of the rumor the men tried to console them. But he nor Evans could check their wild grief, their perfectly wild storm of grief, the news having literally broken their hearts. This indeed had been another blow to the little girls, who really and truly were in danger of being deprived of their two brothers, and then all their dearest friends, and it seemed as if it was more than they could stand, and yet they even had not seen or heard of anything of their father yet. But when their grief had been somewhat spent, the man showed them the bodies of some of the children who had died in the wreckage and sternly advised the girls to be avenged on the enemy.

The man could not bear the sights, and tears came to his eyes, as he had never seen such extremely beautiful children in distress like that before, and not being able to stand it he left the weeping girls to themselves. A few minutes later a nurse who attended to the other wounded children, found the poor little girls unconscious by the other children. She quickly had them carried to some of the mattresses, and sent another nurse to bring somebody. In a few minutes two other generals came, dashing up followed by crowds of men.

"The Vivian girls have swooned," cried one of the officers. "I'll go and fetch Hanson who is trying to locate his brother Robert Vivian and also sending men to help in the rescue."

Another nurse quickly appeared with an alarmed look on her face.

"The little girls have only fainted," said the nurse who first found them. "Gorwow over the probable deaths of their brothers, and dearest friends have caused them to swoon. One of the men have gone to summon Hanson if they can find him."

The pale faced nurse bent over Violet, with a glass of water.

"I would do anything until the great Christian general comes," warned the nurse seriously.

"We will try to dig this away," said one of the men. "I know how bad it is to be anothered, as I was once myself." At this moment almost a wagon load of rubble slid down burying the child deeper.

"Oh please don't let any more fall down," screamed the boy, as Baldwin seized him and pulled him away. "He will die."

The pleading look in his face could not be explained. Robert Vivian and his followers helped the men dig away the dirt, but more and more came down. Tears ran down the boys cheeks, and raising his hands he fell on his knees and begged the men to hurry and dig the suffocating child's head free. It was horrible to have known how the child suffered, but the men succeeded again however, and the child gasped for air. It seemed as if she could not regain her breath again and the look in her face told she was done for and she died before anything could be done.

From a dark and lonesome orif orifice in a pile of wreckage had been dragged a sad and forlorn child blinded for life. As soon as the child had been lifted up he threw himself down in front of Robert Vivian, and burying his hands in his face burst into a piteous fit of weeping. This sight made the great Christian generals feel as if they themselves were utterly forsaken and forlorn. Suddenly a gentle hand was laid on the boys head and Robert Vivian said in a most pitiful and kind voice full of emotion:

"Why little boy what is the matter. Are you hurt or are your parents killed?"

The little boy though he could not see, lifted his tear stained

face to him:

"Yes my dear friend, my father, mother and two brothers have been killed, and god seems to have forsaken me, and I'm blind. Oh why did the enemy kill my parents and brothers, and now I cannot see the beautiful blue sky, the flowers and sunshine any more, or what will the angles say when they see me blind?"

"Beautiful blue sky, beautiful sunshine, and lovely beautiful flowers? Bah!" said Baldwin bitterly to himself. "It's a literal hell here, and it is better to be blind than to have to see all these frightful scenes, and I would rather have been blinded than be compelled to witness all this." And he looked grimly and fiercely toward the ridges of Lucille Fickson.

The boy James Aronburg, with tears in his eyes, and flowing down his own cheeks, placed his own arm round the weeping child, as he arose, and Robert Vivian said:

"I know that you said god seems to forsake you but it is not so and you must not say it. I also have probably lost my own brothers who were killed in this battle or wounded what ever they be, but it is not a sign god has forsaken me, and I know it is hard to be blind but try to bear it, and if we can find a doctor of good quality he may be able to make you see again. And this all will be avenged." He added bitterly to himself, "god if I could only get my hands on any of the Hanleys. I'd run them through a meat chopper."

"My dear friend who ever you are," the poor boy said, "I believe an d can feel that you may be right. I may be able to see but it is so hard to suffer." And the tears again filled the wistful eyes.

"Here let me carry you little boy," said Baldwin grasping him. "We will take you to a place where you will be taken good care of."

As he just touched him, he uttered an exclamation.

"Go wonder he cannot stand, his ribs are broken," he cried.

The child had now lain quite and still. Baldwin bent over the boys form, and the others awaited his report with great anxiety. In a few minutes he arose and sadly shook his head and looked at the child rescuers.

"The boy will not live," he said hoarsely. "If he does it may be only a few minutes and not more."

casting a glance of overwhelming sorrow at the boys still form, James Aronburg wept on in a heart broken way. The poor child's frail little body had not been able to withstand the shock, and he was soon carried off by two men, having died in their arms. Robert Vivian now in the midst of a salvoes of shell explosions, continued on their way and even now were unsuccessful in finding the poor Vivian girls, and had at heart gave up their search and retraced their steps to where they had left poor Angeline Turner.

In the meantime some of the desolate survivors were already harbored on top of the more flattened wreckage, in thousands of rude shelters which stretched for half a mile, mingled with the most remarkable chain of hospital tents ever produced, and all the while back and forth thousands had surged across the seas of wreckage stream heights, battling with the rubble rubble like armies against armies, before the wounded could be rescued.

Nothing remained now of the Trocien lands ridge R district to bring back the memory of its splendor three days before, and now could be seen in all the countries outside of Lucille Fickson rows upon rows of grave yards, twenty days after the battle, and newly formed cemeteries of the unknown dead. On account of the horrible scenes, no photographers were allowed to take pictures of the ruins resulted from the cyclone of shot and shell and explosives, and many of them who did slip into the hellstricken regions were arrested. The whole region of the Trocien lands ridge district was called later the Ridge of hell.

"The glandelintum," said one of the officers "do more damage than a Abbeonmin typhoon long the shore."

The worms had eaten into the skin of many of the injured children, and the way they pleaded to God to save them, was beyond description. They were also dying from the str. stench of the decaying bodies, and the great general filled with greater horror yet were glad to get out of this region, which he discovered scores of men were setting on fire. The suffering of the injured was unbearable, so terribly that they could hardly breathe. One little girl's body was so badly mangled, that from her agonies she died pined. Another little girl with her baby brother several men were trying to rescue but in vain. One man would grab her by the bare arms, while another would try to pry loose the limbs, but with no success, and as they let go of her more thunders came down and killed her also. Many women and men were also taken from the wreckage only to die.

"Oh how could the enemy do all this." Cried little James Aronburg who had accompanied the generals. "Why can't somebody do it something."

"All the men are trying to do something that is impossible." Said the guide. "But they cannot be too hasty, as one false act would make the wreckage crush themselves as well as the victims to death. Very few can be saved here I'm sure and these very men are risking their lives."

"And see the awful look in the faces of many of the slain also the so/aiers." Said Robert Ivian.

Indeed the sight showed how many of them suffered. Many of the poor women and children still living in the town when the battle broke had died by the shells alone. But put fortunately the less were the non combatants. Many of the bodies of the officers and soldiers themselves were covered with bruises, cuts and swelling sores, and the suffering of the thousands of wounded already pulled free from the wreckage was terrible. One soldier already extracted from the wreckage with three little girls and four boys was teasing about in mortal agony the rescuers doing their best to relieve him, many many of his wounds bleeding continually, and when one of them tried to stop the blood and succeeded, it only increased his agony. The sight of the man's indescribable suffering almost made Robert Ivian and the generals fall on their knees beside the wounded man who had fainted.

Robert Ivian placed his ear on the man's chest and his heart heard his heart still beating.

"He is still alive." whispered Robert Ivian. "But by the way he breathes I believe he is dying."

He died alright and with a moan that was heart rending. Everywhere among the wreckage could still be heard the most piteous screams, while scores of thousands of more badly torn and bleeding bodies, could be seen, the suffering among the injured being worse than you could even think. Also the terror among the injured was indescribable, and heart rending were their piteous screams and pleads. It was almost preternatural, and in reality, the agony of the wounded was so dreadful, that most of the victims made deafening screams, their suffering being so awful, that their wails were like those of lost souls. He looks in their faces only could tell how they suffered, and in their intolerable pain, many of the poor victims piteously begged their rescuers to kill them, and end their misery. And those that were extracted were a pitiful sight. Some children had large cuts on their bodies, and the bodies of men women and children and the soldiers were mangled beyond description, horrible. Many other victims had died of suffocation in the debris, without being able to move hand or foot. Their intolerable suffering for air men may have been terrible. The children who had died in the rubble tried to breathe through the suffocating material but in vain, and after several minutes of intolerable agony and yearning for air, death came to their relief. Robert Ivian and the others reaching the last district nearest the summit, met a more piteous sight. One little girl suffering terribly begged the men and the Christian generals to save her.

"Oh please get me out." she screamed. "The stones are going to crush my heart. Oh please, please, get me out."

"It would be a days work." Said Baldwin sadly. "We can't do anything."

"Oh please get me out, please do." Pleaded the poor child her face white from the pain, and tears streaming down her cheeks. "Oh please get me out." and the child cried and screamed as if she had lost heaven.

"Oh please can't you do something." Pleaded the child as best as she could.

"This is too much for me to stand. Oh please do something."

Robert Ivian only shook his head. The poor child screamed and screamed.

"Oh please get me out. Oh have mercy on me, please, please, please, get me out."

"If we can do at least something to ease her suffering it would be best." said Baldwin. Robert Ivian only shook his head again, knowing it was utterly hopeless. The child's torture was indeed unbearable, and she moaned and cried as if she wanted to flood all the rubble with her tears. At last tons of the wreckage and rubble above her, hit by a shell gave way with a roar, and the child was completely buried out of sight. Suffocation set in, and no doubt the poor child tried furiously to breathe through the rubble, but could not. In the meantime general Baldwin had managed to secure a good number of men who dug her head free, so she could breathe again, and my how she did gasp. Every moment she took in deep breaths. Baldwin and the others felt and over her plight, the little boy Aronburg observing with indescribable horror how the child suffered. As the men tried to dig her out more rubble came down again burying the child once more.

"Oh please don't let her smother." Pleaded little Aronburg to the men. "He can't stand it. Have mercy on her please do."

A-40
A-39

General Baldwin and Robert Ivian did their best to comfort him though they themselves felt sad and dreary when the little boy felt better he told them his name was James Aronburg. He beautiful face and body of the little boy looked all the more lovely despite the dried blood smeared on him, and yet plainly visible could be seen a black and blue mark on the front of his tender neck caused by the wreckage. Most of his pain suffering was from hunger and thirst. Many of the other victims were in danger of thirst, and Robert Ivian saw little Aronburg with his tongue almost sticking out and rushed him to a broken fountain, where the sparkling of water could be seen in the basin and good clear water too. Robert Ivian and the rest beside the guide, also took a good drink, and managed to secure some water in large tin cans which they intended to give to many of the other poor victims, feeling sorry indeed for the many non combatants who were also killed, as the enemy had no mercy on any. Many of the victims were crying out for mercy, but in vain. As they now reached Evangeline Street they saw the wreckage was strewn with thousands upon thousands of horrible mangled bodies, soldiers and men and women and children combined, the sight filling the great generals and Robert Ivian with indescribable horror. The deafening screams, and pleads, and the horrible sufferings of the injured was yet more piteous to behold. As Baldwin was passing a regular hall of smothering wreckage and mangled forms half churred in the wreckage, he was surprised to find a little injured lad place his frail arm tightly about his knee and cry bit bitterly for he had been near the conflagration and escaped only by a miracle. So this strong general battled with the cruel wreckage which defied him every way, despite the help of Robert Ivian and the others, and even the guide. They tried every way to extract the little lad but they may as well have tried to remove the bowels of the oth earth.

It was plain it would take over a days work to get him free, and before their sight he was slowly or crushed to death, the wreckage cursh in on with more and more pressure, until the child's abdomen burst open, and the intestines flowed out. A man was simultaneously seen trying to remove a child who was writing in indescribable agony, and terror, but she slapped, bit and set scratched at him from sheer fright. It was awful to see such sights. To see so many go through such awful agony was an appalling sight. Another little boy it was seen lying limp on his front his mouth open and his tongue sticking out in a way that showed he had died for want of air. The stench of the slaughtered bodies was horrible and many bodies were even filled with maggots. Millions upon the injured, who could not be rescued, many of the injured non combatants having been almost stark naked, the very blasts of shells having almost stripped them off their clothes. Indeed to be eaten alive by these worms was appalling, and the generals and the ruler trembled at the sight. Loud and piteous cries and screams, were heard everywhere everywhere, many of the injured children whose arms were free trying to beat off those loathsome flesh eating worms. Though they smothered many of them with their hands, the victims were quickly covered.

It was useless for the injured to try to get rid of them, and many of the horrible worms started into their nose and mouths.

"Could not some body fumigate this place it or something.?" Asked general Baldwin. "It is a horrible thing to be eaten alive by the worms. I myself would rather die any death than this."

"The ore rescuers are afraid to come in this region." Said the guide. "And we ourselves cannot pass there as there is a regular sea of them further up. We will have to seek another way."

"Oh I don't want to die with these horrible worms." Pleaded an innocent child, near by whose heart was beating loudly with fright and horror. "Oh, oh please do not leave me here. Let me live. Please do save me."

"Can't anything be done at all?" Asked Baldwin. "Are these poor creatures really left to this cruel fate?"

"Oh please don't leave me." Interrupted the little girl piteously, and with a wail. "I don't want to die or be eaten up alive by these horrible worms. And you oughtn't let me."

Baldwin and Robert Ivian themselves saw that rescue work was impossible, and at this moment the child struggles to get free brought down a pile of rubbish and she was killed instantly. At another point the Christian generals heard a shrill scream and it was so loud and piercing that it filled them all with increased horror. Robert Ivian and the others were startled still more by that horrible scream, which again burst forth, being heart rending. Again and again the screams were repeated, louder and louder, then followed by the sound of crashing timber and a thunderous crash. Robert Ivian and the rest climbed toward where the sound was but m before they knew it something like and long shot down toward them landing squarely against Baldwin and sending him flat.

"It's a big piece of wood." Said Robert Ivian as he and the guide rushed to R I Baldwin's assistance. "Somebody may have been caught in a wreckage slide."

It was true. A little girl and boy each about eight years old had already been pined by wreckage, but she had not made the screams, it had been from a high explosive sailing through the air before landing in the wreckage piles beyond.

A big beam had fallen upon the child's body rendering her to death. The child had died when Robert Ivian and the rest reached her and so horror stricken were they that they left the spot at once.

Two other men were seen grabbing a child by the shoulders, while others tried to lift off the debris with crowbar and crowbars, and though she fairly prayed to them to rescue her it was also in vain. They dragged off beams and masses of debris or boards, and tried to lift her but at this moment more timbers would play a prank, and she would be wedged as tightly as ever. Her tender body was sliced frightfully, the blood flowing freely from the awful gashes, and she moaned and moaned, and screamed so severe was her agony. Robert Vivian and the others came forward to try at the task, but strong men as they were, they found it unavailing, and almost got caught in a wreckage slide. She was wedged in the wreckage by a long beam which weighed two hundred pounds.

"Oh please don't let me die," he pleaded. "I have prayed for you generals all the time. Please spare me. I don't want to die in such a way." Robert Vivian shook his head sadly. The poor little girl resembled Eva St. Clare. "Hang this dog gone wreckage," said Balw Baldwin. "She has to be freed somehow."

"I can't stand such misery," said one of the generals. "See over yonder is another little girl caught by the neck and thumbs and her body is slashed as by sabres. This poor child shared the same fate."

Near the child resembling Eva St. Clare lay a number of men. It was the most awful sight that the great Christian generals and their ruler had ever seen, and to think that this poor child resembling little Eva was among all this. Even beside her lay a little girl with all the soft parts of her muscles all sliced off, her toes cut off and also her hands and ears. One little girl had been found hanging by the neck from the limbs of a shattered tree, hanging limp, swinging slowly from side to side while her tongue was sticking out all the way. Blood had run from her mouth, nose and ears, the crushing grip of the branch on her tender neck having almost severed her head from her body, and her rescue had been utterly impossible. Several men armed with carving knives now came toward her ready to cut her down as the branch was too strong to break despite her weight. The man with the largest carving knife climbed the tree, and struck at the dangling branch, but the swinging of the main branch caused by his movement and the force of the swing he had made made the branch act like a whip and it struck him and precipitated him sprawling among the wreckage below, injuring himself badly. Another man then climbed the tree, and managed to cut the branch in two, but the swaying of the tree precipitated both he, the branch and the tree and the child to the ground with a crash both falling into a puddle of mud which splashed in all directions. It was indeed a horrible death the children in the bombarded city of Lucille. One child had come to another child also hanging by a series of branches. Many cuts on all parts of her body. One child was also found lying on her front against the chest of a dead soldier, her neck being crushed between the walls of a wrecked building. No child could probably have been so choked worse than she, and by the expression of her face, her suffering must have been unbearable.

And by the position of her body it could be seen that she had made a valiant struggle in trying to loosen that awful grip before death came down to her. The Christian generals with the Ruler, could not bear to see the sight of the child's awful strangulation, and her bulging eyes and protruding tongue. A score of men were working hard to pry her loose from the wall, but in vain, they had to cover her face with a piece of cloth. Another child pinned among the wreckage was found writhing in mortal agony. Several men were trying to remove him but their attempts brought down a sharp piece of wood which wedged into the middle of his body. The child could not be removed without ripping him open, though one of the men felt tempted to do it, to end the child's misery.

"Can't we let him lay in all this misery?" said the man. "But we will kill him anyway if we do not remove that sharp plank." Said another: "We will have to remove him as it will any way end his misery."

"Oh please don't," pleaded the child in such a piteous way as to melt a heart of stone. "If you will kill me don't kill me in such a way." At this moment another big piece of timber gave way letting loose a perfect avalanche of rubble and debris and she was suddenly buried under it ten feet deep. Before she could be dug free, it she had died of suffocation. Fortunately another child had been rescued by general Baldwin. Robert Vivian clapped the back of the child to cause him his recovery, for he was about to die. As the Ruler was doing his best to prevent the child from dying, Baldwin went toward a prostrated iron door where several men were dying, but could render no aid whatever. Under the urgent treatment the child soon recovered, and when he was able to rise they helped the poor child to his feet.

"How do you feel now?" asked the great general Jacob Baldwin. "I was choked awful hard," moaned the little boy blind blind by tears. "My throat feels as if it was between the timbers yet. It would have been better if I had went into the arms of Jesus. My mother and father are dead. Oh what would I give if they were still alive. I love you big men soldiers for saving me," and the poor little boy with a sad moan threw his arms round Baldwin's neck and wept bitterly, while being embraced at the same time. Baldwin wept also and placed his arms round the grateful little boy and thus they remained for some time, it, indeed being a piteous sight, and it brought tears to Robert Vivian's eyes. The little boy who had been ragged, and was suffering quite badly from cuts on his body, the pain of which made him cry all the more bitterly.

Many of the soldiers were found to be fairly well washed in blood, and as the rescuers attempted to lift the wounded, they screamed themselves to hoarseness from the terrible agony, and then all of a sudden threw back their heads and died. Many others were screaming as loudly as they could as their sufferings were intolerable having been tangled more horribly than the others. The wailing St. Peters street Robert Vivian and the rest, observed a more harrowing sight, the wreckage being covered more thickly with the bloody bodies of the dead soldiers, the stench of the gore being terrible, and the great leader could hardly stand it at all. Every corpse seemed drenched in blood, and were a more sight than those seen before.

"Oh those poor little victims of the cruel glandolinian shells, will they never be seen again?" moaned Robert Vivian piteously. "Oh I would have sooner went with them, rather than observe this horrible sight. Oh what will happen to your parents and friends when if they are surviving, they find them in this condition. Oh Dear God I wish you had spared these poor little things from the cruel fury of the glandolinian shells at least, if not the soldiers. You Dear blessed Mother plead to Jesus Your son for our stricken nation, and to free the hundreds of thousands of injured still living, by rescue of a more less painful death. Oh I wish this battle had not come when my armies were so far away. Then I could have availed this. Oh please Dear God deliver the nation from all this cruel suffering. Graciously hear me Dear Jesus, My friend who blessed little children, send mercy and end the misery of this nation. Amen."

The generals were indeed horrified at the scenes they witnessed.

"Oh this is awful," groaned general Baldwin. "Oh I wish the Eastern cities like Angolia, Agathia and Dorothy Gale could and would send us rescue. For the enemy will win the battle before to night."

"The cities cannot do it," said the guide. "They are cut off from us by raging forest fires set by other Glandolinian armies to prevent it."

"Well the Glandolinians on Lucille picked a bad place to do short work of this city," said Baldwin bitterly, and with a shiver. "This night is awful."

Indeed the faces of all these Christian generals were white with horror. Not only soldiers were victims but children also. One other child who was being extracted from the wreckage about a shrill shriek mingled with the piercing screams of other children.

"Goodness gracious," Baldwin heard one of the rescuers say. "Fourteen children are among the wreckage with their organs still exposed and still alive."

At this the hearts of the king and the Christian general beat fast and loud.

"Some of you men come over here and help me extract these opened bodies," they heard the man shout.

"Can't be done without killing them," another man said who advanced. "They are gone."

Some of the men on the north of the wreckage and seizing the frightfully mangled forms, lifted them up with the utmost care but the entire frontal parts of the bodies gave way the intestines falling to the ground, the deaths of these children being horrible. At this sight the rescuers almost reeled, and some vomited, and some of them turned and shook their fists in the direction of the ridges shouting:

"For all this Angolia and Calveria will be avenged."

Everywhere could be heard wails and laments mingled with prayers.

One little boy stark naked lay on his front, and Baldwin and Robert Vivian could see his tongue protruding, and blood coming from all parts of his body. The back and front of his neck was wedged between two beams his throat having been crushed under the pressure. The boy had suffered untold agony and by the position of his arms it could be seen he had done his best to get free of the beams, but his struggles had made them wedge all the tighter. His face was fairly purple and his body seemed to have gone through some meat chopper, and a further glance showed that some sharp instrument had been plunged into his abdomen, (probably the fragment of a shell) and forced down in such a way across his body lengthwise as to open it entirely, the intestines of the whole body having fallen out as the inside of his belly was completely empty. The body of a little girl near by was covered with the intestines of a dead dog lying on the wreckage near her. The heart of some dead soldier was also found crushed on her face, and some child's tongue was also found near her. No one could describe the horror of the ruler and general and now they saw a man trying to extract another child a little girl from a pile of bricks and mortar. She was a pretty little girl of eight years, and the man clutching her by the shoulders tried to pull her out.

After pulling most of the wreckage from her, the men tried again but in vain.

"I guess you are as good as dead," the Christian leaders heard one of the men say bitterly.

"I don't want to die," the frightened child screamed. "I won't die. Pull me out."

Robert Vivian knew that the man was right, for she would die before any one could succeed in rescuing her. As the men tried to pull again a large stone on the wreckage above fell down wedging the child's head against a narrow beam. The man tried to remove the stone but the little girl died of the choking she received before he could get any help from Baldwin.

here the bodies of the dead soldiers lay as thick as straw as it was.
"It was here on this ridge district yonder, that most of the dead were found." Said the guide. "As there the shellstorm did the most damage."

Robert Vivian and the others surveyed the wreckage and the horrible tangled bodies with their keen eyes noticing that not one building had any walls left intact, and Carries square was indeed a sight.

"How far is it to St Peters street proper?" Asked Robert Vivian as they halted. "This district is almost impassable."

"I know a way through," said a guide. "We will have to cross the main portion of the Trocien Lane ridge district first, which is a veritable sea of wreckage. That is the only way possible to St Peters street, and I hope you will be able to bear the sights you will witness. I don't believe you will."

"It is a long distance to St Peters street," said Robert Vivian bitterly. "I do not see why myself how the shell storm could have done it all this damage, and yet leave so many survivors."

After some time of struggling through the windrows of wreckage, they reached the main part of the Trocien Lane ridge district, and here the scene was worse than on Carries Square. All that was left of the strongest buildings was only big windrows of tangled wreckage, furniture, plaster planks and bodies. Destruction had been completed here as there was not a single wall of any building standing, not nothing but a big intermingled sea of wreckage, unrecognizable and material of everything.

"At this point the way is impassable altogether," said the guide. "We will have to plow west for a quarter of a mile to a part where a slight clearing can be seen. What locality were your poor little girls caught in?"

"On the Trocien Lane districts," answered Robert Vivian. "Do you think we can possibly find them?"

"If they are still there," answered the guide. "We may be able to find them, but do you know that at this point immediately after the shell storm that this whole district had been pelted with the food products and utensils of every description."

"No indeed," said Robert Vivian. "Well it did," exclaimed the guide. "It literally rained ham, eggs, boxes of raw tomatos, berries, milk cans loaded with milk, bottles, carrots, and vegetables of every description. This region was even pelted with washtubs, dishes, furniture of all descriptions, clocks and house hold articles. Where it all came from no one knows but it had been a good supply to some of the injured rescued soon afterwards."

After ten minutes of ploughing through the tangled wreckage they soon reached a clearing where the ridge district was a little more passable. Here they started to ascend surveying the wreckage in every direction which was a most terrible sight ever revealed. Strange smells came from the wreckage, and from gore and other things. The guide exclaimed however the cause. Many bodies of little children and others uprooted from devastated graves had been rended to pieces by blasting shell explosions and hurled among or into the seething torrents of wreckage and with their intestines torn clean out of them had been buried so deep that they could not be reached, and that the bodies were probably decayed when in the graves. The stench also prevailed from the puddles of blood, and frightful sights of the bodies were exposed. One little girl was seen with broken skull, crushed body and dislocated arms and the look in the little girls face was awful. The body of a little boy was lying across a piece of timber with his body half open a regular bleeding corpse. Many other children both girls and boys were lying among the wreckage so badly mangled that they resembled the corpses of the murdered children at Calambrinia. One little girl was seen whose head and neck was crushed. Robert Vivian and the others were too horrified to say a word but they looked upward toward heaven, and the guide saw their eyes overflowing with tears. One wounded soldier was overwhelmed with misery and terror, and as pleadingly as he could begged the rescuers to save him. The rescuers were trying to force their way to him with ugly looking knives, pick axes and crowbars being filled with determination, but their efforts were in vain. The wounded soldier was utterly helpless. It was sad and horrible. Many of the dead children had postures and Scapulars wrapped on them which they had borne to their graves with them. Every where could be heard the shrieks of the wounded crying for help, and if any of the rescuers had witnessed these sights, they would have left because they could not stand it. One little girl was lying across a beam with her head thrown far back. Her eyes were also bulging in the same manner as if they were going to come out and her tongue was sticking out, her face being purple and ghastly in hue, and streams of blood came from her nose mouth and ears. A heavy block of stone was lying on her neck edge-wise and her protruding tongue was scratched and mangled.

The bodies of the dead almost sliced up bodies of the very soldiers had ran in streams mingling with the wreckage and the very ground was covered with the life blood of the men. Every where could be seen blood covered corpses. Robert Vivian with a pleading look said pitifully:

"Oh God I don't see how the gin delinquents could have killed them in all such a horrible way. I can't bear the sight, and I feel like giving up the search and revenge this. I hope my daughters are not among the wreckage in the same condition."

"You are a ligone." He muttered with no change of countenance when co, r collecting words were spoken to him. "But I'll find them. They are here somewhere. They must be God grant that they must!"

At this time the bodies were found on I Olisians grounds. Calceol was first seen as a body was blown away across the fields of flattened wreckage in a delirium and saying to every one he met that they killed his wife and children, and that they that they must pay up. He was finally found, and seized, and discovered to be insane over his loss. Robert Vivian and the rest now came upon the ruins of another large wooden mansion whose front part was also turned upside down and the rest in a mass of splintered and tangled wreckage. Here they learned that the same concussion of the explosion had committed a number of freaks simultaneously. The building situated on Maple street belonged to Augustine Mic-Holleston one of the Angelinian detectives. Two members of this Mic-Holleston family had been hurled through a big front window when the blast and concussion wrecked their home, the front side of which had been turned upside down and one of the two landing in a bottle on top of the ruins. Neither were hurt beyond minor scratches. Their father narrowly escaped with his life when the roof of the house was blown off, as flying bricks hit him making bad scalp wounds. Her mother who escaped unhurt by running out the front door of the house just as it collapsed, and being cut by flying glass, and her hands and arms being severely bruised in the numerous cartwheel performances which she made in her wild flight amid the sudden secondary storm of seething wreckage. An aunt of the two little girls had been wedged tightly between two fallen trees so tightly that men and carpenters had to clear away the debris, and chop away tangled wreckage, cut away the remaining branches and saw the trunk in two to liberate her. She was unhurt however except for a bruised leg and arm.

Another peculiar and incident of the same ho use was that of a wooden box containing a delicate crucifix. The box was broken to bits, but the crucifix which would not survive the slightest bump was unharmed and uninjured. The box was under the bed of one of the little girls rooms and the cross was lying on an opposite side of the room.

The biggest grain elevator in the Angelinian world at Mic-Whirther and Lucille's place half a block away from the railroad station had been blown entirely away. The grain elevator had stood two hundred and eighty feet high and was seven blocks long. This building being in the path of the main, Glandelinian batteries on Lucille's place, had escaped the main bombardment but had been swept away by the gigantic explosion. Machinery of all kinds and hundreds of tons of grain had been scattered about adjacent territory. Near this building twenty hundred soldiers had been killed by the shell blast itself, and three thousand more injured fatally. This was the greatest freak known which no doubt showed the mighty power of the Glandelinian high explosive shells. Only one shell of this kind had done all this, to the railroad station and blocks of buildings and other places already mentioned. All the grain elevators in the whole city had been destroyed by shellfire. Some of the grain elevators had stood near the Trocien Lane ridge district, and most of these had been reduced to heaps of tangled wreckage. Railroad tracks, freight trains and passenger trains torn up bodily from their sidings or the main road and hurled in all directions by this mighty explosion were seen in various stages of total demolition in every section of the vicinity of the city. The railroad loss formed a large part of the property damage. One long train of eleven coaches held belonging to the Mic-Holleston had been raised from the tracks at Thirty eight and Center streets by the concussion and hurled straight into the street below, the engine being thrown across the railroad tracks on the opposite side of Mic-Holleston avenue, and the whole train with its tall of frightfully mangled human beings, was almost buried in the wreckage of the houses shaken down by the concussion near by.

Another wrecked train was seen on St Peters street twenty blocks from the scene of the explosion crushed upside down against a granite wall of a large cemetery. Many were killed or badly injured on this train. Hundreds of freight cars had been piled up like old junk and thousands of the most handsome railroad coaches had been scattered all about the railroad yards near the depot. And a train had been wrecked a few blocks away from where the Vivian girls had seen their three friends rescued. Of the numerous freaks of this explosion one of about the church of the Blessed Margert Mary was considered the most marvelous. It had an altar, a most magnificent one costing about five hundred thousand dollars in material and erection, and standing about two hundred and fifty feet high. This church stood in a standing between the vicinity of the same streets had been fairly reduced to heap of ruins by the concussion amid all the scenes of desolate wreckage all round it. The shellblast had also acted strangely as a thief for the contents of the Tabernacle was missing. Another freak in the same vicinity, had occurred in an immense lumber yard two three blocks away from the railroad station, south. This lumber yards being several acres wide was covered with the wreckage of several hundred other houses, and a search for the lumber had been made, but not a trace of it could be found. Some shell blasts had probably blown all the lumber to nothing, and other shells or probably the blast of the gigantic explosion had scattered the wreckage of the railroad station and other houses into the yards to replace the lumber. In this lumber yard was found also the bodies of dead soldiers so closely packed that it was estimated that thousands of dead bodies had been hurled into the lumber yard with the wreckage.

It was reported that the explosion was heard in all its reverberating crash for one hundred and fifty miles and made a perfect eruption of smoke and debris where it had burst sending the column column of smoke nearly three thousand feet into the air. The concussion of the explosion hurled down buildings in the vicinity for six blocks distant. Shrieks, and cries and groans came from every direction along this site. From the many wounded that had been resulted from this blast, but rescue work was impossible and it was believed that hysterical men and officers were responsible for much of this awful clamor and seemed unable to tell, what they wished done or to express the greatest desire for aid. The north and west side stations of the Evangeline St. Clare railroad and a large switch, shanty thirteen blocks distant from the scene of the blast which had been only slightly damaged were turned into emergency relief stations, and were crowded with the injured brought to them. The doctor applied such first aid as he could supply, and an effort was made to secure a relief train from the railroad, but the fact that the entire line had been temporary crippled, and disabled made this impossible.

Zimmerman Hanson a round house keeper living at Carries square was killed in the wreck of the round house which had been leveled by the concussion and the bodies of many other men were found in the ruins among the damaged engines. Jennie Hollerson the daughter of the killed round house keeper a six year old girl was fatally hurt, while her one months old baby brother, and another sister were taken from the mass of splinters and wreckage unhurt, her father having died of his wounds, before the rescuers could reach her. And this round house was seven blocks from the scene of the wruptive explosion.

Advancing onward Rover Robert Jivian and his followers came upon the ruined walls of a giant prison which by the same concussion had been shattered into grotesque ruins. Here they found an oil engine and tender which had been driven foremost into the walls and where lay the oil engineer who had been killed by the explosion of the boiler. Inquiring about his freak, they learned it had been a long excursion train belonging to the Evangeline and St. Clare railroad, and which being in the same station had been blown off the tracks, landing exactly on the spot and badly damaged. When the fireman saw the huge screaming projectile coming he jumped and ran but the engineer tried to escape the shell by running the train into a cut across the Mic-Hollister and Pandora railroad track. The cars by the terrific concussion of the blast and by the force of the blast itself, were literally torn loose from their couplings and blown tracks and all down into the streets below where they were found badly damaged, but all the passengers, two conductors, all soldiers, and only one child passenger a boy had only been painfully but not seriously hurt by flying glass and splinters or shocked by the frightful crash of the explosion. Charles Orington 14,699 Carries square was directing the soldiers in the defense of a large wooden orphan asylum when the building suddenly went to pieces about their ears amid a sudden roar splitting uproar and deafening volume of sound. Though no one was killed there, were all taken from the wreckage badly bruised and severely injured many with broken arms or legs. Robert Jivian and the others examined this building which lay as flat as a postage stamp and finding the cause said: "The concussion of the explosion also did this, and it is a marvel that the wreckage did not kill one."

Robert Jivian's big mission standing near the same asylum which he really superintended over and had been skinned in front by the same blast which wrecked the asylum by the concussion, and although the walls were left standing the interior from the shock of the concussion had been reduced into ruin. Shale ruins, and bodies lay among the ruins like pepper spots. At the explosion the shock had caused the interior to cave in, burying the soldiers under great masses of wreckage and rubble. No children were killed however at this spot and neither was the owner though he had been in the place when the explosion at the railroad depot occurred. Over five hundred soldiers were taken from the wreckage of the mansion without even a scratch. Robert Jivian came now upon a burning scene with the ruins of a dozen houses burning within fifty feet of the wreckage under which she was imprisoned close to the scene of the blast, a little girl screamed in agony, while tons of timber and cement and bricks were hauled away and wrenched away by hundreds of men. Rescuers in the frantic efforts of half crazed men and soldiers who toiled with what tools they could, finding in vain their efforts to save the life of the poor child, but by the time Robert Jivian reached the scene, she was removed from the wreckage unconscious, and death came within a few minutes.

Grazed by the loss of his regiment an who perished in the same region Colonel John Malcolm an army traction officer who claimed the Treckan Lane ridge district as his own dwelling point before the storm of shells annihilated it completely disappeared in a fit of insanity. When the house he and his regiment took refuge in was hurled into the sky into splintered wreckage and scattered to the four winds by the recent explosion near the station, the horrible crushed bodies of his men were thrown nearly a thousand yards, and were later found in a group in the devastated grounds of August Union. There was not a unbroken bone in any of the bodies. Even his own children were among them and his wife also. That of Catherine his little girl was pinned to the earth by a beam of iron which had passed through her chest and twice, and out of the back of her neck and shoulder blades. Robert Jivian hearing this scene of tragedy found Mr. Malcolm prodding about in the ruins with a stick.

143-
"Soldier whose pretty little girl whose name was Jane, played with him as a child with him life, when the storm of shells burst upon his district, but was taken from the wreckage with a log so badly crushed that separation was thought necessary. When one of those terrible shells struck the house, he with the little girl was on his way down stairs, his leg being pinned between a heavy timber and the foundation stone. Robert Jivian and several others had to saw away timber, and haul away tons of debris, and knock out brick and stone of the foundation before they could release him. He was the only survivor beside the child every one else in the place having been killed. All buildings closely adjoining each other in this district were in waste, and all that was left was great heaps of brick and stone. Robert and the rest now arrived at St. Catherine Cemetery where many children who had died on account of the horrors of the war had been buried. This cemetery was swept clean by the storm of shell fire being fairly bared of everything it had.

It had been predicted that the shells had struck only a corner of St. Anne's Cemetery adjoining it further down, but it was discovered that both cemeteries where three thousand children had been buried had been ravaged, being cleaned out of every body, tree and tombstone. Graters were seen in the ground one nearly half a mile wide and three hundred feet deep. A little child's grave had been decorated and decorated with flowers by the explosion of a shell, and Robert Jivian believed that the freak may have been done by one of the shells razing a Conservatory near by, but on investigating no flower house could be seen, and so where these flowers came from was a mystery indeed. Every fragrant blossom had been thrown on the grave like various colored snowdrifts. In the Tribunal building a little child's tombstone had been found half buried by Robert Jivian and the rest, who happened to go and visit it indeed.

"The shell which did this must have had great strength and violence in its explosion, to throw this tombstone all this distance." Said Robert Jivian. "I believe that it might have forty tons as you see it is immense in size, and the inscription on it says that it is worth about thirty three thousand dollars. That cemetery this damage may have come from it don't say. A park part is broken off. This is strange indeed."

Watching Bernard and Treckan even a Robert Jivian saw a large piece of a great smoke stack standing upside down with piles of machinery on top of it and undamaged. This was a remarkable freak indeed, but there were others that far surpassed this. On Camille street Robert Jivian saw three houses on top of one another in various degrees of ruins as if they had telescoped each other. Another house torn almost in two was on top of an unscathed tree, with all the rooms and utensils exposed to view, and several men were taken taking three men out of unharmed. This indeed was a strange freak.

Two other soldiers were seen hanging on the leafless branch of a tall tree, and several soldiers were trying to get them down, but in vain as the branches held them fast. In the same street Robert Jivian was examining the ruins of a great power works, when to his evident surprise he saw inside a large merry go round three hundred feet in circumference standing upright in the position of a wheel on a track and unharmed, while lying across on top, was the fly wheel of some large factory engine. How some great explosion accomplished this freak no one with Robert Jivian could ascertain, as the roof and walls of the building on the sight where the wheel stood had held firm, and even where the Merry Go Round came from was a more baffling mystery, as no pleasure parks were within sight of this vicinity and none was ever known to be in the city itself.

In this vicinity of freaks the loss of life had been more terrible. Not far from that power house ten thousand had been killed, and sixty five thousand six hundred and forty two had been so badly injured that they would never survive. It seemed impossible that any one went through all this alive, the death list was appalling. Robert Jivian noticed that the rear end of St. Michaels Convent in Logans street, where every building had been mowed down like grass, was turned upside down like Aramburgs School. Every building had been blown out. All the floors were crushed to kindling, furniture shattered to fragments, and three quarters of the soldiers seeking refuge here, killed or injured. Near here was another railroad yard belonging to the Mic-Hollister, ponds Bowditch and Calverton railroad. Hundreds upon hundreds of long freight cars had been blown away, or whirled down it the tracks, or shattered into kindling wood.

On Mic-Widthers street and Lucille Jackson Avenue were the ruins of an immense railroad depot turned bottom upward was found a conical but tremendous freak of the shell storm. Near here had stood a large church and which was fronted with a statue of Satan tempting Jesus. A large dome of some ruined church had been blown on top of the head of Satans image in the manner of a large bowl shaped helmet with the spire still attaining to it. One of another freak of the same shell storm was found in connecting with a train of the same yards, and crossing north Carries square which had been wiped out by the battle and shell storm. The train of the Mic-Hollister and Pandora was about to pull out of the station, when a great giant high explosive weighing probably ten thousand pounds fell beside the station, and the structure an immense five story building of brick and concrete was torn from its foundation by the mighty eruption and thrown on bottom upward or bottom side up one hundred yards from Mic-Widthers street a half a block from its site. The whole train stood unharmed on the ceiling of the structure, which was shorn of walls and floor in transit, only the concrete beams and pillars remaining. Everyone in the train was killed.

The great convent of St. Mary was horribly damaged by the furious earthquake of the night of the 19th and still fire also. Five entire sections of the interior of the building had been razed, and it was possible to see through the heart of the structure from the railroad yards. Ailing numbers of dead soldiers had been found in the ruins of all the houses a hour later on, but no one was found in the convent. The scenes of misery and horror that Robert Vivian witnessed on the Treckan Lane ridge district exceeded all description, nothing being heard but the sighs, groans, shrieks, moans of the maimed. Thousands who survived the fatal scenes, bewailed the deaths of their best friends and no one could hardly take a step without treading on the dead and mangled bodies and even intestines. On the railroad coaches yards, coaches with their soldier passengers and conductors almost buried in the wreckage of other houses were crushed in pieces. Hundreds of officers were seen among the mangled soldiers with their backs tight and ribs broken. Five colonels were seen with vast blocks of building stones on their breasts and in the same condition, while hundreds of frightfully injured soldiers lay almost buried in tons of debris and crying out in vain for succor, and who had perished in the conflagration before aid came. As Robert Vivian and the rest knew in the addition to the horrors caused by the shell fire, the devoted survivors had been exposed to the ravages of general and terrible fires, which had broken out in places an hour after the disaster, and one third of the Treckan Lane district was still in a blaze which made the scene so fearful, that hell with its sea of fire seemed to have broken loose. The whole city had broken into fire at innumerable different places at once. Though it was on fire in a hundred different places at once, the conflagrations burned slow, on account of the thickness of the rubble and mortar debris, and if it had not been for this the fire would have consumed the whole city before any of the living still under the wreckage could have been rescued. The fire had after two days following the battle consumed everything the shell fire had spared, the city for those two following nights appearing in a blaze so bright that any one could read ready to read by the glow.

Thousands of those who had survived the great disaster stood by looking on with silent grief which was only interrupted by the shrieks and wails of the injured soldiers calling on the Saints and angels for succor when ever the distant battle increased its roar and shaking the ground which was so do not continue and indeed I may say ever since that of the squall of shells did not cease for a quarter of an hour could not be perfectly described. Every wooden house was scattered and destroyed and smothered as flat as a postage stamp, and many injured lay completely buried in the windrows of wreckage crying out piteously but in vain for help, and where ever the injured could be found nothing could be heard but the sighs, groans, whimpers and lamentations and wailing. Major general Hankins of Aronburg of Angellina. As the whole world was writing a command to major general Blunderbuss when he was interrupted by a swiftly gathering prolonged roar and hearing the thundering roar of shells and feeling the ground shaking like an earthquake made a dash for the lower story cellar calling to his wife and children to follow. Suddenly there was a deafening roar that almost blinded him and his whole three story wooden house in St. Peter's street became a molten mass of timbers and debris and floors that scattered seemingly in a hundred directions at once by a series of shell explosions. A mainly millions of darts were seen to be striking roaring, and howling, above him, while showers of timbers fell all about where he crouched, the whole building having been blown away above his head in a few minutes time, and scattered in all directions. Then all of a sudden amid all this terrible tumult, he saw a bed with a shrieking man in it come flying through the air making many spins and some somersaults, dumping the shrieking man out. It landed in the cellar with a crash and rending of timbers right in front of him. He did not know what to make of it, his narrow escape, his wife and children had been buried in the wreckage of another building, but suffered only slight injury. Robert Vivian and the others examined the cellar well, saw the broken bed and a dead man lying in the wreckage above the cellar. He declared this to be a freak of the shell explosions and a most peculiar one at that.

After this they went to Ophelin park not far away, which was also shattered or shelled. Here they saw thousands of trees which must have been snapped like pine stones or uprooted, as there were only holes and stumps to mark their places, and all the trees not blown topless had been laid flat like grass, and stripped of all their verdure. Hundreds of thousands of trees, big hemlocks, pines, and others oaks of all kinds had been pulled over the ground by shells, and whistled into the air like bullets or sky rockets.

Near this park and elsewhere many more trees had been ruined and in some cases trees of great size like battering rams, against the houses, the houses of a terrible invader. Hundreds of big buildings consisting of fire proof structures, being smashed as flat as postage stamps, the loss of life here, terrible. Everywhere windrows of timbers, bricks and mortars, ten or thirty feet deep, with here and there thousands of buildings, big and small totally wrecked and sprang all away. The shells had poured as if the windows of heaven had opened and let loose its fiery storms, and terrific indeed had been the crashing roar of the voices of explosions.

A 43

In every story not raised where the walls had been skinned off, all the rooms with iron beds and mangled bodies had been exposed to view. All the wooden houses round these buildings were piled upon piles of kindling, and thousands of soldiers fairly stripped to pieces were exposed among this wreckage. All these unfortunate soldiers had been buried under tons of debris and had been so horribly crushed, that they came apart, intestines and all, when extracted from the ruins. Before Robert Vivian and the rest, an awe inspiring conglomeration of wreckage was exposed in the whole of St. Catherine's street, every building being crushed, whole blocks of buildings on St. Anne's avenue which crossed St. Catherine's street at the base were also in total ruin. The twelve room houses on Aronburg V Boulevard with walls fourty inches thick, had been swept clean off their foundations, and dumped into tangled ruins. The ruins of St. Joseph's hospital was remarkable. The entire roof had been blown off, and lay in wreckage two hundred yards away. All the windows on every side had been shattered as if with cannon fire.

All the walls were badly shaken, and great parts of them torn away, and great heaps of ruins dumped alongside. Conception Avenue which could easily been seen where Robert Vivian and the others stood, and which also ascended the Treckan Lane ridge district was in a horrible appearance of ruin and desolation. Three thousand dead soldiers had already been extracted from the wreckage, every house on both sides of the street, no matter what size, having been torn down to their foundations. One whole business block near by had been leveled to the ground in wreckage strewn as flat as a postage stamp. Windrows of wreckage seven or eight feet high, packed the beautiful graceful winding driveway surmounting the ridge districts and on these drive every tree had been broken off short, or uprooted by a storm of shell explosions. Mrs. Catherine's four story mansion had also sustained the full fury of the shell storm and wrecked beyond redemption.

As it was the explosions of the gigantic missiles made it wavy as it was, turn turtle onto the roof of a factory, which adjoined it, both crushing each other, these ruins being covered with great heaps of wreckage. In these Boulevard heavy heavier loss of life had occurred. St. Catherine's Convent on Carriole Street was razed into ruins as if it had been torn to pieces by Nitro Glycoline. Every one of the soldiers had been killed in this beautiful building, and from the wreck strewn streets in every direction Robert Vivian and the others could see through it easily. This building was surrounded by debris three stories high, while the bodies of privates and officers alike lay among the tangled wreckage.

As Robert Vivian and the rest reached forty seventh street they saw from the point where they halted to where as far as eye could reach, thousands of buildings closely adjoining each other in completely waste. Heaps upon heaps of wreckage, broken windrows of debris, and thousands of soldiers being torn by shells until their intestines were exposed were only left to mark the site of these places. Ten thousand were killed here, nearest to the spectators, and three hundred and fifty of them were officers. The whole business and residence districts or the whole region for six mil three miles had been fairly blown to pieces or scattered to the four winds, and into a leveled sea of wreckage, by the thousands of shells. On Vivian street, which crossed Cal. Canton street, there had at of thirty five six story buildings, being factories & Catholic Goods, and badly damaged were these handsome buildings that they resembled lumber dump shanties of or ramshackle ruins of barns. Fifty five thousand bodies were found among these bodies. Every building in this street also sustained the shell fire, and so terribly mowed down were they that it seemed as if invisible mountains had fallen upon them. Here twenty nine thousand and fifty five soldiers were found dead here.

St. Anne's school house was leveled to the ground, and Aronburg great University known as St. Mariae which was a seven story brick structure, and five hundred feet long was in remarkable but in the most terrible ruins. At the outbreak of the shell storm two soldiers were thrown through the windows by the concussion of a shell among the terrified inmates, but escaped minor scratches, though every one else perished. The building looked as if it had been shattered by millions of cannon balls, and all the floors being crushed into kindling wood, and all the soldiers had found ten thousand of wreckage. Five generals were killed however, the most being killed in the portions torn loose.

The front end of the building by the same shell had been turned upside down and practically smashed out of shape, and nine hundred and fifty nine soldiers were dug out of these ruins later, and not a one was found who did not have crushed hands, crushed arms, or legs. Every one even had their very insides torn out of them, and some had their legs so badly lacerated and also their necks that their intestines were exposed also. All the interior of the building was in indescribable wreckage. In the railroad yards of Lucille picked at the eastern base of the Treckan Lane ridge district one thousand freight cars had been whirled about the yards by the concussion of explosions and then shattered into kindling by shells that exploded among them.

On either side of the railroad yards Robert Vivian saw that big five story houses were cut in by a immense pieces, with beds exposed in the upper stories and many tons of wreckage dumped into the streets. Not a building on either side of the railroad yards was left intact, whole blocks of buildings on Rose and Ophelin streets being razed by the explosion, and one great house had been turned turtle on the roof of half shattered house adjoining it to the east.

Center of the city, the middle of the Trocadero ridge district was full of great houses, in various degrees of ruin. St Cecilia's school was in total ruin, all the roofs were off, walls almost down, and floors crumbled and sagging. As police, Vivian and the rest learned, thirty-two soldiers, and two officers were killed, and one thousand two hundred others, were found dead or injured about the wreckage. The wreckage along this street was terrible indeed. St Cecilia's Cathedral was a mass of terrible ruins. No one who defended it this building against the terrible power, and alive, though the loss was not yet known. One thousand wooden houses were found in piles of various ruins and degrees of tangled wreckage. Hundreds upon hundreds of telephone poles lay across this street also.

At the base of the Trocadero ridge district, at St Peters Street, Robert Vivian and the others noticed that St Catherine's Cathedral was in remarkable ruins. At the sudden outbreak of this thundering shell storm, this great Holy building whose spires stood two hundred and sixty-five feet high, had been torn clean from its foundation by the concussion, and its pushed several blocks against a badly massed windrow of wreckage and left standing in a position like the rakish demeanor of a new hat on the head of a drunken man. Every window in the big church was shattered by the cannon fire, the whole roof had been torn away by shells, and the walls were shattered in all shapes of ruins and sagging, threateningly. The inside of the Cathedral was a sight, the whole roof having been torn away the interior being filled thirty feet deep with timbers and debris.

The loss of life had been heavy as one thousand soldiers had been killed in the Cathedral. A great number of killed and injured were soldiers. Robert Vivian and the rest advanced to St Catherine's Street, at the base of the Trocadero ridge district where they discovered a most horrible sight. There had been left standing on the siding of the railroad and Pandora crossing, a long string of freight cars, some being box cars, and others flat cars, loaded with lumber and iron. The rest were coal and furniture cars. On the slopes to the north stood one hundred and sixty-four, five-story frame and brick structures, shells and solid shot sweeping down these slopes shattered these houses into complete wreckage and crushed them with great violence against the cars which were derailed, and pushed across every track upon the main line. Every soldier had perished in these houses, hundreds being killed by shells and the wreckage, and thousands by fire, and long streams of fire had been started by the shells, and the fire lighting the wooden cars made a fantastic sight, like some great decorated ivy screen something. On one side of the iron coal cars not ignited about several yards away, Robert Vivian and the rest could see torn and lacerated bodies of soldiers and officers, many of these bodies being mangled and covered with gore, the sight of these corpses being too horrible to describe, and Robert Vivian was sick at heart.

One soldier was found reclining against the trucks of a flat car loaded with limestone almost naked, the sight of his condition being pitious indeed. His arms were half off, and were lacerated beyond description and so were his legs, which were half covered with broken laths, from a wrecked wooden building. His chest and abdomen was lacerated and opened wide and blood had gushed in streams from the whole body, his head being twisted side ways, with a big lath through her skull. His tongue was protruding, and all his intestines had entirely disappeared.

Before the fires had started every house hold article had been exposed to view. In the limestone cars which the man reclined against a two by four piece of board had been driven, and one big splinter torn from the side of a house had been forced into the side of a steel coal car so tightly that it was impossible for Robert Vivian as strong as he was, to remove it. Hundreds of great buildings and residences on both sides of St Catherine's street, had been cleaved or razed as if with three thousand sticks of dynamite. All the floors were merely kindling, the roofs had been entirely torn away, and not a window pane was remaining. Thousands upon thousands of dead were being dug out of these ruins, and the dead lacerated bodies of the soldiers made a pitious sight at the same time terrifying sight. All the soldiers who survived the tremendous disaster lamented the deaths of their comrades, sorrow and weeping being everywhere. A sad sight was presented on Canton St. a Street which assessed the Trocadero ridge district. Every single house was in various degrees of ruin but beyond redemption. Every street in that district was impassable with the windrows of wreckage, where dead soldiers were found by scores of thousands. The ruins of St Anne School was a sight, the building a four-story one, being in total ruins. All the school houses were exposed to view but in redemptionless ruins, and twenty-two thousand crushed and mangled bodies of soldiers and even officers by scores were seen in these ruins, being so badly mangled that they were unrecognizable, and two hundred of them were found in crushed heaps.

The sacred Heart Convent one of the strongest buildings in Lucille Lucille's parish was totally destroyed by one explosion, having been leveled to its foundation into an immense mound of bricks, mortar, rubble and timbers. This explosion had the force of a volcanic eruption. A ruined building near it probably an outhouse was found in the same position at St Catherine's Cathedral but the ravages were more severe. The roof of St Catherine's School was all in total ruins, being torn to shreds, and the building had in many parts been raised to its foundation. All the windows were out, some of the walls crushed in and the rest displaced of another school, and the building was surrounded by hundreds of tons of debris.

17-414

This officer had taken refuge in the cellar under a house where his men had used to defend themselves against the rebels the building being blown away by a high explosive, and heavy carriages nearly five thousand yards away was hurled through the air by an eruption of an explosion landing a second later in the cellar within a few feet of the corner where the man was crouching for protection. Robert Vivian and the officers passed on, soon reaching a more dismal scene. Hundreds upon hundreds of telephone poles lay across Gertrude Street and perfect networks of tangled wires made rescue work in impossible. Every one before their eyes all the way down the full length of Gertrude Street on both sides house after house had been perfectly razed by shell fire, and bursting into flames there stood to become a great general conflagration. The streets in places had perfect shell craters seven hundred yards wide and two hundred feet deep. Reaching the southwestern base of the Trocadero ridge district, Robert Vivian and the rest, saw the pitiful sights of the Lucille Jackson Tribunal in St Peters Street. It was all in ruins, and beyond redemption having been shattered to fragments, and the debris scattered. The great great leader also learned that in the Tribunal building sixteen generals governing the mobilization camps at Camp Town were killed, twenty-three other generals fatally wounded, and two others hurt. The main Tribunal head escaped with his life and unharmed, but was without shelter. Many of the wooden houses near by by the force of the great shell explosions had been scattered in many directions, and smashed, and shattered into no more boards. Here in this region Robert Vivian learned that great loss of life occurred. In this vicinity of the Tribunal hundreds of strong walled houses, defended by scores of thousands of soldiers had been by the series of explosions dumped completely into tangled heaps of ruins onto the pavements and into the streets, making them completely impassable. The streets were also strewn with shattered trees and resembled also a sea of spider webs above the wreckage, so thick was the broken branches and tangled telephone and other wires. The Tribunal as I said it before, had been blown to fragments by the shell fire, and near by many wooden houses had been hurled up and scattered about a distant territory, smashed and splintered by the great explosions. The street where the Tribunal building stood was also impassable for whole brick stories four stories high had been thrown into tangled windrows of wreckage onto the pavements, while great trees lay across the streets, and wreckage of all sorts made a complete barrier, that prevented the passage of any vehicles and even made the progress of His Majesty Robert Vivian and his followers quite dangerous.

Around the Tribunal building there were three score of five-story houses, with walls five feet thick, whose ruins were so complete and the debris so heterogeneously mixed, that it was actually impossible for the great leader to determine just where any of these structures had lately stood. Among the wreckage of these buildings thousands of mangled bodies of the soldiers killed, were exposed. An electric railroad engine had been blown over on its side and lay jammed against the stone wall of the Tribunal building, part of the wall itself being riven, and the main street itself was seen two blocks away from the Tribunal yards which indeed gave evidence of the extraordinary power of the violence of so many high explosives and gang-gang-shells. St Peters church itself was in flattened ruins, and the loss of life here exceeded sixteen hundred or more.

Robert Vivian and the rest could also see in the distance the ruins of twenty big school houses, which were badly damaged, every one having their upper parts out off, and the remainder in crushed ramshackle ruins. Robert Vivian learned that twenty thousand mangled and bleeding bodies were exposed in the midst of this wreckage. Three other schoolhouses within plain sight were seen to be badly shattered with their roofs blown off, two of others having their walls blown away exposing the interior, and the roof of the annex carried away.

St Patrick's Five Story five-story school house with twenty-seven big rooms, was completely destroyed, and the big house with all its neighboring houses of frame and brick lay as flat as a postage stamp.

A certain general of the ninth corps experienced a harrowing time during the storm of shells. He saved five hundred of his men out of ten thousand which defended one of the wrecked schools from injury by throwing them to the floor and hurling mattresses and other material over them, which he had quickly secured. He also saved his own brother. His face was cut open by flying glass, and his head was severely bruised by flying bricks and timbers. He was no Robert Vivian heard taken from the wreckage three hours later, and the soldiers he had saved were the only ones not injured. Fifteen hundred others were found frightfully mangled in the other school houses. The destruction of another big school house, had been so complete as told by survivors that the checkers never found the remains of the other windrows of wreckage, when making up the list of demolished houses.

Near the vicinity of these ruined school houses a soldier and two of his comrades running to a cellar for safety, had reached it too late and were sent rolling two blocks by the concussion of an eruption of explosions and forced to make acrobatic and leap frog stunts over each other, and sent spinning heels over head like cartwheels by the concussion before being dashed on their faces.

However strange to say they escaped without injury, though they were shaken up quite a bit. This occurred on St Mary's street, where Robert Vivian and the rest were standing, and where hundreds of great resident and public buildings had been cut so cleanly in two by secondary shells that a mathematician might apply the calipers in sighting the exact razor edge of the cutting shell points of the high explosives.

All the soldier passengers brought to attention by the strange and terrible thundering roar and from the sudden gathering of smoke on the summit of these beautiful hills observed the same sight, and believed also that the hills were becoming volcanoes in eruption.

"Stop the train, or we'll be killed," gave one shouted.

Every one on the train also suddenly observing a long surge of gray coats approaching the city, and perfect eruptions of smoke coming from every window and house top, and seeing so many graycoats falling down, were apprehensive, and many being terrified and excited began to yell, and make a rush for the exits, but now seemingly our a titting thunder rolls loud enough to seem to split the earth, and from the distant hills in hundreds of thousands of salvees, and then the ground started to sway while on all sides came cries of ;

"The earth quake, the earth quake."

"Keep cool everybody," shouted the conductor in each car, and no one will be hurt, for if it is a volcanic eruption the lava cannot reach us here. Lie down in the center of the car."

They set the example by doing so themselves, and every body followed except a score of men, who were mere shrieking and yelling at the top of their voices, trying frantically to get out just as we were passing through the heart of Carries square, a strange sound like a little girl or boy having her crop broke the stillness, which instantly turned to a waiting sound which on changed to a mighty roar like millions of thunderclaps and cannons of heavy calibre the ground swayed and shook under us like the sea in a storm, and in a moment every bit of glass

In all the coaches was shattered into shivers by the force of a line of terrific explosions of something near us which looked like a great fissure eruption. Nearly every car was unroofed by the blast of ten other explosions following in quick succession, and the coaches were also derailed and careened down the high embankment, with a mighty crash, and molten masses of boards and tons of other debris, fell with the most terrific force upon us, and against the sides of the cars left standing, which also turned over and careened down the embankment killing and injuring all their passengers. Hundreds of heavy boards had come through the window, during another storm of explosions, which almost made me deaf with their ear-splitting crashes. The engine, baggage baggage and express cars, were shattered by the explosions occurring from at which which I did not know, and then another blast that made a scene like an eruption and at that moment I saw a heavy board come through a window of a car still standing at one side as it was, and left sticking thru through a window on the opposite side when the explosions seemed to lull slightly all the cars had been left in a bad condition and the suffering of the injured was terrible. I realized later that the city had been held by millions of Angolani soldiers and the rebel infantry were not able to oust them though making charge after charge, the cannons on Lucille's ridge opened upon the city and blew them out."

A hasty appeal had been received early that morning by general Wilhelmstorger Zismann just as the battle had broken into full sway and the few surviving Angolians had been driven out of the city of Lucille's ridge.

"Your Excellency;

"Could you not send some aid to the stricken soldiers of Lucille's ridge especially in the vicinity of Carries Square which had been shaken and shells to pieces. The survivors having looked toward the northwest in the direction of Carries Square and Lucille's ridge had seen what they believed to be a strange volcanic eruption which started with a noise like a child having the crop probably the yelling of the gunners. The clouds over the summit had moved down the sides looked like snow white avalanches while the distant hills further off, looked like the ridges bordering the "Valley of the shadow of Death."

Every one who were defending the city against the onset of the foe were annihilated. The most tragic occurrence was the wreck of a train load of soldiers. Every one of them at the sudden uproar were scared, and though the conductors shouted;

"Everybody keep cool and lie in the center of the car" and set the example themselves very few were saved. In another moment there had been a volcano of shell explosions and every bit of glass in the eleven coaches was shattered. The cars were derailed and hurled down an embankment, while a mass of flying boards and tons of debris were hurled again at the sides of the cars. Many heavy boards came through windows of cars and were left sticking through windows on the other side. Many had been killed or injured and all the injured will die if aid does not come.

Yours truly General Grainer.

Many houses had been blown into the sky by the fiery burst of explosions and scattered to the four winds as Robert Vivian learned, and that the horribly crushed bodies of soldiers had been thrown for the distance of one hundred and fifty feet, every bone in their bodies having been broken, and most of their clothes stripped from them. Another little girl who had been a victim of the disaster and who had been bathing at her home at the time of the shell storm was before the sight of Robert Vivian extricated from the ruins with her chest and abdomen almost gone and her intestines could not be found. What explosion caused her to be in such a condition was a mystery. They now reached a ruin where the king learned that a certain Christian officer had a trying experience. When the shells began

"It don't think it is hardly safe for you to go back in such a scene of destruction and carnage, but if you insist on doing so, you can."

In a few minutes His Majesty Robert Vivian with twenty officers, went out toward the direction of Mic-Holleston Street, but yet without any priest, as none could be found. Oh the horrors of the next few hours, the hopelessness and anxious search among the windows of timbers, bricks, and rubble amid the thunder of shells and roar of the distant battle. The mass of great wreckage at a standing upright bent and groaned before the continual swaying and trembling of the ground, and before the fury of a most stiff gale that was blowing, breaking lathes, blowing down protruding sticks, lashing the searchers face, and almost blinding them with dust and smoke. They at last found a little girl amid a window of fiercely a smouldering wreckage lying crushed and mangled, and unconscious, several of the men frantically digging at the rubbish, but now with the help and direction of Robert Vivian and the twenty men, the work was soon successful, though he himself and all the men received injuries from the timbers crashing down upon them, and from some shells that exploded treacherously near them. But at last Angelina Turner was free the King not having noticed her condition as yet.

"Don't let His Majesty look at yet. One of the men said 'Cover her face with clothing, she is still breathing, though horribly mangled.'"

In a few minutes His Majesty Robert Vivian was stepping beside the mangled bleeding heap of humanity, who had but a short time before been the brilliant and beautiful Angelina Turner.

"It is better for your Majesty not to look," said one of the men to Robert Vivian, as he prepared to uncover the body."

"I'm doing this and have a right to look," said Robert Vivian sternly but harshly; "God grant that she may live."

"Yes," said another man "there is still a spark of life in the poor little girl, though she is unconscious, and disfigured beyond recognition."

With great care she was carried off His Majesty Robert Vivian intending to place her where he had put the two wounded sons of his who had fallen so gallantly in the battle. A few minutes later a wounded child was lying on a cot all swathed in bandages, and several doctors stood watching her every breath, while the great leader Robert Vivian knelt in the room praying earnestly that she would regain her senses, and then Robert Vivian sent several men out to see if they could locate his daughters, but several other men came in just then the child he was tending was not Angelina Vivian at all, that all of his daughters were safe within the city a doing all they could in their own aid of mercy.

Over this news Robert Vivian was elated, with joy, and so despite the earnest entreaties of the others, for his own safety set out in the search for them, in the dashing rain of flying embers, thrown about by the shell explosions, which he braved like a child does a shower of warm water. Several of the men had already reported to him that his beautiful "Palace had been completely leveled to the ground not even a wall having been left standing. In reality they had not found much of a building as the wreckage of other houses covered the place where it had formerly stood, twenty feet high. His Majesty Robert Vivian and the others soon reached a portion of the city of Lucille's ridge known as Carries Square, which they saw was a regular sea of indescribable wreckage. Only one solid wall of the building was seen standing, and that was only the frontal part, which faced the east.

From here they could faintly observe the fatal scenes of the Trece Lane Ridge districts, bodies of the soldiers slain here during the battle through the city lay among the wreckage as thick as straw or straw.

"It was here, and on that section yonder that the most number of the dead soldiers are reported to have been found," said the guide. "At these two districts the storm of shells during the time the Christian forces defended the city did the worse damage."

His Majesty Robert Vivian surveyed the wreckage, and the horribly mangled bodies with his keen eyes, noticing that not one building had a wall left intact, Carries Square being indeed a terrible sight.

After traveling some distance Robert Vivian and the others came upon the wreckage of a long passenger train half buried in the ruins of houses on either side of the Mic-Holleston and Pandora Railroad tracks. His Majesty Robert Vivian, learned from one of the survivors that this passenger train had been caught in the path of the swaying toppling buildings hurled down by some tremendous explosion, and despite the coolness of the conductor, most of the passengers were killed. This train before the outbreak of the second day storm of battle was pulling through Carries Square, and approaching the Mic-Holleston and Sendon Crossing on the south west side loaded with soldiers. This train was full of Abyssinian Winkie soldiers, to be transported to an Abyssinian corps with the purpose to reinforce Aronlunge right wing, and the train had eleven coaches, and was traveling at the speed of sixty five miles an hour. The conductor wishing to know the whereabouts, looked outside, as he was entering the city by way of Carries Square, and saw what he declared to be a great wall of cloud with white convulsed mountains of bulges on top overspreading the long range of the Lucille's ridge. He thought the ridge had been become a volcano. On the outskirts of the cloud, which was of many various colors, and which similar clouds on black as the mouth of hell he saw what appeared to be thousands upon thousands of thundering eruptions appearing simultaneously at a marked time, and in long volleyed salutes all along the summit, and which extended along the summit of Mic-Holleston and Carries Square. The crash to him was a perfect inferno of flame and din.

CHAPTER SIXTY ONE.

THE TRECIAN LANE RIDGE DISTRICT'S IMPASSABLE FOR
RETREATING ARMIES. A TRAGEDY.

THE PECULIAR FLIGHT THROUGH THE RUINED REGIONS OF
THE BIGGEST BATTLE FIELD IN THIS WAR.

JUST as he spoke there was a blinding flash overhead and a terrific crash of thunder, from the explosion of a shell which seemed to shake the very earth and rechose in all the streets with awful inspiring grandeur, and a pile of wreckage was seen to scatter in all directions, and to catch fire, only to go out before the explosion of another shell blast, that made an ear split earsplitting eruption four hundred feet high. Robert Vivian hastened toward Mic-Holleston Street followed by the colonel, who confided his anxiety about the Vivian girls.

"You say they are in the midst of this dreadful sea of ruins on the Treclan Lane ridge district? God help them. There is where the worse of the shellstorm could be sweeping should the fleeing troops pour that way, and I bet bet they will be mangled." Said Mic-Holleston.

Had it not been for the anxiety about his daughters, Robert Vivian would have utterly enjoyed with pleasure and thrilling circumstances the herculean thunderstorm of shellfire, and grotesque ruins, for he had never beheld anything like the wild grandeur of the battle. Just in the direction of the Treclan Lane ridge district he and Mic-Holleston saw a mass of purple coats fleeing northward in waves, and then a barrage of large explosions seemed to sear the sky to the horizon, there were hundreds of terrific geysers of smoke and flashes and as many ear splitting detonations that shook the ground, and a shudder of horror ran through them both.

"Some of those columns were struck by those high explosives." Gasped King Vivian.

Panic stricken survivors came rushing from all directions the rain of wreckage in the distance pouring down in sheet like torrents, peals of more deafening thunder from shell, shaking the ground and in the midst of all this cannonading tumult they heard a wilder shout and swining round Robert Vivian met Barney Dunn who looked pale and haggard his face drawn as if in pain.

"You are hurt the Emperor exclaimed anxiously stretching out his hands to him in his excitement.

"I am only slightly." He gasped. "but there has been a frightful, awful disaster a tragedy. I came to tell you. Oh God."

His parched lips seemed hardly able to speak or move his breath came in gasps, the cold sweat stood on his forehead, and his eyes stared as if they had seen the bowels of the infernal regions.

"Come tell us what happened, please!" demanded Robert Vivian as another deafening crash of thunder from a bursting shell filled their ears.

"I saw the storm of shell fire sweeping over the Treclan Lane ridge district with mortal fury, and I did my best to calculate the course of the advance of the victorious enemy and the accuracy of their movements, and turning in the direction where I observed the Vivian Girls to be I saw thousands of houses, houses fairly fly to pieces. There was a flash that blinded me, followed by an earsplitting roar resembling a million pounds of dynamite exploding all at once, and then I saw all the houses within my sight go to the ground in crashing swirl swishing wreckage amid a storm of explosions, while the ground under be rocked and swayed in terrible throes, while far in the distance I heard a terrible noise as if the firing of thrillions of cannon, and that many many more muskets singly and an eruption of wreckage rose up into the air. I'm afraid the Vivian Girls your daughters are killed, as I saw them in one of the houses before this terrible explosion happened. Oh it was horrible.

I shall see the looks on the faces of the countless wounded among the wreckage and of the dead and dying to my own dying dead."

"Here please drink this. The Vivian girls also buried among the ruins."

"Yes, that is I believe they are. There is a child by the name of Jennie, Angeline and Joice who are frightfully frightfully mangled, and who went down with a frightful avalanche of wreckage into the street. All the soldiers there are dead and many survivors working at the ruins, to rescue the one who is probably Angeline, are dead. One of the survivors had sent me to you and for a priest, and where is Governor Hanson Vivian your brother?"

Robert Vivian stood his face as white as death, a look of unutterable horror and anguish on his handsome face.

"Oh God." He murmured. "It had only been someone else but my daughters, though I do not wish it on any one else either. Oh it is horrible. And to make it worse we are actually losing the battle."

"Then turning suddenly to Barney he exclaimed: "I will go back with you. If they are still alive, I might help them. Get those soldiers yonder, and look for any prisoners."

A-46

The pillar of fire increased rapidly throwing out dense clouds of black smoke. Once prayed hard, and so did her sisters begging God to save them and the rest of the party perished in the horrible flames, which though progressing slowly were making sure work of it, and would reach them before long for now it had become one long wall of flame that stretched across the room, and soothed toward the ceiling, and there was danger of the entire floor of the room saving in violet and her sisters could not help but scream for their greatest terror was to see that half of the room was a mass of flame. Suddenly they were aroused, and sent sprawling by the force of a stream, coming from the nozzle of a fire hose. The stream swished and washed the burning room sending forth clouds of black smoke and steam. The stream of water had no effect for when it was turned to another point the flames flared up again as if the water was gasoline. "Look out!" screamed violet. "Another part of the ceiling is going to cave."

But it was too late. With a shocking crash the whole entire ceiling caved in, all the blazing laths and timbers came coming with it and every one was buried and some crushed by the falling timbers. The embers began to blaze like cotton and when the stream hit this it washed right and left scattering the embers and drenching them throughout for the flames reached those imprisoned under the wreckage. Then it again washed the burning room now being directed at the wall of flame.

"If we can't get this blazing room under control than those poor children are lost." Said a voice.

"We will have to use another stream and flood this confounded room until we can reach them." Said another.

In another minute two streams swished in full force washing about the blazing room, and the steam clouds rushing into the hallway was strangling and smothering. The children could hardly see each other, and could not get any air at all as hot fumes filled the room and the steam and smoke only increased until nothing more could be seen and they began gasping for breath. By the tremendous hissing, violet and her sisters knew that the fire in front of them only, was being washed out, for no light could be seen now. A few minutes more passed, when the pounding of the stream ceased and they saw figures coming toward them. They believed they must be some of the men and tried to call or cry out but the smoke increased and only choked them, and when they coughed they swallowed more smoke.

And an increasing heat made them realize that the fire was in fullway, and then all at once on both sides of them, and the approaching firemen a sheet of flame broke loose roaring like artillery, the heat almost blistering them. By the help of violet and her sisters who alone remained conscious the three wounded children were saved, and then just as the last one was lifted from the bed there was a sudden roar, and a part of the floor of that room, weakened by the fire caved in, and now the firemen seemed to be cut off from escape.

But not for long, for the leader saw the peril, and in two minutes a ladder was run across for a bridge. Then another was quickly put in place to make it wider. This was hard work though, and a few minutes more would have been fatal. In another minute violet found herself lifted and carried fast out of the burning room, a line of six men followed her hand with the rest of the strangling Vivian girls, violet and her sisters being the first ones carried carried out. The men carried them steadily through a hall yet untouched by the flames, the room now becoming one mass of fire. Every one was nearly senseless for want of air, when the half choked men left the hall which was full of rasping white smoke and steam, but when they reached an exit hewn in the wall the men went out as fast as was safe, one by one. Then the two ladders used as a bridge were withdrawn out of the room.

After he had been set free of the chicken coop thrown over his head by the explosion of a shell Hanson Vivian leaving one of the still roaring and thundering Christian batteries, raced off on his charger to seek means to retrieve the disaster already come. And he sped for Jacksonville but could not find him either. Evans was in search of violet and her sisters and so was Robert Vivian, and fearing that the girls were in the ruins of Rickson and dreading the dangers of the ridge by that name, they staggered on through the driving smoke clouds of the distant conflagration and arrived at the foot of St. Peters Street while the almost preternatural crashing thunderous reports of the shells was heard echoing among the far distant hills and mingled with the yelling uproar of shells soaring overhead by thousands, and which continually went off in thunderous salvoes. He had started to proceed up the rise of the Treclan Lane ridge district when he heard a shout and the sound of a man rushing toward him from behind, and looking saw colonel Mic-Holleston beckoning to him to stop.

"Your armies are in disastrous retreat toward the Glorianna Heights and a portion of it is heading for here." He said. "and you cannot get any force through this sea of wreckage on any retreat in this direction on account of the Lucille Rickson ridge. It is not safe for yourself to try it even alone your Majesty for a perfect chain of shells will be hurled at you and you and the retreating armies are barred by a fierce conflagration. It is not safe to try. Come back and catch your fleeing troops and get them going beyond the Mic-Holleston ridge."

He hastened to the window, climbed onto the ladder and seeing the men connecting the hose to a hydrant which had been found in perfectly good condition and in working order he said:

"You men come up to this burning room with the hose and flood this apartment room enough so that we can save the rest."

"How in the world did this infernal fire start?" murmured to himself as he waited for the hose. "This house is way far from the path of the advancing conflagration."

Before the hose came, a part of the floor caved with a crash that shook the ceiling and building and caused with a portion of the wall to collapse. The hose was now quickly brought and the stream turned on which swished and pounded on the roaring flames, but brought no effects only to start great clouds of hot scorching steam and blacker clouds of smoke for one thing. The children inside also got a drenching, which cooled them off considerably. The men soon had to get down from their ladder with their hose, for it was in danger of being burned in two, from the outpouring flames from the windows below. The ladder was removed, and placed against another window not yet showing fire, and now they decided to force the fire back, by making an inside attack, as well as an outside one.

Two of the men rushed inside by the entrance, reached the fourth floor, and found the room where the victim girls, and the others were bringing on their hose and nozzle. "Swish," the water squirted into the furnace of fire near the door way, striking at the tongues of flame into the burning room rising clouds of steam and smoke. The flames in the room were leaping far out into the hall enveloping the door cases and spreading along the rear wall on the right hand side, and spreading more rapidly despite the water, which was being swirled and thrown on it.

"To Tommy get out there and see if you can find any fire extinguishers left in one of the ruined fire houses in a box." Said the leader to several of the men who was approaching them. He went, and after less than a minute returned through a rear door, with the full box load.

"Here they are, twenty in all." He shouted.

The leader grabbed one, and sent it into the middle of the largest tongues of flames, which died down for an instant, and then the one at the hose sent the stream toward the point shown by the bursting of the grenade, and while the second grenade was hurled into the flames, the stream battered against the fire, but they did not seem to have the desired effect. They leaped up, crackled and roared, sending out greater volumes of smoke, while out of every door way flames and smoke began to pour. To realize that the helpless children in 1 including the dear victim girls were in danger of being boiled was sickening to the men, and they fought like demons but to no avail.

The flames darted up from the corner of the hall now with an unearthly brightness, that settled back into the same awful glare, this sight making a thrill of horror go through the hearts of the men, such as they never felt before, and hoped to never feel again. With a crash, a part of the hall's ceiling gave way, then the beautiful rear stairway fell down into it into a sea of fire, raising a snowstorm of sparks. This fire held a kind of awful fascination, as the roaring flames leaped and danced, while catching the hall little by little, and fighting this raging demon of smoke and flame was now becoming a terrible danger, and the brave firemen who did it, were on the watch fearing that the walls of the hall would catch. The flames at the south portion of the hall were now leaping high into the air with a roar, then there was a sizzling as the water from a hoisted water pipe poured upon it. Then another portion of the ceiling in the hall fell down sending in every direction a cloud of sparks resembling a heavy snow storm of fire flies. Many times the brave firemen were driven back by the smothering smoke, which covered the ceiling of the hall like a thick veil. Lathes, plaster, and beams began to fall with a deafening crash and as another part of the ceiling above then gave way, the men had to scatter for their lives. The falling debris, buried a part of the hose, and in vain did the men try to get it free.

They could not budge and then they had to run again as nearly half of the ceiling of the hall gave way with a crashing roar like thunder bringing down sheets of blazing lathes, and in about a moment after the whole rear ceiling of the hall collapsed that part of the upper floor also, the whole mass of blazing wreckage coming down with an appalling roar, that made the building tremble. At the same time frightfully heavy beams collapsed bringing down tons of debris, in which were buried twenty of these fire fighters, who perished in a furnace of fire before their comrades could reach them.

It could be seen by the survivors that the whole upper region was a fearful furnace, and yet the survivors undaunted by their exceedingly great danger kept on working briskly and sternly, but only continually facing a wall of flame that drove them back step by step. At last the heat became overpowering the men abandoning the fight and seeking for the ladder, leaning against the side still free of fire.

In the meantime the victim girls were in greater peril than ever, for between them and the beds was a large pillar of blood red flame, which threw forth tremendous heat, which could be felt all over the room, and at this point no stream was playing, and as for the roar of the flames and crashing timbers they could not hear the other stream, as it pounded the flames furiously.

A-47

The shock was terrific, the wounded children being alarmed by the roar of the falling timbers, and seeing the smoke filling the room, started screaming. The smoke became more thicker and choking every moment, and the little girls could already see the glow of the fire. Poor children, the door leading to that burning room was the only way out of the apartment and the building also, they were cut off from escape. The jump out of the broken windows was impossible for they could not move, and also they were on the fourth floor of the building, which was seven stories high, and yet also they were helpless, as they could not move a hand or foot, every one of them having a broken leg, or arm, or both altogether. Smoke continually poured out of that burning room in cloud after cloud, puffing from that doorway, from between the cracks, and into the room then with a crash that door gave way sending sparks all over the beds. The beds quickly became afire, which caused one after another to catch rapidly. All the inmates were terrified, many becoming terribly weak, from inhaling smoke. A terrible roar told poor Violet and her sisters that the whole floor of the burning room had caved, and frightful tongues of flame now shot through the open door way. The beds were all aflame, and the end wall of the apartment now also caught, which becoming weak from the heat now tottered and fell toward a row of beds, full of helpless wounded with an enraptling thunder roar. Violet and her sisters occupied but a large beam fell on top of some of the other wounded soldiers killing them and setting their beds on fire. A soldier lying on a bed opposite Jennie Van received a heavy blow on the head from the end of the beam but it only knocked him senseless.

"Oh Merciful Jesus save us." moaned voice piteously.

The whole of that end of the room now fell bringing down a large portion of the upper floor and the whole apartment began to catch rapidly. Three room rooms, one above, and two below had already become a roaring furnace blazing hot being awful. The half shell wrecked hall on the floor of that burning room, was filled with rasping rolling clouds of smoke from burning cotton, and other material the black smoke now being mixed with white. The roaring of the flames and the crashing of heavy beams, and furniture was appalling, and soon the room became illuminated so you could see through it, and in a few minutes the walls of the other burning rooms caved in, and every minute the flames gained most swiftly, and three more room rooms on the fourth floor became enveloped in flames which in a short time had become raging furnaces. Finally the upper stories which had been torn to shreds by the shell storm, also started aflame, the tongues of flame leaping a hundred feet into the air, and fanned by the high wind hungrily devoured the upper stories, and catching other flat rooms.

The injured soldiers, and children with Violet and her sisters had confined themselves to watch their three wounded friends and were now terror stricken as both ends of the apartment were blazing fast, and every room was becoming a veritable hell and the only room that was not burning so fast was the one the children were in, and they screamed for aid as the floor itself caught from the fierce heat of the burning rooms below, and from the embers of the burning ceiling above. It was like being shut in an inferno and doom confronted them. Part of the ceiling also threatened to come down, which frightened them, and at last that part did give way burying ten men under a mass of blazing wreckage. Violet and Jennie escaped by running aside, and though Jennie was struck by a piece of timber which was blazing she was not hurt, and managed to prevent her clothing from taking fire. In the meantime one of the rescuers had discovered this fire, and learning that a good many persons including some children were imperiled in it, raised a ladder he found among the wreckage, and climbing to the window, discovered to his horror that many wounded soldiers were badly burned or imperiled, and seeing the children within and the victim girls also he prepared for instant action.

He staggered into the room but was forced back by the intense heat though he managed to draw some of the children to an aperture which was one once a window. The floor of the room was on fire in many places already, and the heat of the floor made his feet pain. He remained by the window unseen by the children, and saw that many of the helpless were staggering round, many pointing anxiously toward the burning room. Several more men were now coming up the ladder as fast as they could. Many of the soldiers had already died from lack of air and from the fierce heat the room becoming hot and filled with choking clouds of smoke. The leader seized the first child he had dragged to the window and handed her to the first man coming up the ladder, who passed her down to the one below him.

"Here is another," whispered the leader. "Take her while I get the other before this place becomes a furnace."

He passed a child down to the nearest man and then climbed into the burning room, after tying a wet handkerchief round his mouth and nose, then placed his leather coat round another and lifting her gently strode to the window and handed her to the man who had climbed to the sill. The leader then hurried through the thick smoke, past rows of leaping flames where his flesh felt almost blistered by the heat, but he could see nothing though he heard screams and screams. All but strangled his heart beating at low pressure, the brave man tried to battle through the smoke but he could not reach them because he was barred by a wall of flame.

It cut out was not so very dead, but it was cross and in agony and brave little Joice went at the sight.

"Oh please do try to save her." "No need, Joice. Oh for mercy's sake try to do something to stop the blood."

"Don't be worried," answered the doctor. "I might stop it in a minute." He wrapped a wet rag round the wound, and after leaving it on for several minutes with a Badge of the Sacred Heart pinned to it, and uttering some prayers he took it off. The blood was not checked but it was not coming so thickly any more and the doctor by his faith was succeeding alright, though it was somewhat slow. Taking another rag, he wet it and wrapped this round her wrist and again pinned the badge of the Sacred Heart to it. Then after five minutes he gently took it off. The blood had stopped to his joy and now he dressed the wound and repinned the Badge of the Sacred Heart to it, and left it there. The doctor remained until she recovered, then left to attend to the other wounded. When little Jennie Van did recover, the continued roar of distant explosions and screeching of shells tormented her with impending fear, and incessantly the explosions raged on with tremendous fury, at times throwing down hundreds of thousands of tons of timbers, and bricks from the ruined buildings, making them bang like many cannons. And every crash of thundering shells in their explosions was shocking, the terrible flashing hissing through the wreckage at every shell burst and looked times like rivers, forks and snakes. At every flash of shells came deafening crashes which made the ground tremble, wreckage seemed to pour down everywhere with a terrible roar like musketry at the battle of Gettysburg. Violet and her sisters themselves suffered terrible suspense from the din, and wished that it would cease. Joice Vivian declared that as long as she lived she would not forget this terrible incident. The din of the shell explosions increased at intervals, and every now and then a red light flickered every now and then, followed by some distant roar that seemed to rend the world in pieces. They listened with awe at the crashing sounds made by the falling fragments, the screaming of the shells sailing through the sky, and the roar of the thousands of the explosions. Sometimes the shell explosions were very threatening, the shells before exploding bellowing and screaming like mad demons and Joice looking through the entrance of the shelter saw a big beam the very one which had fallen on poor Jennie Van sent rolling toward their shelter by a shell blast and with a rending crash it struck splintering the shelter to fragments. At the same time the beam was struck by a shell which exploded on the mark, and violet and her sisters were almost shocked by the concussion. Fearful was the thundering crash of this shell as it burst, and at once a number of men rushed to the spot, and lifting the wounded children carried them to a large house, that was only slightly damaged, and laid them in beds he found there. In the meantime on the Treclan Lane ridge district of Lucille Pickens city from which thousands upon thousands of men and wounded soldiers had already been taken especially from large sections of wooden houses. The atmosphere was already frightfully hot and smoke filled, great rolling clouds of smoke belching upward into the sky and forming dense wreaths. Many thousands of brave survivors breasted the suffocating clouds, and fought the roaring walls of flame, but lack of fire materials made them helpless, the fire advancing furiously, and threatening to hem them off from escape to fresh air, and from the flames. The clouds of smoke increased every minute, rising in thicker volumes, while miles of wreckage seemed to be pretty well engulfed in smoldering fires, or roaring walls of flames, and even where they Vivian girls had soon Jennie Van and the others pinned, was now a roaring fire sea. The fire was even creeping up to the spot where Jennie or Angeline Turner had been pinned and from which she had been rescued, while now a newly formed conflagration was throwing its greater tongues against the eastern skies. At the same time new arches of red glow appeared which joined into one, and which increased every moment, while clouds of all colors ascended far above the ridges of wreckage.

The burning of the wreckage was caused as related before. In truth a hundred infernos seemed to have broken out in different parts of the city of Lucille Pickens, but the one advancing down the Treclan Lane ridge district of the city was the worse, and the general one at that, and the more consuming.

In the meantime a shell struck the room where the three wounded children had been taken to, and a huge lamp filled with oil was upset and lighted by the flash of the powder of the exploding shell. In this same room were many wounded soldiers also and they too were imperiled. The shock of the shell crash was tremendous and the thundering of the explosion was beyond description, the lamp being shattered to the floor, and in a very few minutes the north side of that room was blazing fast, a roaring wall of fire, which burned fast and furious, the smoke coming into the room where the wounded lay, in clouds.

The shelves and tables of the room instantly caught, the tremendous heat of the fire loosening the plaster of the ceiling, and the walls, igniting the laths, which boiled like tinder. Fire generally known to start between the walls of a building if spread too far before the arrival of fire departments, and so this was one was doomed (what sin did it commit). Soon the whole ceiling was a mass of flames, then one side of the wall roared into a furnace opposite the apartment of the injured, burning so furiously now that all four of the walls caught, the whole ceiling now caving with a deafening crash, burning the upper floor down into a heap of blazing timbers.

A - 48

It indeed was a destructive battle and so severe had been the shelling of Lucille Pickens from the pylon and Garnation hills during the time the battle surged back and forth through the city, that not a house had been left standing, even the strongest houses had been razed and the streets fairly covered with wreckage, were smothered two feet to twenty feet deep with fragments of stone and twigs of trees, which were still falling mingled at times with fragments of shells. Many wounded were being brought into the place where Violet and her sisters were placed on the floor after having their wounds attended to. Jennie Van, Joice St. Clare and the other child were still suffering terribly from their wounds, and it was feared they were really dying, as there seemed to be no hope for their recovery. Violet and her sisters fell as if they were heartbroken broken, when they learned that the doctor had said here there seemed to be no hope for the poor children, and begged God in the most piteous manner, to save them. He did not seem to hear their prayers, but they prayed all the more, and did not give up. A few minutes more passed when all at once there was great consternation outside for another great storm of shells was starting to explode among the wrecked wreckage, the air all of a sudden being reared by series upon series of a ear-splitting explosions. The rescuers inside by the blinding glare of the sudden shellburst could already see where the main curtain of shells had exploded or struck the main part of the city to the left, the piles of timbers and windrows of wreckage wreckage being sent into the air amid explosive puffs of smoke like great eruption eruptions.

"The shells are starting here also again," cried one of the men as he rushed in where Violet and her sisters were standing amazed. A fearful flash of something like lightning seemed to sear the sky, followed by a thunderous report, which made their ears ring with the deafening reverberating crash, when all of a sudden there came a loud screaming sound as if thousands of demons suddenly possessed themselves of the air, and in a moment the whole of the half ruined shelter went to pieces amid an ear splitting roar, the falling beams hurling Jennie Vivian to the ground. While her sisters were immediately covered with the wreckage. The rescuers immediately proceeded to dig the girls out of the debris, the first man working hard to remove the beam that lay on top of Jennie Vivian.

"You must hurry up," cried Joice Vivian who lay under a pile of broken timbers. "We are safe but the deepest wreckage is on top of the wounded children, clear it away from them first."

The men realized it and had the wreckage, in a moment, and then by lifting the beam somewhat they managed to free Jennie Vivian, who was not so scratched in the least (got a faint) though her dress was badly torn.

"Oh, I'm afraid the others are killed now. She cried passionately: hurry! Hurry! That beam must have crushed Jennie Van's head and chest for she is covered all over with blood."

After carrying Jennie Van, and tripping over fallen fallen beams, the man carrying her managed to reach a portion of the city called Carries Square, which led to the Mc Hollester and Padora railroad tracks. They slowly and carefully crossed the windrows of wreckage and soon reached a part where a sea of wreckage lay as flat as a postage stamp was exposed to view. Many other men carried the other wounded to the same spot and hastily erecting a shelter out of the wreckage, they placed them in it. Then came a doctor who had happened to be there:

"Oh doctor, burst out Joice sobbing, "I'm afraid poor Jennie Van has been killed. We have been caught in the second shell storm. See her hair and waist is all covered with blood"

The doctor examined her head to see if it was crushed and how the rebel shells were were exploding round more fiercely again, blowing the loose boards about with crashing reports, the timbers he heard at the mercy of the shells. Well - In the meantime the doctor examined Jennie closely, then turned to poor Joice and said partly:

"Her head is not crushed, nor either is it bruised - It is free from her neck and chest that the blood is flowing from"

In she dead asked Joice anxiously -

"I believe her ribs are crushed but I'm not sure," answered the doctor, "and although her chest and belly is badly skinned, and her throat pained, these wounds may be utterly harmless, but if her ribs are broken then she will die"

The doctor made a careful examination: then shook his head slowly -

"I cannot find anything the matter with her ribs - He said "are you sure that beam fell on her?"

"Yes," answered Joice -

"Then is it a wonderful miracle that it did not crush her whole body. The only thing I will have to do is to wash and redress the terrible wounds - As for the blood on her chest as I discover now it must have come from some other dead body protruded up upon her"

After working on her for sometime he succeeded in stopping the blood from her other wounds, but failed conspicuously that as was on her hand.

made others come down by redoubled wreckage, and shook the ground so that she and her sisters could scarcely stand, and which also made the cot dance like a drunken man, and which made the windows as if they threaten to collapse, and other things, such as columns and statues, which had withstood the shelling to now come crashing down with a crash. Violet leaning against a broken telephone pole. Listened more intently, with tears still streaming down her cheeks. The terrible booming sound grew worse, and what made it, Joice at first could not tell but it was from the distant battle in being a redoubled increase in the cannonading for it was at this time when General Johnson's army was repulsing the "Insolent" assaults upon the Gloriana Heights. Looking toward the little child, she was surprised to see she was trying to get up.

"For goodness sake child, I'm glad to see you are still alive." Exclaimed Joice. "But I fear that it may be only till tomorrow."

The child was frightened when she saw the horrified scenes through one of the openings of the badly made shelter, and was still more horrified at even seeing that in the distance a conflagration was fast approaching, while all the while there was a tremendous far off roaring sound, which shook the ground and made her cot leap and dance. Violet and her sisters realized that soon in the coming night they could not sleep in such a place as so many of the wounded certainly kept up such a clatter.

"Oh this is awful." Moaned poor Joice. "I have a mind to leave this horrid place, but we cannot desert those three poor children now under our care." At every increasing sound of distant battle they heard, they thought it was made by a new rain of shells starting from yonder "Lucille" Jackson ridge, but there was no such further danger just yet.

"If a shell ever lands here, whether sharpshooter, or gang-gang, there will be nothing left of us to be found." Said Violet with a shudder. Jennie van Van recovering her senses felt as if she was choking, and one of the men who guarded the wounded slapped her on the back to rouse her recovery. As the man was doing his best to prevent her from dying, another went out of the rudely made shelter to take a look at the fire. Unearthly far off screams, seemed to come from that direction, and a new sound of hundreds of thousands of dull reverberating explosions, mingled with a terrific din of cannon thunders, prolonged noises, mingled with growling and snarling sounds also came incessantly from the direction of the still raging battle.

Jennie van under the urgent scenes, and treatment of the men soon began to show signs of recovery, and when he was able to be, helped her to lay more comfortably.

"Do you feel now little girl?" Asked Jennie "Vivian" turning to the poor unfortunate child.

"Those boards checked me awful hard." Moaned Jennie her blue eyes blinded by tears. "My throat feels very bad." Aronius was the first to save you." Said Violet.

"Oh what I would give to get back to papa and mama." Moaned the child. "I love you, Vivian girls all the more since you were so kind to me and others." And the poor child with a sad cry buried her face in her pillow and sobbed. It was a piteous sight to see the condition of these poor little children, and it was indeed the first time in their lives that Violet and her sisters had ever seen children in such condition. Jennie van suffered quite badly from the severe gashes on her body, and she also had an injured eye, and her sufferings made her cry bitterly, though she tried ever to be so brave. Violet and her sisters themselves felt bitterly sad over the injuries of so many children and so many millions of soldiers, and did their best to comfort these two little girls. But they were also so sad that they all cried bitterly for a long time, and longed to be back with their own mother and aunt, from which this severe and unusual war had so long separated them. The poor forlorn children who were injured, cried until they could not cry any more. Their beautiful little faces looked all the more lovely as they laid there swathed in bloody bandages. The board marks still remained on their throats and round Jennie's tender graceful neck was still that black and blue mark caused by the beam, and thus they laid there as still as the dead bodies among the wreckage outside. For a while they tried to sleep but were kept awake by the terrible thundering crashes of shells overhead, and they also felt the pangs of hunger and thirst. For all that morning since the very battle began they had had nothing to drink, and the heat of the atmosphere increased their torture.

Jennie who had recovered from her delirium was crying piteously for a drink, the others yearned for heaven and some others kept on praying but without any results. But they did not lose their faith in God and even believed if they did die of thirst, their prayers for heaven would be answered. They tried to go to sleep again so they would forget their hunger, and thirst, but in vain, for the din of the exploding shells, kept them awake. Jennie herself felt almost overcome by the thirst, her tongue sticking out like that of an overworked dog, and Violet and her sisters fearing they would really die of thirst, made a hasty search for water, which they found in one of the ruins and good clear water too. The little girls felt more thirsty than ever when Violet and her sisters returned, with water in a tin pale pail and gave each a draught. Oh how refreshing was that drink that soothed their craving thirst, and that of the others, and now in the vicinity of the Vivian girls many of the injured and dead soldiers had been extracted....

suddenly a gentle hand was laid on the tumbled golden hair, and Violet said in a pitiful tone;

"Why little girl, what is the matter? Are you worse?"

The child, though she could not recognize the voice of the little princess of her Mercy nevertheless lifted her tear stained face to hers.

"No little girl, I'm not worse, but the storm of battle has been worse to me, so cruel to me, and God seems to have forsaken me. Oh why did the battle do all this, and how came it that I'm blind? I cannot see the beautiful blue sky, the sunshine, or the flowers, or anyone any more. Oh why did the explosions kill so many of the soldiers in such a cruel manner, and what will I never see, my papa, any when they find me this way, blind, and my sister Jennie insane."

Violet, Vivian had tears brimming her own blue eyes and brushing the tangled curls from the hot forehead, she said;

"Listen to me little girl! know that it seems as if God has forsaken you, but I'm sure he has not. He still loves you, and loves you so much that he has done more for us than we can ever think, and he loves us more than we can even compare. I know it is hard to be blind, dear little girl, but that makes God love us all the more. Try to bear it. We all have to suffer as long as we are in this miserable region of war. You may be able to see again some day, and if you die of your wounds the first thing you may do, will be to look upon the face of Jesus Christ himself."

The poor little child had grown very still on the cot, when Violet had finished, and now she saw a sweet expression come over the child's fair face.

"I will try to be brave." She said. "But oh, who ever you are it is so hard to suffer when it is only caused by these cruel devils. No matter what some one may say I cannot help it when I say I hate them," and the tears again filled the wistful eyes.

"Jesus will help you dear to control yourself." Said Violet. "At times I too hate them as good as I try to be. Let us pray to him to help us overcome ourselves, not to desire revenge but only duty;---"

When they had finished the prayer, which was quite long, the child said earnestly with a beautiful expression on her face;

"Dear friend, when I asked Jesus to let me see the light of forgiveness he seemed to answer me I feel here, (laying her hand upon her breast devoutly) that I will have the strength to forgive the wicked Danielians, though it is so hard. And His Sacred Touch will heal me."

Soon she fell asleep and lay still and white, having suffered badly after the serious operation that evening. Violet sat beside the cot praying silently until the doctor came. He bent over the still white form, Violet awaiting his verdict, with speechless and anxiety. In a few minutes he rose and shook his head sadly.

"Is there no hope at all doctor? Cannot something be done?" Asked Violet despairingly.

The doctor again shook his head.

The end is maybe here. She may and will not live until tomorrow."

Joice who was silent before, heard the verdict and cast a glance of overpowering sorrow at the still white form and cried in a heart broken way. This poor wounded child had also been like Angeline, never having been overcome from her serious injuries. Her frail little body had not been able to stand it she having been delicious after the prayer, when she had fallen into the death like trance. The end seemed drawing near.

For a while Joice controlled her passionate weeping, and perfect stillness reigned.

Still the motionless form stirred not. Joice remembered with horror, when during massacres a she was covered with the bleeding bodies of dead children, and of the child's useless struggles to be free. Her throat felt sore from inhaling so much powder smoke shifted over the region from the far distant battle still raging, and whose concussion was still shaking the ground so severely that she could scarcely stand, and she and her sisters felt languid and ill. She had also been horrified, when she had seen the child's little body fairly drenched in blood. The stench had been horrible, and Joice could have hardly stood it.

Joice after weeping bitterly a long time, saw that the little child had not as yet recovered, and now rending sorrow and fear was tearing at her brave heart, and that of her six sisters, and believing that the child was already dead, they cried as if their heart would break.

"Oh you poor little thing will I never see you again." Violet moaned piteously. "Oh I wish we had gone with you and had not to see a little these horrors of war over again. Oh please Dear God spare me and my poor sisters from any such horrible fate, and from the cruel tortures that may come as we fear by and by. You dear child, who is now in heaven, plead to Jesus to free us from further horrors as these. Oh I wish this storm of carnage had not come, and oh Dear Aunt and Mama. I fear something has happened to you and papa and uncle for they were in this region of battle. Oh please dear God deliver them from anything dangerous. I pray. Graciously hear me Dear Jesus my Friend. You who blessed little children, save the me."

Thus she prayed and just as she crossed herself and said; "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." She and her sisters gave a sudden start. While she had been finishing the sign of the Holy Cross, there suddenly came a terrible and tremendous reverberating booming sound, that shook the half ruined buildings to their very foundations,

Now to go back to the other two children rescued from the wreckage. The first little girl was suffering terribly from her broken legs, and arms and Joloe St. Glare herself was begging piteously to the men to clear off the debris which was pressing down upon her and Aronburg.

"Oh please hurry up. The wreckage is pressing down upon us." she screamed and it with the pain, and tears streaming down her cheeks. "Oh please, please get us out. This is too much!"

A loud jerked down under her, which increased her suffering, and she cried and screamed as if she had lost heaven. The wreckage was slowly pressing down, and even a large canvas was pressing slowly toward her face, while a board was swiftly pressing down upon her back against another in front.

"Oh please get me out, get me out." she screamed again. "Oh have mercy on me, please, have mercy on me. If any of you men were caught like this, and asked me to save you I would." said Joloe. "Only please have mercy on me. I always have had mercy on my people."

"Don't be afraid." said a man in front of her. "and don't be shouting so much. We are doing all we can."

My boy Joloe St. Glare suffered. She cried as if she wanted to get rid of all her tears. All the while she lay there, despite the indescribable torture, and now she prayed and pleaded, until the canvas at last was pressed so tightly against her face that she could not breathe, and began to gasp and suffer for want of air.

Aronburg was horrified to see how she suffered, but he could not do anything for he dared not withdraw his hands. She had never suffered such pain in her lungs before, and her nostrils felt hot and clogged up. He saw with indescribable horror how she suffered, and tried to get his hands free, but his movements only made the wreckage press down tighter. Violet and her sisters also saw the child's misery. "Oh please one of you men." said Jennie running up to him. "won't let her little girl smother. She can't stand it without air. Have mercy on her."

The men then saw her peril, and tried frantically to remove the canvas.

"I cannot get it off." He gasped as another man he, Ted. The two vehemently tried to pull the canvas away, while Violet screamed;

"Oh please don't let her smother. You don't like to be smothered."

The pleading look in Violet's face could never be explained.

"But we can't pull it away." said one of the men. "I'm afraid we will have to leave her die. We can't help it."

Aronburg's heart was indeed touched. The more the men tried to tear away that smothering canvas, the more tighter it became. It was horrible to realize how Joloe may have suffered, and Violet herself went to Joloe's assistance, with the help of her sisters, the men also struggling like demons, frantically trying to get the canvas loose, but it would not even budge. Violet then looked pleadingly toward heaven and cried piteously;

"Lord make me suffer, only help this little girl if you please."

Again and again the men tried to get the canvas loose, but they might as well have tried to take a piece of plaster out of the wall with one finger. Oh how she did suffer, her lungs paining in an indescribable manner, and her face becoming black and blue. She also had the sense of strangulation, and her head pained while bells seemed ringing in her ears. Then just as the canvas in desperation was wrenched and cut away, the boards crushing down on her neck pressed so hard that she got the worse choking of her life. It was however brief for the boards were wrenched loose, and as she recovered it seemed as if she could not cease breathing hard and gasping. Every moment she took deep breaths without pause, breathing like a dying child. And to make her recover faster, one of the men slapped her on the back. At this moment enough wreckage was cleared away to enable Aronburg, who was scratched and bruised to free himself, then Joloe was dragged from the wreckage, and placed alongside the other rescued children. All the while this was going on hundreds of wounded soldiers separated from each other, were lying on the ground all swathed in bandages, and several army doctors standing watching their every breath, while several army priests escaping the disaster, were kneeling, praying earnestly that they may at least gain consciousness long enough to make their confessions, and receive their Holy Eucharist. The atmosphere all this while was as sweltering hot and very stormy now with shells bursting in the distance, and how cruelly the poor rescued children suffered, while Violet and her sisters acted like little angels of mercy.

Many soldiers who had been rescued had been placed near them and indeed their moans were heartrending. On one of the cots Violet found the little girl who was rescued first, and who lay like a forlorn child, and as the screams, moans and cries of the other wounded soldiers still outside among the wreckage reached Violet and her sisters, they saw the poor child bury her face into the sheets, and burst into a piteous fit of weeping. For some time she lay there regardless of the time, and feeling utterly forsaken and forlorn, and it seemed as if all the nation had been killed by the battle, the recent sights having been so terrible and the screams of so many of those in death agony was almost unendurable.

18-50
Though he had fast he managed to pass his hands round her fair chest and said in a hoarse whisper;

"You will be soon free, for the men will clear this away. If they fail we will die together, you in the happy embrace of my arms, and I in the embrace of the wreckage."

The poor little girl realized that if he had not purposely fallen on her, the wreckage would have pressed her to the timbers below to tightly and hard that she would have died from rupture of the intestines. When trying to lift her a little Aronburg managed to gasp

"How did you manage to be caught among this wreckage with the others?"

"Along side this wrecked house." he groined the house. "But I cannot tell you all. You may embrace me if you want to, but if I die and you don't please find my father, will you? He is General Robert Angelle St. Glare in the Abbotinian army."

The soldier gasped;

"Gracious! you are one of the children of a great Christian General." he said. "And I had the blessing to rescue you if possible."

And with this he gently kissed her, and held her head up so she could breathe more better. In the meantime the rescuers had stopped working for they were attacked by the same fierce demons who some had had succeeded in getting free. As soon as he had observed them, he had given a fierce scream, and leaped at one of them like a fierce tiger. The men gave a yell and scattered in confusion, and in all directions, some stumbling over the wreckage, or being caught quickly, or being followed by the one attacked, who in managed to throw the shrieking crazed one to the ground.

He ver before had the men ever seen such a crazed person. It could be observed that he was exceedingly dangerous, and he also carried a dagger, and was almost stark naked

and was showing at his arms and shoulders. It was a surprise and disgust to Aronburg, when the man, sprawled, or climbed past him closely followed by the man who came with leaps and springs, screaming and howling like a demon and brandishing the terrible dagger, while from his mouth, the men who were working near the advancing fire also scattered for their lives, the crazy man changing his course, and coming directly for them, stopping every now and then, to chew his arm wrist or shoulder, which certainly did frighten the men.

"Somebody kill that screaming being!" shouted some one. "Hohoh Hydrophobia or something."

Aronburg himself had a sudden impulse to draw his pistol, and shoot the man, but he could not move, as to do so, would increase the pressure of the wreckage. Nearer and nearer drew the crazy man, then made a sudden spring at the nearest fellow who had been watching closely, and dashing to one side so that he landed in the back of another man, who after a furious struggle managed to throw him off. He tried to grab him by the throat but he eluded out of his way. With a scream he again came at the man with his dagger, but he managed to elude the spring and struck him such a blow that it laid him on a pile of wreckage, but did not knock him senseless, and it only increased his fury. With a dog like howl he sprang to his feet and grabbing his dagger flung it at the man, springing at the same time as it seemed, landing squarely on the man's back, as he dodged the knife, knocking him down. But now several other men rushed to his assistance, and struck the man on the bare back which instead of hurting him only made him as wild and as ferocious as a hungry tiger.

With a howl he bounded from the back of the man, and soon the other others found themselves fighting hard and desperately to prevent the crazed man from running them through with the same dagger he had picked up. They tried to strike him down with planks, but they failed to hit him, though at last one of the men managed to bring him down with a well aimed shot.

In the meantime one of the friends of the Syrian girls had been during the battle trying to locate the Christian armies and in residing for several hours in the city of Lucille Jackson had been caught in the wreckage of the place known as the Most Holy House. The rescuers had suffered from the most exhaustive work for an hour in trying to rescue her. Man after man had tried but could not do the work long, and were overcome. The very wreckage seemed to laugh at Angelina's plight it being Angelina's mother. Angelina however was senseless

her body resembling that of some child. A child undergoing a series upon series of severe scourings from a cat-o-nine-tails. She had indeed received a severe thrashing, and from cruel laths and other thubers that swirled and fell at every explosion of the gigantic shells. She had been struck so hard that her little body was covered with scratches, bruises and swelling sores, and indeed her suffering had been something terrible. Even when coming to she tossed as if in mortal agony, and cried and screamed. And the men who were trying to rescue her, did their best to comfort her, but were unsuccessful. Her suffering was unbearable, and the men dreaded that she would die from the effects of the horrible wounds, which had been bleeding continuously. Several had tried to stop the blood but failed, and their efforts had only increased her agony. The sight of Angelina's indescribable suffering touched them to the quick. She screamed and moaned, and begged the men to have mercy on her, and when they did try to rescue her, more boards fell striking her and then as hard as they could, and killing three of the men. Again Angelina faintled and more men came with the intention to try and free her. Fifteen had already been killed in this rescue work which lasted as many minutes.

and she had never prayed so hard in her life, as she did now, and the woman had already entered into the skin of her shirt, and in the way she pleaded to God to save her, could never be told.

"Say little girl," said Aronburg as he reached her, and stooped over the poor child. "Give me your arms and I will try to pull you out of this."

"But I can't move the poor little girl." My arms are broken. Oh how I suffer."

Again the men started at the work, but when they had only one third done, two dropped utterly exhausted and unable to do any more. Aronburg tried to force up the heavy pieces of wreckage, but only caused some of the heavier material above to fall down on and on top of himself. It indeed was the hardest work that Aronburg had ever seen in his life. The exhaustive labor of the men being almost unbearable, and two more sank utterly overcome, and three others were hurt.

Aronburg however grasped the child by the neck gently, and with some water brought to him by a man washed the maggots away. Then sure the word was free of them, he gently but tightly wound a handkerchief round it tying it fast (fifty miles an hour). Indeed the suffering of the poor child was unbearable, so terrible that she could hardly breathe, but Aronburg kneeling down washed her wounds and did all he could to ease her suffering, poor child, and the superhuman efforts of the men at last were succeeding and the child's legs were free, though two more men had been killed, and ten badly hurt in this desperate attempt.

Almost crushing her to his heart and kissing and hugging her incessantly; Aronburg said:

"I don't know whose little cherub you are, but you certainly are brave. You of course may die after all this suffering and exposure and torture and probably die as cruel a death as imagined, but if I could save you by forcing my own heart into your beautiful little chest, I would gladly do so, and with 'and with this he hugged her in a manner that indeed killed the pain of her wounds."

"I'm not afraid to die," the poor child answered laying her beautiful head on his or against his chest and closing her eyes. "I would only go to heaven quickly. I feel so and that if I died it would not scare me a bit." And then she coughed as the smoke of the distant fire choked her.

"Oh you would go to heaven eh?" he said. "all that is just where you are going, and I'm sure it is, because I can tell by your beautiful little body, that there is not a stain of sin on your heart."

And again he hugged her, and soothed her wounds. Then laying the beautiful child down on a mattress that was dragged from the ruins, Aronburg set to work to extract another soldier. He tripped over the child whom he failed to see and struck his hands cruel blow on a board.

"Poor child," he said. "as he laid her at a safer place. Aronburg now dragged a dead soldier away from the ruins and saw that he must be quick for the big fire was spreading, and had already reached to where the injured child formerly had been and the wreckage."

Aronburg then grabbed the soldier by the arms but saw that howas securely fastened into the ruins by his throat, and that he was dead. The instrument had not only choked the man, but crushed his throat. He abandoned this point and went to another and ordering the men to pry the wreckage loose with crowbars, and as they did so he tried to pull out a wounded officer who was a captain but in vain, only hurting him all the more. "Oh how could you be so rude," another little girl near by moaned piteously with an indescribable sorrow. "you cannot free him or me either, and if you try it you may only pull me to pieces. I would sooner you would choke me to death than have it over with."

"I'm sorry if I made you suffer but I did not see you then," said Aronburg greatly surprised, and as to choking you, that I will never do. I'll save you first, and treat you like the other poor little girl. But remember the more you struggle the more you suffer. Try to make yourself limp when I pull, then you won't feel it so much."

The other men were also bound to save this second little girl even at the risk of their lives, as the awful look of pain in her eyes filled them with an awful fear, and the sight of this child's beautiful body was so horrible, that they knew how the little girl had suffered, and she could not struggle, as the wreckage held her fast.

One of the other men had also pulled out another little child, whose eyes were staring and its tongue sticking out. Aronburg was forced to rest a moment, and letting the little girl gently down he placed himself beside her, and then seeing a sharp piece of wood protruding toward her throat placed his hands in front of her neck, thus relieving the stab of the stick in his own hands. The little girl was suffering from the effects of the smoke from the fire and coughed violently her protruding tongue coming in contact with Aronburg's left hand. But god at this moment was with her. The men with the crowbars were working like a number of titans, and before them came loose, one falling upon Aronburg but not hurting him. Then with a glad cry Aronburg wrenched away the protruding stick, abandoned the child for a moment who was lying face downward, and grabbed one big pile of sticks after another and churling them aside. At last the wreckage was lifted high enough, and with a rush Aronburg grabbed the child by the shoulder, and started slowly and carefully to drag her out, but at this moment the wreckage on top being over-balanced came down with a great noise, pinning him on top of her with cruel force and he her belly was pressed so hard that pain like the grip, passed through her bowels...

And it was awful to see what happened to an officer when in the fire roused toward him in long tongues. To see the other soldiers piled among the wreck wreckage suffering was awful, but when he was in danger to endure this same horrible torture it was too much for him, and while he was screaming from fright a large beam released his legs, while the same beam which had almost choked Jennie's victim to death crushed down upon his throat, and despite the efforts of the men near him they could not lift the beam. Aronburg and others threw themselves against the beam and almost succeeded in prying it loose, but it replaced itself pressing with greater force upon his throat. Under the crushing grip his throat pained in fearfully and though he tried to draw in his protruding tongue, he could not, his face being of ashen hue, while he struggled feebly. But the beam did not look the man for long, for now fifteen men with crowbars were struggling at it, and just as the man became senseless they managed to pull him out, and lay him out of reach of the approaching flames.

The horrible suffering had driven some of the wounded into insanity, and crippled as they were they struggled to free themselves and spring at Aronburg, but several of the men held them fast, the demented men with foam in their mouths glancing at him with rolling eyes. Then in the delirium they died (hied) violet and her sisters were overcome with sorrow, when these poor soldiers died like this, as they would probably rather see them dead long ago, than die in such a state (illinois), though they prayed to god to allow the rescuers to succeed in getting the other wounded before the flames reached them.....

Underneath where Jennie had been thrown by the wreck's slide there had all the while come the stench of burned and decaying bodies that were probably full of maggots, and no doubt millions were swarming over the other dead bodies, and toward many of the other wounded who many of them being stark naked. They were indeed frightened, for to be eaten alive by such horrible worms would make any one tremble with fear. They screamed most loudly and piteously. Violet picked up a half burned rag, and tried her best and so did her sisters to beat away these flesh eating worms, and though they smothered many of them away with the rag or boards some of the wounded were quickly surrounded. It indeed was a horrible sight, the maggots swarming over their bodies, and though they tried to beat them off, or crushed them off, it was useless to try and get rid of them. Handfuls of the wriggling worms swarmed over a soldier's dead body and many even into her mouth.

Close to an officer lay a dead private and both had their bodies torn open by shells. Not far from these soldiers lay a little boy and close to him a little girl was suspended body face downward. A long piece of sharp timber protruding from the ruins had run through her and the boy together. And some hours from the explosion of a shell had given way lowering the girl child, and as the sharp pointed stick had plunged into her body, a pack of boards had given way also which made her shoot forward in such a manner that both she and the boy were ripped almost apart. This was a horrible freak caused by a shell.

As the rescuers and other had progressed toward other sections of the ruins to avoid the fire, there was all of a sudden a shrill scream, which was so loud and uncanny, that it filled violet and her sisters with alarm. The men themselves were startled, and their actions were indeed comical. Again that horrible unearthly scream resounding above the mighty roar of the distant battle, burst forth.

"Maybe it's a spirit," gasped Aronburg.

Again and again the scream was repeated more loudly, then followed by a shrill and loud laugh.

"It's a so-called crazy person," said Aronburg. "and maybe it is a soldier driven crazy by his sufferings."

The men decided to investigate but before they knew it a long lithe body shot clear through the air, with a deafening screech, and landed on the shoulders of Aronburg, who fortunately kept a gigantic grip on it, clasping the maniac round the body. In vain the crazy person tried to get loose for Aronburg firmly held him (for it was a man) though he scratched and bit at him.

"It's a maniac all right," gasped one of the men as he and others rushed to Aronburg's aid. Indeed it was a man, and fort unlately he had been grabbed in time. The maniac screamed, and struggled, with Aronburg, but one of the men to over-come his attack, grabbed a rope that was lying on the ground, and tied it so tightly round his neck that he was choked. (poked) the maniac tried to struggle again, but the one with the rope seemed to have the strength of a demon, and the crazy one quickly swooned, with his tongue sticking out (why?) when taking it off from his neck they bound his feet and hands, and laid him on a board.

Overpowering work was done by men all over the ruined city of Gandarion and Lucille. Jicksen but the men who tried to free the many wounded had hardly no success, several of the men even fighting with the worms but did not succeed much. And one of the men had succeeded in extracting the beam which had choked Jennie's victim, but now they were so tired (fired) that they could hardly move a muscle.

One poor little girl who happened to be a unfortunately victim of the shell's horror was also still alive but suffering horribly a fallen piece of glass having cut a gash across a part of her throat, and some of the worms had wriggled in among the blood, the child trying to remove the horrible worms from out of her mouth, and though she succeeded at this, she failed to prevent them from crawling into the bleeding wounds on her neck.

"Oh please hurry up, and save them or something." Jennie screamed and pleaded piteously time and again. "Oh please spare them. We do not want to see them die amid such scenes."

"We will get them soon." Said Aronburg kneeling by Jennie and gently kissing her on the arm. "We will get them out of this, or we'll be sinners. In the meantime an officer who appeared to be a colonel had been withdrawn from the wreckage. He had died a horrible death. He came to be in that condition no one could tell, but the sight was horrible as he laid him out. His toes were gone, her his feet torn and crushed, and his body covered with numberless little cuts, all those muscles of his arms having been sliced or torn of clear to the bone by something. His ears and fingers were gone, and his hands crushed. By the expression on his face it was seen that his body also had been torn open while he was yet alive. As the man dragged the half skull on from the wreckage, the intestines had fallen out, and his body was half covered with dust and gore. The man lifted his head far back and saw also that his throat was also cut wide open and realized from the form of these wounds that more than a shell caused them. Many other soldiers were found out as if with ugly knives, and intestines and gore lay here more thickly, and as to any most of those who were here and there throughout the ruined town trying to rescue the wounded made no better progress, and one of them said;

"It seems as if we will have to let them lay in this place until we get help."

"It would be better to kill them, than to leave them to be tortured." Said Aronburg.

"We have got to save some of them if possible."

The other men were very willing, but another said;

"We cannot force them out, as they are so badly mangled already that roughly taking them would only tear them apart from their bodies."

Aronburg saw the point of a long stick protruding toward a wounded soldier's abdomen and knowing that the slightest struggle on his part would make the stick rip him open, he hastily tried to withdraw it, but the cause caused it to threaten more. Aronburg became frantic and struggled to hold the ever moving stick back but in vain. The soldiers came to the rescue and Jennie, Vivian saw the man's peril and gave a shrill scream.

"Oh please don't let it do it." she screamed in such a piteous way as to melt a heart of stone.

"Save him please." Said violet to one of the other men. "If you cannot save him, please do not let him be killed in such a horrible way. Oh please I beg of you."

"If we can get this stick out it will be all right." Said Aronburg. "If I cannot get it out, I will place another body on top of him and let it stab him." It was of no use. It kept pressing down more and more and knowing that it was hopeless, Aronburg quickly placed one of the dead bodies across the soldier's abdomen just as the stick gave way plunging into the dead man's body. The man however was still in the greatest peril for the stick kept on pressing through, but in desperation Aronburg managed to split it with his dagger and drew it out. Other men approached at this moment starting at the work holding these wounded men as prisoners. Many scores of the injured were found who even screamed shrilly from fright as the men approached their uniforms being turned seemingly gray from the thickened dust covering it. Trembling with fright and excitement violet and her sisters directed the men every which way possible but they could not remove them because the soldiers were wedged in between tons of wreckage. The men however would risk their lives for any one, and so decided to save those even if they were themselves killed. One of these succeeded in dragging a wounded general from the wreckage but something sharp fell down from a crushed room above and pierced his body.

In the meantime to add to the terrors for the wounded pinned beneath the windrows of wreckage, red hot smudges had broken out toward night fall, filling the air with thick clouds of smoke, the region becoming a regular smoke hell. fiercer and fiercer became the fire. One soldier whose name was Hans Mercy struggled and battled at the boards to add to the strength of his rescuer, but both their efforts were useless. The smudge burning now a regular sea of flames that seemed to sear the skies ignited hundreds of boards pinning the poor helpless victims, and the deafening death screams that the poor victims made was terribly heartrending. They were in danger of burning slowly to death, and many struggled desperately to get away from the small tongues of flame. Their suffering was unbearable. Many of the wounded who had their arms free tried desperately to get out from under the burning boards, or to get out of reach of the cruel flames, but it was useless. Again and again they vehemently tried to free themselves. The rescuers also tried to do something but could not as a sea of flames was between them.

The Vivian girls were appalled beyond description at this horrible sight, and were still more horrified as they saw the flames advancing toward the very persons they wished to see rescued the most. The burning victims writhed in indescribable agony, one soldier fainting at the sight of his suffering companions, and when he came to his senses, killed himself in a delirium. Violet and her sisters almost screamed, when they learned the flames were threatening those they were trying to rescue, and were filled with indescribable terror, at the hopelessness of the situation. The fire, first being a smudge, was now a perfect roaring wall three hundred feet long, and twenty feet wide, and thousands of victims had already been turned to death by other fires before this one.

It was a frightful sight to see indeed, and still more horrible it was, to see wounded soldiers still alive among them. Some of the intestines lay across the face of one of the soldiers while his body was besmeared with the blood of the dead soldier lying on top of him. When Violet and her sisters saw among the wounded the heaps of bleeding corpses, these poor little girl princesses with pleading looks at the soldiers cried piteously;

"Oh please sir, do not let them perish in such a way. Oh please please don't give up. Oh please save them."

Very sweet, and innocent faces the poor frightened Vivian girls did have which looked all the more lovely in their sorrow and dread of such a sight. One or two of the little girls were crying so bitterly and begging the men so piteously to save the wounded that it would have made a heart hard hearted man or woman faint of pity and sorrow, though they may be enemies of children. One soldier was dragged away from the blood covered corpses and laid to one side. One of the other wounded soldiers was suffering terribly agony in his legs and feet, and screamed and pleaded as loudly as he could, and was delirious, the hearts of the men being touched.

As quickly as bodies were being removed more came, some more horribly mangled than the others. Suddenly the clashing roar of falling planks was heard, and the faces of violet and her sisters became white with fear. Joice could not help letting out a shrill scream. The clashing roar of planks grew louder, which frightened violet and her sisters more than ever, and at the same time piercing screams were heard on top of a wreckage pile near them.

"Goodness." Gasped one of the men dragging a man from the timbers. "Here are a number of men in the wreckage above still alive. Some of you men seize them and drag them out before their struggles precipitate the rubbish down on top of us. I'll see to these here."

Violet and her sisters were so frightened that the wreckage would come down and imprison the soldiers imprisoned below, that the Abbeauxman officer Aronburg could hear their heartbeats beating fast and loud. Aronburg and his men worked hard at the wreckage pinning the wounded soldiers down, while the other groaning soldiers in the wreckage above, were brought down, by the score and placed in rows. The leader of the men was one of the soldiers who violet and her sisters had known since their infancy. He looked at violet and her sisters and said;

"Try to quiet your fears for I'll get the wounded out of the wreckage if I have to lie among it myself."

With this he kissed them each on the forehead, and then gave orders to the men to go and find more help. At this moment one of his helpers dragged out of the wreckage to his surprise a naked little boy, having grasped him by the shoulder. The poor child who may have been a boy scout was badly hurt and too frightened to struggle. In the wreckage from which he was taken were scores of dead soldiers with their throats so badly crushed crushed by heavy beams and foundation stones that their tongues were still sticking out. Others were mangled by shells. Probably the one soldier had suffered untold agonies. One soldier was lying on his back, and his throat was wedged between two heavy beams. He had been choked terribly for his face was fairly purple. He was lying directly over another soldier. The light had faded out of his bulging eyes bulging eyes long ago. His body was so badly mangled, mangled that it looked as if knives had slashed him unmercifully, the blood dripping all over the lumber, his abdomen having been opened, and his intestines had fallen in between the lumber. To get rid of this horrible sight, the men hid him with some wide board, after cutting out his protruding tongue. Even a child's heart was found sticking on the point of a stick. Intestines of all kinds were lying among the lumber, and a lung was taken from a little child's chest by one of the men who knocked it off with a stick. A second soldier was exposed to their view in a worse condition. He had once been a handsome man of thirty eight years and Aronburg clutching him by the shoulder, and lifting him a little said to himself;

"If I could get all the wounded free, I would not bother with these sights. We could almost go insane looking at this."

The soldier was still alive despite his horrible condition and was delirious. He tried to wrench himself loose from the grasp of his rescuer, and tried to bite, scratch and punch him, but he was utterly helpless for such a powerful man and he was drawn forth and placed with the others. Near where Violet was standing stood a high iron arch, where through some freak explosion of a shell three soldiers were left hanging by their thumbs, their bodies having been badly slashed by either fragments of shells or by timbers. The woodwork of its platform had caught as much gore as would come, the sea shell explosions here in their withering rage and fury, had thrown by the concussion the two privates and one officer against the dangling ropes and had been secured their by their thumbs in some mysterious way, but they had died from wreckage or shell fragments. As it appeared, sharp boards, and bricks, and glass may have struck them and sliced their bodies frightfully and therefore they may have died in torture. The clouds of wreckage blown about by shell bursts had continued to lash them until their bodies were ripped open from the top to bottom. It was the most awful sight that violet and her sisters had ever seen outside the massacres of children they experienced, and how glad they would have been if the men would soon succeed in freeing the other wounded men.

One grabbed the man by the foot, and another forcing the wreckage by was a means of a crowbar tried to drag him out, but in vain, and had to lie flat on his back despite the bitter pleas of Violet and her sisters. Another officer who was an Abbotinian ordered his companions, "I call of them to comply with all their right with crowbars, and this they did, while two men getting the soldiers and free, struggled desperately to free him, but these actions only made the soldier feel the effects of his severe wounds, and he screamed and groaned piteously. Shrieking screams for no more, was continually heard far and wide, but the men were sorely intent on the soldiers lying among the wreckage here. Some of the wounded soldiers had carried Romarbo and Scapulars and the officers wondered they were not injured by the shells. Rescue the wounded they must. One of the men at his moment extracting an officer who was a sergeant who had died of strangulation said:

"We will have to clear away all these surrounding bodies first, and they seem to keep the pressure of the wreckage on." One of the men at this moment extracted a mortally wounded private, who when released tried to make a struggle but his arms and legs were broken and he hung limp. Two of the men set him down gently. If you my dear readers could have now observed the sad faces of Violet and her sisters it could have made you also desire to aid them. The soldiers indeed saw their faces which made them hasten all the more. The Abbotinian now extracted a soldier with long flowing hair, who had also died a horrible death from strangulation, and from his body being rent open on open while he was still alive.

To die from just strangulation may not be such a horrible thing but to be randed apart by an explosion of a shell was horrible, and the recent suffering of the man could be seen in his ghastly white face. The look in his face was awful. As they lifted him, he hung limp, with his eyes bulging, and his tongue sticking out, the soldier having died with his tongue still protruding, and Violet and her sisters were horrified when they saw this, and shut their eyes.

The man's belly was split wide open and his intestines were protruding. The Abbotinian carefully laid the dead body somewhere in the middle of the street, but covering it with a canvas found among the wreckage. At this moment of one of the men by accident precipitated a score of mangled bodies almost against Violet and her sisters, these bodies being so mangled that they fairly wiped the feet of Violet and her sisters in gore. Poor little girls, they were so sad and so frightened that they were too horrified to cry, but they too had pleadingly begged heaven, and begged god to cause this long battle to be stopped. All of the soldiers both men and officers who had been precipitated down seemed to have been cut like a butcher would a cow, their intestines almost falling out from their opened bodies, and the wreckage they fell from was at least with broken fragments of some shell, which evidently caused this horrible death. So many of the bodies had fallen that the boards nearest Violet and her sisters were thickly covered with blood, and some of it dropped into the mouths of other dead soldiers lying beneath. One dead soldier was lifted off, whose throat was crushed, and his protruding tongue coated an inch thick with blood. Nearly every dead soldier but three were found with their bellies torn open, their bodies badly cut up, and some of their intestines entwined about each other, a sight being revealed which probably

was worse than any massacre committed by the gladiators to innocent children. One of other soldier who had been extracted had been choked to death by a beam which crushed his throat. As they now worked at others, the same beam suddenly sank, collapsed and fell down on some of the rescuers almost killing them. One of the

gave a vivid girl who was Jennie had been caught by the end of this heavy beam and hurled to the ground and the beam pressed on her neck in a vice like grip. Bells seemed to be ringing in her ears, and the crushing pressure on her throat caused intense pain. The beam pressed down harder and harder, until her head was thrown back while her bulging eyes seemed to fall out of their sockets.

Her tongue sticking out as far as it could go. Her face became purple and gangrenous and little streams of blood came from her nose, mouth, and ears. Jennie, whose hands were free tried to release her throat of that crushing grip, but the more she did this the harder the beam pressed down making her tongue stick all the way out. Her lungs pained for air, and she even struggled and beat at the beam with her lit fists, but she was rendered helpless. At last she managed to make one of the boards fall which attracted some of the Abbotinians. At this moment she became terribly dizzy, her head seemed to swim like top, and growing weak she threw up her arms while her head at last hanging back backwards seemed full of bells ringing with an unearthly sound, when everything became black before her eyes, just at the moment the men had succeeded in lifting up the beam. Being unconscious the soldiers thought she was dead, and almost were in fits of fear and confusion.

But the awful choking pressure had been released in time, and she had only become senseless, having fainted rather than the brutal marks were on her throat. They managed to bring her to her senses and when she came to she did not show any fear but kept her distance from the wreckage nevertheless. In the meantime one Abbotinian officer drew a soldier from the wreckage who had suffered terribly before he died. His back was crushed, his neck cut open, and his arms mangled, and his legs crushed into a mass of flesh and bone. As pieces after pieces of the wreckage was lifted off, more blood dripping corpses slid down this time on the imprisoned wounded in the wreckage below, the blood of these sliced up bodies running in streams, most by hundreds of hours of time being covered with the gore.

There was a terrible insect locusts from out of the ground, and showers of glass, violet and her sisters were struck with horror when they saw so many poor victims.

Followed among the sea of ghastly wreckage and mangled, with thousands of mangled bodies. Close to where the little girls were passing was the frightful ruin of St. Cecilia's School which had once been a large and five story building made of huge stones and painted gray. The lower first floor window had been twenty six feet high, and the walls of the building built of large heavy stones, squared like cubes were four feet thick. The strong towers were domed, and the walls surrounding the playgrounds were in various ruins. Every building in the large city of Lucille Jackson had been made of very expensive material, and no heavy indeed was the loss of property here, the streets had been broader, and longer than these in Chicago, but now no streets could be distinguished in the mass of wreckage left by the shell storm from Lucille Jackson. Violet and her sisters now knew how bad the situation was, and in their hearts begged god as piteously as they could to cause the rescue of those soldiers still in breathing. At last in the smoke laden atmosphere and pouring clouds of dust, and fragments of stones they heard some officer talking to another. Then one of them blew a shrill whistle and in a minute a score of men were with him. They approached a windrow of wreckage before which the young girls were standing, and seeing some of the soldiers alive yet, seized them by the feet, while others tried to lift the heavy timbers, but in vain, the wreckage would not budge.

"Don't get them loose, that is all there is to it," said one of the men soberly. "We would have to take all night, and yet we cannot hardly see anything in this smoke and dust laden atmosphere."

The men slowly went away the smoke now being so intense that poor Violet and her sisters could hardly see anything, and they were frightened when they saw by the glimmer of bursting shells some boards nearest them red with the blood of dead child soldiers. A brighter flash revealed bones of dead bodies, and the poor little girls shuddered, and the more they saw the more frightened and horrified and horror stricken they became, and were almost deafened by the din of exploding shells. Jennie felt sad and lonely, and yearned to be back home out of this region of horror and bloody scenes. The whole mass of ruins within their view seemed like a slaughter house, and so sickening was the stench that at times the little girls nearly vomited. All round were the bodies of torn soldiers even half naked. And at the horrid nights revealed by the clearing of the smoke Violet and her sisters were filled with indescribable horror. They had never observed such sights in all their lives. Each soldier had been killed by being beaten over the head by heavy boards flying at him by some great explosion, and another soldier Violet observed had been forced on his knees, with his hands extended above his head and held that way, his arms and chest having been dislocated and his abdomen torn open, his tongue protruding far out altogether. Many of the poor angelinian soldiers who had fought so desperately in Lucille Jackson in the face of the Lucille Jackson shell storm had been not killed only by shells, but were beaten to death by hundreds of flying timbers, and many had died with the look of terror in their eyes. Violet and her sisters whose bright and pleasant faces always had spread a vivid light round them, moved as if in a dream, their cheeks pale, and then their eyes red from weeping. Every distant crash of the shells had convulsed them with fright, and drove them to sudden sobbing and tears. In the meantime another number of the columns of a lowly retreating men were searching in their vicinity for some of their wounded comrades and came upon several officers who were lieutenants, pinned between two beams. In vain they tried to free these. The beams could not be budged. Very close to where Violet and her sisters passed next, were twenty five Angelinians only one of them privates, and all were naked save two, and their clothes or uniforms were in shreds. And their bodies were covered with such ugly looking wounds, that the rescuers seeing them, were horrified.

The rescuers came upon one soldier whose name was Jennings Van, who was pinned a long the bleeding bodies. The rescuers even with the frantic help of the young girls who also lent a hand, tried to release him the soldier being mangled, but their combined efforts failed, and they had to give it up despite his pleas and screams. One of the rescuers grabbed another by the left arm and tried to free him also, but in vain and one of them said:

"I say boys! It seems as if somebody went out the heart of this soldier lying in a safe, as his body is open, and his heart is missing. What means this?"

"The shells may have done it," said another. "The soldiers who were trying to prevent this town from being blown up were so helpless in the fury of the shell storm that they were probably struck by many fragments, and pulled open or apart by the fierce straining of their legs and arms, which hurried about so violently by the blasts."

Jennings Van being overwhelmed with sorrow, pain and terror, begged as piteously as he could to the men to help him, and the men touched to the quick, by the pleading of the wounded soldier, again went to the task, taking away boards after board, while several others taking out diggers dug away the tons of lumber, that held the beams on top of the wounded soldiers, and with the help of other men they seemed to make better progress than before, but at this moment a pile of wreckage above still down, and increasing the weight below, and now the work was no better done, when first star started. Yet the men did not touch by the frantic efforts of the young girls did not give up and were determined to win at all costs.

"The blessed Virgin Mary helped us to escape our way through the twisted wreckage of this wild battle!" said Jennie in tones of the sweetest words.
"Dear pretty innocent as you are," said Evans hugging her closer, "that beautiful child like trust in God and His blessed Mother: you are the very poor little."
"I wish I could say anything but a world of woe, and I mean to see that your sorrows will and soon have an end. I do wish they were not your brothers and that there were only a mistake in the reports. Well, how precious angelic children you stay here, and let me go but and give poor little Violet a surprise!"
They readily consented and went on their way, Violet outside the church said:

"How glad would you be if your sisters would only return!"
"Oh how happy would I be," replied Violet. "And oh, Evans, you are my guardian, could you not think of some way of finding at least their bodies, and bury them in a country where there are no battles fought?"

And the poor forlorn little girl turned eyes of such appealing wistfulness and reproach upon him that he could not bear it.

"I would sooner have my heart cut out than see you come to further harm and sorrow like this," said General Evans. "But promise me you will not be frightened, and will not cry any more if I take you into the church to see our dear Lord Jesus: There are Christian sisters who wish to see us in there."

"Oh no indeed I'm not frightened and I will not cry again. I am only crying because I am sad and forlorn and lonesome and then you always comfort me, and yes! how am I to be happy again in this world when my sisters and father are gone forever from this world?"

"God bless you and go to dear little sisters," said Evans softly laying a gentle hand on Violet's head and then taking her in he brought her to the altar railing where she became conscious of that strange sweet odor once more, more fragrant and delicious than any smell of flowers or incense which still filled the sanctuary and appeared as if luminous halos appeared above the heads of the little girls by the altar railing. A feeling of awe overcame Violet, a feeling of an overpowering sense of being in the presence of celestial beings. Violet to her joy however soon discovered who the little girls were, and who can tell of the joy of meeting the ones gone?

"Divinely beautiful," thought Evans to himself as he helped them one by one over the twisted wreckage. "Sure there is none like them at all in this world!"

Evans indeed was overawed at the appearance of poor Violet and her sisters, the look of children transfused with the serene serenity of heaven's saints, who had held communion with the supernatural. Evans was indeed silent for a long time, being still aware of the celestial fragrance permeating the air in the same ravishing perfume that had scented the sanctuary, but distilled from roses, and lilacs of Paradise. What or where hovered in and hovered all the air about them, an odor not of earth's fading flowers, but those of Heaven.

In the meantime General Evans' eyes were fixed on the way to do their utmost, but despite it all they were failing, the whole clutching as they were being driven back and complete defeat was already at hand and night was about to be dark on.

While the retreat ran on in general he was to believe she came up and down and only said:

"This is something the rest of this whole war never did. It is only to take my years to repair this damage, and all the months you can count to clear away this wreckage. In the time of Antioch's biggest storm it took over forty years to repair all the wreckage along the coast."

This disaster alone was the lower to repair the losses and others, and count to Antioch's disaster. "I don't know," said Violet, "but our whole army is beaten at that poor General Zerkow is seriously wounded."

"There is one thing that cannot be repaired for not that in the death of six of the poor widows, my beloved! I never get over the effects. It is strange that this long and bloodiest of wars and all they suffered before and during the war did not cause the disasters sooner and their deaths alone. If they succeeded in carrying so much of this war and all its horrors, I don't see why they did not survive this mightiest of Mandelstam attacks. They seemed to have charmed lives, and the full protection of God."

"It is pretty hard to say who could survive battles of this character," said General Baldwin bitterly. "The form of such warfare defies all help with such premeditated and calculated tactics and destruction. It is a terrible wonder that I and you are still alive, and that Violet and Evans were spared. Your time during the most fiercest stages of this great battle I was sure I shall be killed, or even worse would be killed. I don't understand how they managed to survive so long, during the battle at that."

"I don't see why they did not survive the horrible battle now," said General Johnson himself, sullenly.

One after another of the retreating Christians, from some strange command, was breaking up into fragments, and receding in confusion, the battle field again to be a mass of fire, and smoke, many tongues of flame from explosions and conflagrations dark day for a moment, in an unusual unearthly brightness, while the different colors of smoke rising in odd columns from greater explosions made the night most appalling. Then there was crash after crash, which was more deafening than those of explosions, blocks long seemed to turn the fields around, and many of the strange columns of the Christians, still standing proudly against the Mandelstams were now beginning to give way. And the enemy seemed to be advancing so rapidly that now port arms of the whole line seemed to give way, but as yet there was no danger of general Hancock's army being pressed back, as the ammunition of his only club of artillery still held out, and which was doing the same terrible destruction among the Mandelstam columns.

"This night makes me think of the infernal places," said Violet. "I'm sure I would sooner stay here, and die or burn up, than spend any mortal day, or mine of any kind."

"I believe you," said Evans in answer. "It is better to brave or far all than to leave hell."

Evans and Violet had now taken refuge in a ruined country and church, then as a stray shot blew up a building in the place, they had to go out but as Evans went outside, he was startled by an unusual sound, a sound of children crying. The voices of the little boys seemed strangely near, sounded familiar, and from inside the ruined church. And there was indeed no making a mistake of that soft plaint of woe. The little voices seemed to call pitifully as if in deep distress, and Evans as he thought he recognized the voices, felt a lump rise in his throat. He went in and peering forward into the ruined South Sea Sanctuary, but as yet he could not see anything, though the sound of the weeping voices of the children seemed nearer than before and still more familiar. He went into the sanctuary, the voices of the children sounding nearer, and more pitifully plaintive at every step. Then as he neared the altar rail, he saw nothing but the statue of Our Lady, which had been undamaged, six fair little girls seemed to look up toward him.

"My poor little angels," he said approaching them with a smile of deep pity. Then he paused suddenly for from the children came a fragrance, as of the sweetest flowers, a divine strange odor that filled the Sanctuary, and they saw that they seemed to be ethereally beautiful, and were beautifully white dresses, white shawl and white faces could be seen at, while a soft radiance as of moonlight surrounded them, and to his surprise and overwhelming joy he found they were Violet's sisters, and he was overcome with fear and awe.

"Angels now indeed!" he thought looking upon them with a feeling of greater awe. "Probably after being killed, their souls came back to bid Violet good bye before they would fly to heaven."

"Don't cry little girls," he seemed bending over the altar railing. "Don't cry dear little girls, and tell me why you became so ethereally beautiful. Have you become spirits, or were you killed of what?"

They all at a sudden turned and looked at him in evident surprise.
"Oh Evans," cried Jennie. "We felt so bad that we got so far away from you and Violet. No Evans, dear we are the same little girls, who were with you before. We are not spirits, or ethereal beings, we were only caught in the turmoil, and ran for this church which was our only refuge. And oh Evans please keep us company here, for we feel lonesome."

"Poor little things," thought Evans as he fondly drew Jennie into his arms and hugged her. "A pitiable sight indeed."

"How did you find your way here, my darlings?" he asked as poor little Jennie laid her head against his breast. Violet and I have been almost broken hearted, fearing and thinking you had been killed."

During the evening of the conclusion of the murderous fury of the gigantic storm of battle, and when the main Christian armies were slowly giving way elsewhere, Violet and her sisters following the remnants of soldiers retreating through the ruined city of Antioch, were separated again and even he bent on cruelly by the flying bombs and shrapnel thrown about by the explosions of shells, which each second here and there made an appalling roar. Violet herself had a narrow escape from death by a direct hit from the result of a screaming given it, when to go by, from about she was flung several yards by the explosion of some big explosion, and as she narrowly escaped having a badly broken and crushed leg, she was stripped almost to complete nakedness by the frisking force of some exploding shell, and she had been killed being struck across the arm by a large two before place of the little tower which had been buried a distance of ten rods by an explosion, and a soldier running from the scene had been severely injured his face being badly scratched and swollen.

John himself had been thrown violently against a high brick wall so roughly that she had been almost as much stunned, but she was not injured, and while she saw many soldiers of Antiochians lying among the prostrate wreckage, heavy fragments of doors, boards, and beams were hurled at them, while out of a ruined drug store an explosive exploding shell hurled a bottle of poison gas over a soldier lying motionless on a pile of debris.

Manley bowed his head and sobbed out:

"Oh general Hanson, excuse me my heart is broke that's all. To think of such creature with not only such dastling beauty but souls as well and never to see them again. I never believed they would be killed, and Bicknell was to come soon. What will he say when he hears this news?"

Bicknell at this moment arrived, Hanson greeting him and saying:
"I have lost my brother, and besides except Violet she is the only one left now. The others are reported to have perished on account of the battle."

"There was a passionate exclamation from the general:
"May be the gods will that I should not see them any more in this world."

and Bicknell as he went to have a fall fast. But if it is true their loss can be avenged. We will spare no prisoners' daughter."

There was a pause for sometime and all sat wept together, when Hanson with simple pathos told the whole story declaring that Violet was the only one left now. Bicknell then turned to his horses that had just arrived and addressed them, saying through a loud trumpet:

"My good friends you all remember the darlings of the Angelinian nation/ whom many of the Angelinian generals have always been brutal too. It is believed from reports that they and their own father have perished in this great struggle, about slaughtered, assassinated, and Violet is the only one left now. Violet's sisters and only brothers have also been killed. The whole of the nation will soon know of this and our defeat through my means and land her greatest sympathy and aid for Angelina Agatha and our rulers. But in atonement this must be avenge. I have given up everything in this world I possess to see the 'vivan' girls and this is what I receive. If the report is confirmed you men know what your duty is. Spare no prisoners." Then he gave a long narrative of the experiences and sufferings of the little girls before and during the war, when he added saying:
"It was at this moment that I have resolved before God, and with his help to do all in my power, not only to get relief for the stricken armies so badly wrecked and to do what I can for poor Violet, whose sisters may have died so quickly but I will do all I can with the help of other armies to strike the Glandolinian traitors. Manley and his father and some a deadly blow. It is your duty boys, when you charge to go into the traitor army heart, give no quarter to the child assassins, and to spare even no wounded. All right boys. Now forward."

With a yell as of one voice the whole surge sprang forward against the advancing Glandolinian and back and forth the lines surged battling anew with colorful fury. In the meantime before Bicknell came up Evans had noticed that poor Violet had seemed to grow thinner, her breath shorter, and how when she walked with him or rode with him she became so languid and tired. And so he feared that her sorrow over the supposed loss of her father and sisters was overwhelming her, and his heart felt a sudden sharp thrust, for he dreaded that she would also go, or become insane, and so he decided to take her away from the scene as soon as possible. He was also afraid to leave her alone a moment, doing all he could to give comfort the heart broken child. The way he was thinking he was in a sort of trance for several moments when he was suddenly roused by some one shaking him violently.

"Oh Evans let's get away from here somehow somehow." cried Violet
"There is a big surge of the enemy coming toward us and the scene is becoming like us if the world is going to be destroyed."

He was indeed startled by the ominous roaring in the distance and the sagging gasping at unborn lines seemed outlined in fire.

"This is a worse scene than even a forest fire." said Evans to Violet;
"Would you mind watching your uncle that the enemy is trying to make a movement round his rear?"

Violet at once rushed off to find Hanson, Evans following but it was some time before they found general Hanson.

"Oh Violet there is a great column of the enemy." said Violet. "You had better look out as the Glandolinians are advancing round your rear."

General Hanson was at once alarmed. He did not actually see the Glandolinians coming but the smoke of battle covered the whole region, making an awful invading scene indeed. At this moment the little girl saw another surge of the wicked Glandolinians surging up from the direction of the southeast, and could also observe an extra column of Glandolinians coming forward, the numbers of the foe increasing every minute, and the conflagration of battle began to surge round Hanson like a smoking whirlpool of lava.

At the same time a terrible thunderous roar had broken loose.

"Hurry Violet, and you Evans, get on your best horses. I'm afraid we will have to leave my army as I shall be overlapped by those wicked Glandolinian columns before long. And I'm afraid we are losing for this is a sign sure enough that my brothers' armies, and the others, learning of the loss of their commander is being driven in terrible confusion."

Evans and Violet hastened to obey.
"I wonder where we can go now?" said Evans. "It seems we are placed between two fires."

"I do not know," answered Violet. "I do not care as long as we escape the danger."

"Still waters run deepest Violet dear." said Evans. "Why Hanson seems to be getting as reckless as a lion, for I have already heard he is exerting all his power to win this battle, when it is really lost already, and already his thirteen horses have been shot under him. And he is taking no prisoners either. I know Violet dear he does not forget your dear sisters or his brother, no body could, the dear little Blessed Creatures." He added wiping his eyes.

At this moment an officer came riding up and said:
"You two people Princess Violet and general Evans seem to be in distress. Is there any help I can render to you?"
Violet sadly shook her head, and then hid her face in her hands.

"There is nothing you can do for us." said Evans with emotion and sorrow. "This poor little girl fears as well as I do that she had lost her father, sisters and brothers to day on account of this terrible battle going on. They were my young charges as I am no relative to them, but I feel the loss as if they were my own sisters. Their father King Vivian was very good to me. It is also reported that his friends perished with three others in trying to force the enemy back from Conserva or Conservatory gun despite the furious resistance of the Glandolinian soldiery."

"Poor Violet!" said the general piteously. "To bad she had to lose so many at once. But Evans if you cannot loose them what are you going to do? Especially if they are really dead."

"Well," said Evans and his face suddenly took on an ugly look that shocked Violet. "I have in my own lines about several million prisoners. If the report is true they will this very night dig their own graves." And general Hanson also is bound despite the restlessness of his grief to win this struggle though he hardly says a word to any one now. Though he does not show it, I know he feels the loss as deeply as he can feel anything, and he has strong reasons to regret the loss of the little girls whose winning ways and gentle intercessions and their brave deeds for their country's cause has often been a shield to him. He is almost or is completely heart broken and he seems from sorrow, less skillful and alert, to the latter incidents of the battlefield if he ain't careful the way he is acting he may get killed himself, though now I know that he does not care."

"Maybe there is something I can do for you after all." said the kind general to Evans. "How about letting Violet take shelter in my headquarters until the battle is over and you make a close search for her sisters?"

"Can't leave this spot without Hanson's permission." said Evans.
"If we do so we may scare him. I have many officers and men looking for them now."

The general slowly shook his head (not off) and rode slowly back to the firing line. Violet stood still as silent as a statue with her hands hidden in her face, and Evans had to speak several times before he could get her to move. She came slowly away and the expression in her face made his heart ache, and burn with hatred for the Glandolinians. He placed his arm gently round her to protect her at any cost. Evans felt indeed that within a few days Violet would be pinning her life away and wondered what he could do to overcome her sorrow. Had there ever been children like the Vivian girls. Yes only one. Little Eva St. Clare in Uncle Tom's Cabin. But she alone was no war princess though she in many ways was a heroic heroine in different fashion. Evans felt sure he would never see their sweet smiles again their heavenly eyes and singular ways, and sweetest manners, and the more he thought of this, the stronger and stronger came his temptation to massacre his prisoners.

In the meantime as general Hanson was directing his screaming, cursing, yelling and roaring howling battle lines general Francis Meldonia M. Manley came galloping up to him.

"I offer my apologies to His Majesty Robert Vivian." said he latter. "Several men have captured three Glandolinians who happened to have this roll of paper about them and I yearn to see them and give him these before it is too late."

"Nothing doing on that line." answered Hanson bitterly. "My brother is not here."

"It took me an hour to get here." said Manley proudly. "My line your excellency had crushed their assailants to the last ones and so far we are winning now. If we fully win this battle we can fully reform the other mangled and defeated armies. Could you tell me where his Majesty Robert Vivian is?"

"Yes I'm sure I can." said Hanson with a gleam of fury in his eyes.

"I'd have given all my fortune to have saved the little girls, their father and brother from the ravages of this herculean battle. They I believe have to day gone to a better country where God lives."

General Meldonia Manley said nothing but looked serious for several minutes. Then Manley drew out of his pocket some rolls of paper and he holding it then before Hanson with a trembling hand said:

"I don't want to see or hear of it again. Just as I feared it would be, murdered by them damn Glandolinians. And you folks still don't learn any lesson by it. If I had any say here I would not take a Glandolinian prisoner but cut them all down."

Manley turned his horse and was starting away proudly when Hanson followed him slowly and taking him by the right hand drew him back.

"My poor good friend." said Hanson. "Let us forget it and do all we can to avenge it by crushing the whole of the foe army. You are the only friend besides Baldwin I have now. And if the girls are really slain and my brother also I'll take your advice and put all the Glandolinians to death."

It was certainly a poor thing for poor Violet, for all she suffered before and during the terrible Gladiolus Angelinian war, to even have this cruel affliction. It seemed now as if she had lost everybody, to have the cold world stare at her and mock her in her misery. Near Evans she sat still and quiet, without speaking and when general Hanson yivian galloped up and did succeed in arousing her, she sat codd by his side with her eyes staring open, and her face as white as if she were dead. She did not seem to hear anything that Han Hanson or Baldwin said to her, and broke down sobbing for an hour, while a search was made in vain. Evans tried to soothe Violet by every loving word he could think of but it also was in vain.

"Oh why is it that I should be left alone," she cried piteously; "It would have been better if I had died also."

Despite their heart rending sorrow, Hanson and the three themselves had had a narrow escape from death. Violet decided he needed to be always besides Violet who began to walk away from the region of the extreme battle with a new melancholic melancholic step and when a half a little further off from the battle line was again made, Evans drew her toward him, and placing his arm round her said;

"Why be so sad. Even if it is true that your dear sisters and your father and brothers died, some day you will see them again in heaven. But why take it so bad when there is no confirmation of all this. No one proves it. And you and your sisters are so good that God may even cause it to come out that your father may not have died at all, no your sisters either. Keep on praying and God will grant your request. I'm going to organize a strong searching party and have some proof of this."

"I know that," sobbed Violet. "If he did not get killed in this ugly battle, then where could he and my sisters have gone. He or they did not desert us. Oh Evans dear I absolutely feel that my sisters and papa were killed in yonder battle field. It seems impossible for any one to survive it. I feel as if I was forsaken by both heaven and earth."

Evans indeed felt sorry for poor Violet. Even the apparent loss of her sisters killed him with utmost grief, though he did not show it. But he had his mind that if the girls were slain by the enemy he would massacre all his prisoners. It seemed as if never again would he hear their sweet voices, their sweet laughter, and singing, and see their beautiful forms. It seemed that never again would he see as happy a time as he did before. To himself it seemed as if he had lost everything. Even Violet herself would have believed that Evans did not really care a bit if she had not caught him several moments later hiding in a shady nook and crying in a heart broken manner and vowing revenge if they were gone. Several times Evans had felt like giving the girl order any how, but the fear and knowledge of the result prevented him from doing it just now. And also the presence of poor Violet ever on his mind added to his. Violet indeed seemed to him to be an orphan now. Hanson himself was more grief stricken than he showed, and general Baldwin felt affected also and so he had driven his columns head foremost at the enemy, being bound to win at all costs but was hurled back again and again. The whole battle had seemed to end in a terrible tragedy. And Violet had indeed wept and sobbed like a grief stricken soul without intermission for half an hour, and though his own heart was heavy with grief, Evans was determined to stay with her but could say nothing more as from her grief he could say nothing. Poor Evans also had a feeling in his own heart that drew him to general Hanson as if he was his only father and he his only son.

And he with sobbing Violet sat stayed with Hanson who directed the battle, and when H Evans saw Hanson standing so pale and holding before his eyes one of the little girls bibles though seeing no letter or word of what was in it, there was more sorrow to Hans Evans in that still fixed tearless eye, than all of Violet's moans and lamentations. Fifteen minutes had now passed, and Evans with Violet on a rocky ledge overlooking the distant battle field, and as Evans watched the storming surge of battle and how it was so sadly resulting he thought of poor Violet at his side. Though she did not weep much now, Evans could see that her face was pale and that she was so quiet. He himself felt very dreary as the sudden loss of the little girls was the greatest he had ever so suffered. He himself felt sad and forlorn and longed for another scene to change his thoughts and decided to leave the region as soon as the battle was over. And if no one could locate the yivian girls, or if they were found prisoners in the hands of the enemy then God help Manley. General Hanson himself was going back and forth among the surging battle line striving to fill up the chasm of his heart, with the confusion of battle and its din, and the officers, and generals who came up to him for orders and reports, knew nothing of the loss, for there he was yelling commands, and giving advice and orders, pointing out points of the line which was wavering, and straightening out regiments threatening to give way, and sending reserves here and there, and who could tell that all the commanding and smiling outside, was but a hollow shell over a heart that was a dark and silent sepulcher. Many of the wounded soldiers looked with pity at poor Violet, and several officers shook their heads as they passed.

"My Uncle seems to be a singular man," said Violet sadly as she viewed him. "I used to think if there was anything in the world he did love it was his brother, or my dear little brave sisters, but he seems to forget them easily. I cannot even get him to talk about them. If I really mention them he only rushes away."

The atmosphere then became blinded with the flash of explosions from the shell shells hurled by the rebel guns of Lucilla Jackson ridge, the earth and ground heaved in wreckage ascending upward in eruptions hurled up by the high explosive shells which roared and crashed in a mighty volcano of flame and din and the monstrous screaming and yelling of the retreating christian forces. Fifteen minutes later the main force of christian army came up, Hanson hurried reinforcements from his reserves and restored order in his broken line and in half an hour more the struggle increased with redoubled fury, the battle bearing a regular hail of destruction before the very eyes of Violet and her sisters. Such an uproar of the battle now could not be described. And so loud became the clamor of the yell of the gladiolusians that again hell with its lost souls and fiends seemed to possess themselves of the earth and air and were once more venting their savage rage and feelings in the most horrible unearthly sounds, even louder than the screaming of a thousand railroad whistles. All the half remaining, demolished christian divisions crashed down in masses of dead and wounded, the air again became clouded with debris thrown up by great explosions and everything went before the rebel shell storm from Lucilla Jackson ridge.

A whole strip of trees growling in a group where Violet and her sisters were running for shelter were reared to fragments by the blast of a high explosive shell, and bushels of dirt and gravel and grass showered the little girls and the immense cloud of smoke almost suffocated them until they were dazed. The savage fury of the battle continued on the battle raging at its greatest force.

"How but that was a narrow escape," "From that shell," said Evans who was watching the battle from a safer distance when he could find voice to speak. "I thought it would get us."

"It was God who saved us," said Jennie. "It is a terrible battle and even if it had not been for our quickness when the shell screamed toward us and landed among that maze of trees, we would all have been killed."

"You little girls seemed mighty scared when that shell landed," said one of the officers riding up. "You should not have come with us from Dorothy Gale. Your father warned you and you did not take his advance advice."

From along the whole of Hanson's line there still blazed forth the musketry burning the eyes of the beholder like pepper, while still more terrific now was the detonation of the musketry roll and the crash of cannon. All the while there was a queer rushing and roaring sound, the cloud of smoke along the summit seemed on fire, the rolling cannon thunders roared like salvoes, and with surprising rapidity followed the vast columns of gladiolusians precipitating themselves upon Hanson's whole line with scolding sledge hammer force, the pressure of the assault growing harder and harder, the sounds changing becoming metallic, in their deafening ring, then a rattling and a clanking, and a terrific explosive roar that again and again and still again roared and crashed like a trillion cannon.

In consternation the christian officers by hundreds, and scores of generals even rushed back and forth among their men, the earth trembled as if there was an earth quake, there were flashes of lurid lights, and all above this was a most frightful roaring and crashing that reverberated far above the din of the cannon and the musketry. Violet and her sisters beheld the appalling approaching of the battle line, and they could see the gladiolusian columns moving forward everywhere, striking thunderous blows. The whole battle purge came on furious and horrible beyond describing. The shell storm from Lucilla Jackson being added by that of the other ridges in possession of the enemy was gathering fast, their explosions flashed with redoubled fury and numbers, and the thunders of their explosions boomed and bang like the roll of many drums. Even the pressure of the gladiolusian assault had increased its fury, and now the very refuge of Evans and Violet and her sisters was overwhelmed in a mass of carnage. Escape seemed impossible and soon to his horror he found all but Violet was missing. After the battle surge had gone back the other way again (Hanson having repulsed the foe) Evans looked high and low for them scanning the furthest distance of the raging storm but could not find them.

"Horror! they must have been killed by shells, and swept away to their deaths at last," he gasped.

At this moment the spirit of Violet appeared, and Evans saw she was weeping as if her heart would break, crying like a child who never did anything else. She was even crying so wildly that Jack Evans courageous as he was, was at first frightened. And she cried so bitterly that the region of sorrow seemed like a Purgatory to Evans.

"Oh Evans," she sobbed when she succeeded in controlling herself;

"Papa and my papa and my sisters have perished in the battle, Hanson and Baldwin who have repulsed the enemy cannot find them."

"I have missed your sisters but I did not know your poor father was gone," said Evans his own heart almost broken by the grief of the little girl.

"Oh my dear papa and sisters," he moaned piteously. "To think they have died, and left me alone in this cruel world. Oh what shall I do? Oh what shall I do?"

Jack persuaded Violet to quiet down and though she seemed so much to hear she soon overcame herself as best as she could, and now not a sound filled that grief stricken lonely spot after that, even the roar of battle seemed to subside after such a petious and heartrending scene.

This The reason was as stated before. King Vivian was reported to have been dangerously wounded, Hanson, Vivian killed, and the two other Vivians mortally wounded. This threw the armies into such confusion that nothing could stop the rout.

"Last night," said Robert Vivian, "Before this great battle came on, I myself had a dream of that man who claims he lost the picture of the murdered Aronburg child, sister of Angelina Aronburg; our famous girl spy and scout. I dreamed that he came to me in sorrow and said that the loss was not only causing the enemy great success in many battles but the frightful fury of the war as well, and that there was only one man that could avert the capture of Angelina Agathia and that if a man who suffered the loss would adopt three children by the time two mighty armies would fight the bloodiest battle of the war, there was also one more atonement declared, and that was the picture must be returned. He said thus;

"All I say your Ex Majesty I swear by all the Saints to be true. I'm not when I say this, and will prove it. When I first obtained the picture she was herself a famous child scout and the sister of Angelina Aronburg who calls herself Gertrude Evangeline. She was murdered by a glandelinian War Lord in cold blood. I managed to secure her picture from her pocket, at least to revenge the act as she had been a little saint though strikingly beautiful. The Through some thief who was also a glandelinian or an Angelinian traitor, I lost it, and she appeared to me in a vision, stating it must be recovered by me, that I must do all I can to help in causing the war to bring the children slaves to their liberty, and that only its return or the adoption of two girls and one boy can save the Angelinian arms from total defeat. And its true Your Majesty be cause to morrow you will be finding out the facts by seeing one of the wars worst battles raging, which by its concussion will overthrow many big houses in Lucille Jackson and other towns and cause frightful loss of life. When I awoke," said Robert Vivian I was all excited and filled with anxiety. I do not believe in dreams but just the same it impresses me as this battle and its results came true. I'm going to offer a reward to any one who can bring this man who caused the news of my death to be reported, to be brought before me. And when he is before me, God help him I'll say."

"Oh God have Mercy on us. Look at the terrible fury of the battle in the distance," Gaspel violet as she pointed it out to Evans that is Jack Evans toward late afternoon. Evans and her sisters indeed looked and at first behold an appalling canopy of white smoke clouds spreading over the horizon in the direction of the line of battle, and in a moment they saw confused waves of christian soldiers rushing toward them in a pandemonium of noise and fury. The scene resembled like the beginning of judgement day, and hellish intense jaws had opened at the same time. The very approaching glandelinian columns roared with yells. At first violet and her sisters being caught in the path of this onrushing tide thought they were gunners. Trembling in apprehension they huddled round Evans. Indeed the whole sky to them seemed to become a crimson color, and the whole battle field for a moment was hidden in the smoke clouds of our splitting explosions. All the while there was a more terrible noise far to their right resembling the far away howl of many big legions of demons, which gradually increased and came nearer as the surging panic stricken christian columns surged or passed them. Hansons line by this time had formed for the last stand on the Glorianna heights as predicted before.

Violet and her sisters saw general Hanson as he rode near enough to survey the enemy's victorious approach. He noticed the fury of the glandelinian attack, and realized he was going to have a hard and most titanic struggle to stop the fools here, if ever he could stop them. He galloped back and forth, and then seeing violet and her sisters and Evans near by he rode up and said; "See what you little girls have come up to now. It had been better if you and Evans had taken Robert Vivian's advice and not come here when you should have been safe in Grothy Gale or Angelina Agathia. Now it's too late and its up to Evans to get you out of the hole you dug yourselves into."

All of a sudden at this moment the whole of Hansons lines seemed to flash blindly with the discharge of musketry. A whole line of rebels in gray just appeared on the summit withered away, and others were torn to fragments, and before they could rally another flash of musketry followed a moment after, seeming to blast and singe the air a thunderous roll came with ten fold vehemence and thousands of the columns of onrushing glandelinians withered away, while the whole surge went receding back in scattered fragments. It had been an awful sight for violet and her sisters to see, there was a ten minutes lull then the enemy was seen to resume the assault. The roar of firing grew louder and nearer and nearer, while again came a searing river of fire along general Hanson's Vivian's line which seemed to cover the whole summit with millions of streaks, that seemed furiously stabbing the atmosphere and smoke clouds, and the report of the second crash a, along Hansons massive line sounded dreadful. Again a second time the monstrous monstrous glandelinian wave withered, there was a general recede, and "Forward was the word. All of a sudden there was a cycloptic rush of christian troops toward the rear, and the tremendous onrush of the rallied glandelinians almost carried all before it at the first shock, but notwithstanding the fury of the glandelinian storm many of the christian columns though dwindling to fragments gave way slowly.

Two of the Vivian girls Hettie and Daisy Vivian had a narrow escape from being killed before seeking refuge in some gully but fortunately none of them had been hurt, and they had seen very little of the battle. But no one had been afflicted than poor violet when she had as we read further on had thought herself left all alone, with only Hanson and Evans, she herself would have died of sorrow had she not discovered her sisters. The whole world after this battle was in misery misery for many nations had lost people of their own in the havoc or stricken regions, property was also, and distant friends and relations went insane of over their withering losses. And all the while during the remainder of the war raging throughout Calvernia before the fall and capture of Vivian Wickey no communications could be received from the stricken region, and only the few who escaped were able to tell of the almost preternatural preternatural horror they witnessed. frantic appeals had been made, regarding the news, of friends, brothers, and relatives in Abbeanna, but no news could be secured as all communications had been cut off, and all Calverinian supports had been already for the whole length of the war blockaded, and now on account of the windrows of wreck wreckage floating in the water from the bombardments of Vivian Wickey and her fortresses, Lake Angeline and Wickey Bay could not be navigated and so many glandelinian submarines swarmed the shores of other coasts that no ship of any kind dared to approach the stricken regions to learn of their friends and relatives, and all ships laden with goods from Abbeanna or any nation, and with men women and children, had been during the war sent to the bottom by thousands of glandelinian torpedo boat destroyers and submarines, a great horror than the present submarine war going on during the war with Germany and the Allies. The stricken nations could not even receive communications among themselves. Eastern Calvernia was doing all in her power for the stricken west, but all they and Abyssinkia could do the following weeks was to refuge the countless injured and wounded from the ruins of ruin and so many of the bloody battle fields. Nearly the entire population of immense Abyssinkia were preparing huge sums of money for the stricken west, and even hundreds of thousands of red cross workers were preparing to make westward trips to render what aid they could, and to feed the starving. Of all the cities that suffered the most from the mighty sweep of war desolation was Vivian Wickey and Calvernia. Here for real the greatest numbers of women and children were wiped out, and the damage was the greatest. Luc Lucille Jackson and Evangeline St. Clare and Chamberlaine though not suffering any losses in non-combatants were made almost completely nil from the effects of the gigantic battle.

Who could probably atone for the still unknown losses in lives weeks after the mighty Lucille Jackson or Glorianna catastrophe, the misery, the orphan, the suffering wounded, and what next. On account of such a disaster Abbeanna was preparing to offer as much aid as possible but just now it seemed as if all this would be as useless and as hopeless as to try and save a damned soul, because the battle of Glorianna turned out to be a glandelinian victory. The whole of the beautiful scenery of Calvernia had been almost wiped out by the gigantic battle, which had raged two days. By the concussion of so many shells and their explosions Lucille Jackson was totally destroyed. The entire forest regions of the Conservatory Run in the battle field had been devastated but Conservatory Run and Gallies Run seemed the hardest hit by the disaster. Here occurred on both sides the greatest greatest losses in lives and wounded. The correct frightful results of this battle could never be described, not even pictured. In Calvernia, Angelina, Abbeanna, and Abyssinkia, the greatest misery seen was among the millions of children rendered orphans by the battle. All the orphan asylums of all the Abbeannian states weeks after the battle were already crowded and yet there was no room. Many were taken by childless couples out of pity but this did not break the vast army of orphans in the least, and the government authorities passed a long that all people able to take care of children had to either adopt children or go in the army. It would have been heart rending to hear the piteous screams of the orphans, for their mothers and fathers. Even brothers and sisters had been separated by death. The misery among the orphans could never be imagined. Even the most hardened witnesses would not have been able to stand it. Hundreds of thousands of orphans had to be sent to the State of Conscientia, by the Abbeannian authorities, where they hoped homes could be provided for them but all were only sent, and then brought back, with the statement that the Conscientian authorities said that all orphan asylums were already overcrowded, and there was not money enough, people enough, or time enough to build homes or adopt them as everything was reduced in the efforts to overthrow the rebellion.

From a safe distance the two great Vivians viewed the terrible conclusion of the terrible destructive battle with tears of rage in their eyes. The two mighty rulers felt the foreboding in their hearts that probably the war was lost. The glandelinians were laying waste everything and many of the better and prouder christian generals wept like children. The glandelinians were totally winning the great battle of Glorianna and if this was totally lost what would be the fate of Dorothy Gale, Ozma, and Betsy Bobbin. If these were captured all would be open for the glandelinians to move in and seize Angelina Agathia. And what was the reason the Angelinian armies were failing despite all the aid they had been getting, while little aid came to the glandelinians who were even suffering worse than they, in loss of men provisions, and so many officers and generals?

CHAPTER SIXTY.

King Vivian Still in TITAN THROES WITH THE ENEMY. THE SAD RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

WHAT THE VIVIAN GIRLS SAW IN RUINED LUCILLE RICKSEN AND OTHER TOWNS IN THE BATTLE FIELD.

During and after all the horrible slaughter at all points of this two days bloody slaughtering battle at Aronburg Run, planket burg or Glorianna as this battle may be called most of the desolated survivors were harbored on top of the ruins of the fiercely defended buildings of Lucille Jackson and Ophelia and Chamberlaine, or behind their blazing long lines of cannons against all the fierce Glandelinian onslaughts, the hundreds of thousands of cannon stretching in series of lines for many miles the most remarkable chain of christian cannon ever placed upon a single line of the Glorianna heights or in the fields of Conservatory Run and along half of the stretch of the Yellow Brick Road, the whole ridge of Glorianna and the other ridges in possession of the enemy after the frightful battle was called "The Ridges of Damnation", and the fields of Conservatory Run and all points of Mis-Whirt her Run Conservatory Run and Gallilias Run and elsewhere "Scenes of the infernal regions".

As far as can be estimated it was the most fiercest battle of the war and the night forest armies had been engaged.

"The Glandelinians of all sects," said Hanson after the battle, "Seem to defy Hell itself."

And perhaps when he said said it he had seen and witnessed all the miserable sights of the battle longer than predicted in the story. All through the two days back and forth hundreds of millions in tit titan throes had surged through the wrecked stream heights or back and forth time and again across all sections of the whole fields, and toward pig Girl Knool and over the Yellow Brick Road, and through the Sun flower fields battling with the fury of hell and avalanches of damnation, and at the very conclusion of the first day of the battle, before the wounded could be rescued nothing remained of the regions of Aronburg Run or Gallilias Run to bring back the men memory of their splendor of nature of a few years before and now which could be seen wreckage of trees, rows upon rows of countless and destruction as of a sweeping typhoon of Abbiannian seas.

For over eighteen hours during the second days conflict, the christian lines had seemed to wave avalanches of hellish fury of their own upon the very Glandelinian columns, attacking the ridges of Mis-Holleston and Carnation and also Lucille Rickson, and time and again had come awful bursts of destruction accompanied by awful volumes of sound as if the very world and all the legions of the infernal regions were repelling the very hosts of heaven and all the planets at the same time. The worse of the battle had really been in Conservatory Run known later as the battle of the pines and the Forms. This consisted of the center of the opposing armies, the Glandelinian center in titan throes under Myltae and Beppo Evans had surged forward fourteen times and mingled with the christians and the results can be imagined as before stated. Here the Glandelinians won the most tremendous victory of the war, they had drove back the very overwhelming christian armies under Viviananna for the distance of thirty miles and across and over the whole line of the Glorianna heights the victorious enemy had then charged to fight the hottest contested part of the central section of the battle which was a struggle making a greater din than any elemental warfare of the heavens. Here by the dint of courage of general Hanson, Vivian's army the enemy failed to go further though they had almost carried the ridge. On account of the horrible scene immediately after the battle war correspondents of any kind and photographers were not allowed to take any pictures of the terrible results from the effects of the battle and one of the photographers who had during the height of the conflict slipped into the battle stricken region was seized by an angry looking general who appeared to be Hanson Vivian himself.

"Do you suppose we want pictures of this hell to get to all the nations of the world?" He demanded angrily. "What do you also suppose will become of the recruiting parties?" "If you can't wait until all the sights of ruin and open bodies of men and soldiers alike are not removed then you must think we are hellhounds to let you go by. You are under arrest."

On the Lucille Rickson ridges and of all portions of the battle field nothing could surpass or parallel the horror. Scores of thousands of officers and generals had been killed by the battle by explosions and also caught in torrents of wreckage and two hundred and twenty five men had lost their lives in trying to rescue general poswell guster johnston some of the men having died from rupture of the intestines. Over forty men had been killed in trying to rescue general Hanson's Johnston. It could probably therefore be seen that no warfare of the elements no matter how terrific could cause such noise or such horrible destruction as this final battle of Glorianna.

But the battle however ferocious as it was had really spared the two Vivian generals or their father and Uncle too for the Vivian girls and their father had not even fallen and the reason why he had been missing and which caused the blunderous report which overthrew the army was that he went far in advance of his crushing army before he had been really driven back. If the fake report had not been made it was doubtless that the enemy would never had won the conflict.

horsesmen that general Evans was appalled. He did not know what to do, and so great was the disorder and so thick the smoke that he found it impossible to get in any point where he could rally the disordered caverly divisions. Gertrude Angelina and her two companions witnessed the terrible scene, at a very dangerous occasion almost disobeying the advice of general Evans, and they were so mortified that they could not hardly resist the temptation to rush in and join the war of the hells themselves. Like demons sprung out of the infernal regions the caverly resisted the wildly attacking Glandelinians, using lance and sabre against their bayonets, and striving with superhuman effort to drive back the Glandelinians who were so fury stricken that they were worse than any Glandelinian ever been known to be before.

The faces of the Glandelinian assailants were awfully bloodied, and their eyes flashed and shown with their fury of desperation. The foe were carrying like demons as they sent home their bayonet thrusts and so fierce was their assault that it was evident to Evans that the caverly could not hold out against the counter assault of the foe. He felt it a disgrace to order a retreat, but he did not wish to have the caverly face annihilation. He believed now that probably the caverly assault had not been as precipitate as it should have been and that this was the cause of the repulse he was suffering, and the worse of it was, that the caverly were facing the Mis-Hollestianians, Vivianmannians and all the sects of Omarians, and Turnerannians combined the most desperate Glandelinians of the them all, Glandelinians who were seldom or may maybe never licked before, and who had been the victors of all the battles which were Glandelinian successes. And now he also understood the situation, the generals in command were also Turnerannians and Vivianmannians, and had rallied the troops by hurle hurling forward a section of the Omarian reserves against his caverly, and he realized that surely he was beaten. So did Hanson whose lines were storming with fire against the remaining Glandelinian attackers. At last horrified at his horrible losses Evans had to order a retreat and the caverly fairly fled from the zone beaten in the worse manner and with such terrible loss that it did not seem probable that the caverly man would have the nerve to make a second attempt.

Fortunately however it delayed the apparent success of the enemy, for it had given time for the immense christian lines under Zimmermann and Hanson to reform and resist the foe more stubbornly. The town of Glorianna was already captured by the foe, all the position the foe had lost earlier in the battle, they had regained, and once more large forces were pushing on toward Chamberlaine Ophelia, and Gertrude.

It was now fully evident that the battle was lost, and general Hanson decided it best to advise a retreat, and prepared to do so. He sent the order by telegraph as quickly as possible, deciding to withdraw from the scene, and toward the approach of darkness the most shameful and most disastrous defeat of the war was started.

Most of the christian defeat after battles which were lost were made in order but this was one of the most swift and most panicky retreats the christian armies ever had made. We can recall to mind the retreat of the foe at the battles of Evangelina St. Clare, Evangelina Grania, Jennie Turner and other such great battles like Osmondsonson, and also Randall, but these have nothing on the retreat of the christian armies who beaten by a really inferior force of the enemy suffered the most shameful and disastrous defeats of the whole war.

The first portion of the christian army to begin the retreat was the divisions under Viviananna at Lucille Jackson or Gandandon. At the beginning of the retreat a portion of this force was destroyed by the enemy, and the rest forced to a most disgraceful rout being compelled to flee as if a large flock of cowardly sheep. The panic spread then to the other forces centered around Gandandon, and thence to Chamberlaine and Ophelia, and also the Vivian and Catherine hills until a

nearly a whole quarter of the christian army was pouring in the utmost indescribable haste through all the wooded country like scattered sheep driven by raving wolves. The enemy pursued wildly despite the darkness progressing with the slaughter and capturing many prisoners. From thence the panic spread still further until by twelve o'clock at night the whole christian army except that under Williamsburger Zimmermann was starting on a general retreat. To force Zimmermann's line however was impossible and the foe had swept past and around his divisions after the other retreating christian forces. Woods extending for scores of miles, large plains, and glens, lanes, hundreds of bridges, mountain passes, mountain roads, were filled or covered with the retreating troops, and when they passed over streams and fords, quick sounds hampered the retreating forces, artillery had to be abandoned, artillery caissons blew up, and in the terrible conglomeration of confusion, violet and her sisters broken hearted over the outcome of the whole incident and probably the war swept on with the rest.

over him. He knew and realized that it was the Glandelinians who had caused all these days misery to Violet and her sisters and as he thought of this, and then of the Brigano affair, and other scenes, an uncontrollable fury rose within him. He then remembered his fierce vow at Brigano when the little girls had been so frightfully mangled by the foe under Germainia Vivian who had been killed when he made his escape from the Christian lines. And now he saw an opportunity to carry it out. The more he thought of their plight, and of their sorrow when they hear of their fathers probable death even, and how they had already carried on in their sorrow all that afternoon, the more the fury that rose within him. He made up his mind that he would do it no matter what the cost. He'll see to it that the battle is a Christian victory if he had to carry all hell before him to do so. He felt himself more desperate than the foe. Fortunately for him the majority, or the whole of the entire Christian cavalry of all the various forces engaged now or which had been engaged earlier in the battle, and being without a main leader on account of the Gansonia Johnstonia tragedy had not as yet been engaged in the battle and were very impatient to fight, and were on the verge of rebellion because they were left out of the battle. The majority of the foe cavalry had met completely annihilation in attacking the Christian line stationed at Lucille Jacksonia, and though his own scouts Evans had discovered this. He decided to say nothing to Ganson about his plans, but to take personal command of the cavalry which he did! As he sent his officers to get the cavalry forces ready as quick as possible he drew up his own cavalry also, and then bringing up the seven still weeping Vivian girls, he through the other officers appointed, addressed the cavalry telling the horsemen or as many as possible what the little girls suffered. This was then spread by the comrades to all the other men like the roar of a sea wave and probably unfortunate for the enemy all these cavalry men had lost their own wives and children, or fathers and mothers, had seen their own homes, or property devastated by the ferocious foe, and the sight of the weeping beauties before them brought to their own minds the same sad occurrences and soon Evans had a cavalry force of sixty million strong in his command that were getting even beyond his control, so worked up in fury they already were.

At first Evans had believed that it would be best to make a desperate assault upon the rear of the attacking Glandelinian forces, but then from what his scouts told him it would take an hour to get around to the enemys rear and that would be a delay of time, which would enable the enemy to win a complete victory. Evans then felt sure that his cavalry assault would be a disaster. The only means he saw then was to assault the foe in front, and this would make it possible that his cavalry would have to ride upon the Christian rear and would they believe him a new foe if they saw his troops coming.

Never. Nevertheless it must be made now. He had worked the cavalry in a fit of frenzy and they were too impatient to start the tremendous onslaught. Evans wired to Ganson then that he intended to rush the Glandelinian assailants with the cavalry of the combined armies, and that if possible to warn the Angelinians so they would not think it was the foe coming to assault them in the rear. Then after making sure that Ganson had received the report he gave orders to his officers to take command of the cavalry and at the signal given to rush forward to the assault. The generals obeyed, having great confidence in him. As Evans rode up to the part he was to command in general he came upon three little girls who had rode up on horseback. They were Gertrude Angeline, Jennie Urmer, and Angeline Ichos.

"We have heard of the great battle and have come to see your charge you are preparing for." Said Jennie Urmer. "If you wish we would like to follow you a little ways."

"You may follow if you wish." Said Evans politely. "But do not get too near the firing lines as the enemy are fearful in their ferocity now." The big forces of cavalry soon started off and within a few minutes they were roaring at a thunderous gallop of sixty million horses toward the Christian rear. Ganson knowing what was coming had prepared the fighters for the emergency making ample room for the cavalry to pass through the ranks. The Angelinians seeing the purple masses approaching like avalanches toward them gave rousing cheers and resisted the enemy now with might and main. At last the cavalry struck, and for a moment all was confusion, and the cavalry fairly carried all before them. The Glandelinians were demoralized by the sudden appearance of such a large force of Christian horsemen and fell back in panic and disorder, but the foe artillery let go with frightful volleys of grape and canister and tore down the waves of purple coated horsemen. Amid the tremendous tumult, the cavalry undaunted by the dreadful loss still pressed on with the same speed fairly riding through the ranks of the disordered enemy, slashing right and left, firing point blank with pistols and carbines and creating abominable havoc among the gray lines. The gray lines however had recovered from the terror caused by the sudden appearance of the troopers and were soon rallied by their comrades and the cavalry met a tremendous tumult of bayonets and musket shots face to face. It was now a tremendous death struggle with the Glandelinian infantry and Christian cavalry. To make the scene more strange the infantry forces of the foe were making progress against the cavalry forcing the squadrons back step by step and killing and wounded so many of the

While Gerson and the other general with him were in the conversation about the fate of Violet and her sisters extraordinary things were happening which were really paralyzing to the whole Christian cause. General Robert Vivian Gansons brother being most dangerously wounded, being shot in the leg, and neck, and his whole side lacerated by the fragment of a shell, his divisions which had captured the Vivian Hills had failed to retain them.

Along this point the enemy had gathered in overwhelming numbers, and had concentrated against the Christians holding the crest, and had swept to the assault with the utmost desperation while at the same time all of general Vivians big divisions were swept through and through by a most annihilating fire and torn to pieces by the remaining Glandelinian batteries on the hills possessed still by the foe and as Christian general generals now fell by the three score, and other officers by the thousand the survivors became appanically stricken and recoiled from the ridges, the enemy pressing on with irresistible force from all sides, capturing nearly three quarters of their remaining number, cutting the rest down with the withering rifle fire and driving the remaining troops all out to pieces completely from the battle field in the greatest disorder.

Sometimes whole army had been completely annihilated at the very same time and all the other generals had been wounded and their own divisions were retiring to the rear in a panic and confusion, and there were no officers of any rank left to rally them now.

Only the armies under general Williamsburger Zimmermann and general Ganson Vivian were still holding, but Zimmermann was also dangerously wounded and there was no telling what time his own forces would be swept back in the same awful confusion.

Even while general Ganson had been noting the dreadful outcome of the struggle with forboding fears and apprehension and remorse, and the progress of the fearful conflict along his own lines the Christian forces under general Zimmermann were already disordered on account of the wounding of their commander, and because they would not yield, they were compressed by the Glandelinian forces and threatened with annihilation.

To make matters worse the Glandelinian commanders who had survived the greatest contest of the whole war so far had steadily received reinforcements from other points besides those sent by general Ambrose Fuller. And the torn and paralyzed Christian line was now being heavily overwhelmed at the point of the enemys main counter attack. And now it was apparently impossible for the Angelinians to stand their ground very long. Their ground very much longer not even half an hour.

When general Ganson Vivian literally saw the outcome of the general situation he was determined to exact all his utmost to win the battle, or go down one or the other. The attack of the Glandelinians had grown to all its extreme force again and the firing was so exceedingly heavy that the noise it made could have resembled the similar noise of men beating with sledge hammers on a hundred million boilers at once in a boiler factory and the results was so dreadful that no one could see how the extremities were on account of the thickness of the smoke.

The tumult was indeed wilder than any other part of the battle before. General Ganson was however more worried about Violet's sisters than the outcome of the battle, and he wondered how general Jack Evans felt over the loss of Violet's sisters and wondered if Evans would risk striking a last blow for revenge of their lost before before the last of the Christian line would have to make the general retreat.

Evans army was still fresh but he could not be found until ten minutes later, when he appeared of his own account, and the news he brought general Ganson cheered him more than a man could be cheered and he fairly hugged Evans.

"Thank God that they are really safe." He exclaimed with great joy. "Now it makes me feel like fighting with greater strength and has taken that feeling of discouragement out of me." Then Ganson told general Jack Evans of his plan but Evans taking in the situation at a glance said; "My army could not do the work I'm afraid almost to try it for fear it will meet demolition. As you can see there general the Glandelinians have never before been so desperate in the vehemence of their onslaught and it is considered a miracle by me that you and Zimmermann are still holding out. I have tried my bit already with half of my army, and that big division was put hors-de-combat already, and the nearest new Christian army of any size is over forty five miles away and who could make that distance on foot, even at double time in only four hours. And we only have half an hour more to resist the foe. The battle is surely lost and no mistake at that. I can say with evident positive truth. With this battle, lost so will the cause be demolished."

Indeed the situation for the whole Christian army was even more dangerous than it looked. Evans actually had done as he told Ganson throw his forces upon the enemy but it did no good for all efforts were in vain and the enemy were fairly roaring with exultant yells over their coming sweeping success. Evans who was mournfully watching the successful assault of the foe thought of the ruined church where he had believed that he had seen Violet's sisters dead, and where he had found them alive and well, and though it had seemed evident before he met them that they had really been dead, having perished miserably, he only felt a miserable sorrow over their condition, and the wounding of their father, which they did not know as yet. He dreaded to tell them the sad news. Now as he sadly watched the attack of the foe now driven to desperation by the near approach of success, a new feeling came

clear of Christian soldiers except those who had fallen and a few minutes after

all the nearest parts of the wooded plains was also cleared of every christian soldier, they now flooding across the grassy plains toward the Conservatory Run river, where groups and knots of men stopped over and anon to deliver some withering volley. On looking toward the smoky forests from his elevations and from his observation point general Hanson who was no more wounded than I am now myself, saw that the clouds of smoke hovered over the skies like thunderheads and were spreading out very rapidly. As he saw other multitudes of christians shouting to escape now appear, but they were in greater panic, the scene being appalling. What with the wall of glandelinians advancing in their rear, and the red storm of death seemingly everywhere the multitudes faring to go either way, trod up on one another trampling each other under foot and rushing onward like waves of stampeding steers. On over the plains to the southwest monstrous surges of victorious glandelinians sprang forward within sight of Hansons gaze from which their advancing musketry fire galling the retreating christians tore and swept all before it. Hanson then looking in the far distance with his field glasses saw an awful sight suddenly appear on all the grounds of above Conservatory Run.

A monstrous wall or wave of glandelinians a moving surge that crowded the plains was advancing forward to strike his own line a terrible blow. It was at this moment when Violet and her sisters were at the other part of the war battle and had witnessed when they heard of the fall of their father. The great wave of glandelinians came on like an avalanche before which the panic stricken Angellians still flooding tried to escape. Then at certain points he saw the flaming crest of his line at the right give way into a sea or line of flame and smoke and the glandelinians sweeping on with irresistible force, and terrible was the now thrillion cannon like roar of the battle. 'The fire wall' of these rebels as these waves of glandelinians was afterwards called, driving on by the inspiration of their officers was so large and extensive that it fairly could not be stopped, though all of the captured batteries on the 'vian Hills let loose which effect enough to sweep all before it and crowd the ground with the fallen rebels. Yet these monstrous surges poured across the works, but were as also shot and torn to pieces the christian fire nowing down thirty brigades, ten thousand regiments and smashing the whole line in fourteen discharges and making the battle line batiate a hell sea of slaughter thirty miles in extent.

The front wave of the glandelinians had entirely disappeared being destroyed by the terrific wave of christian shell and musketry fire. The sun could not have been able to penetrate the thick smoke pall and all Angellian officers and soldiers watched the great onslaught, talked of it and wondered.

The great east scene they witnessed was the rebel cannon shelling the retreating christian columns, sometimes the huge shells striking each other blew everything into a countless fragments as they exploded. Hence and monstrous columns of the glandelinians, landed across the plains after the fleeing christians the shell fire of their own batteries seeming again to shake the atmosphere far and wide while all along their advancing lines there came a tremendous booming and rattling roar mingled with a furious snarling and howling like millions of maddogs which grew worse and more intense every second. And along all the summits of the ridges recaptured by the enemy there sprang cragged and most stupendous arches of flashes as if from the source of the sudden Phlegethon and through the air was heard the roar of the wilder spread of destruction, and a simultaneous crashing of shell explosions resonant resounding through all the mountain valleys in a countless echoes and many of the retreating christian columns went to pieces and everywhere upon the retreating waves of christians careened the awful storm of shells their roar of explosions echoing again far and wide, and drowning out the shrieks of the mangled.

When suddenly there was a sheeted torrent of undulating flame on the summit of the gull-holster ridge, while now there came a sound like a world of cannon in action and greater avalanches of shells severed and mangled whole lines in purple the roar of this destruction being more appalling and men by the hundred thousand were blown to pieces. Heavy showers of debris swirled and fell among those still trying to stand, and scores of thousands of men in purple were buried under the wreckage or suffocated to death by the sudden clouds of thickening smoke, while the roar of cannons and musketry and the yelling of the enemy grew louder as if to mock mock them in their agony. The air was full of flying sprays of wreckage thrown by bursting high explosives, the air being stifled by the clouds of dust, and filled with flying rocks and stones that were thrown up by greater and more fierce explosions. The shell storm had now broke with all its fury and whole columns of retreating christians miles long suddenly disappeared, while all the while a new tremendous million cannon like roar sounded once more everywhere, then a sudden redoubled uproar burst upon the air, and this gave evident truth that the glandelinians unchecked were already swarming in monstrous waves upon Hansons last line of positions and that nothing could be done to stop the enemy now. The whole battle field became now a terrible sea of butchery. Columns of forests were shattered by the shell storm the wreckage seem to be blown in all directions the surface of the ground was cut in deep ruts and it seemed as if the smoke was about to blot the universe out. The whole rebel column moving forward struck the christian line every where and stormed with such fury that no thing could withstand them, and the whole rebel surge in coming full speed

Miles upon miles of rolling surface of ground after the battle had rolled away was without hardly a speck of green to cause the melancholy sea of wreckage, smoldering tree trunks and bodies in purple and gray. The whole battle field resembled some vast volcanic crater of the infernal regions, steam rising with fumes and glowing lava.

Nearly all of the army of general Mareccello perished and only forty thousand escaped from being killed, but this line being heavily reinforced by Manley managed to crush back their assailants and sent them flying into scattered divisions. The very atmosphere was filled with a sulphurous smoke mantle and it seemed as if the battle was never ending. In the meantime the enemy were striving to retake the vian Hills and as general Hanson, vian and Robert vian armies were prepaing during the short lull to meet the oncoming waves in gray, the other christian forces which failed to force the rebel positions on the Yellow Brick road were falling back in pandemonium of panic and confusion the sun showing as red as hot iron under the smiths hammer far down near the edge of the world, and nothing on the shattered trees stirred or moved.

Horses of officers and generals strained at their halters, lloking looking upon their masters with strange eyes, and carcases could not comfort them, and even the birds of the trees had deserted their nests seeking refuge somewhere out of this region of dominating horror. Devilers in the thick woods saw the creatures of the forest in one general direction, as if pursued by a foe that struck greater terror than man or beast. They indeed seemed to fear no man or beast. Indeed even the air was changed to a warning that no man could see or understand. As general Hanson himself was making observations there arose in the far distant outskirts of millions of voices pitched to the highest a loud irregular strange outcries of millions of voices pitched to the highest excitement. Voices in another direction responded by a universal shout, and then crowds of panicstricken christians appeared running up toward the summit of the ridge in the most amazing confusion, while to increase the confusion a score of blazing trees uprooted by an explosion toppled over killing several of the crowded lines of men while out of the smoke filled woods below the terrible swarm of refugee refugees poured again like living and tempest tossed seas before which the head of the advancing columns in gray appeared, and in the mixup suddenly occurring many were overwhelmed, captured or shot down.

Before the advancing conflagration of battle Hansons main line had drawn back further but as soon as the surge of panic stricken men had passed by his whole line suddenly blazed forth in the mightiest uproar ever heard in any actual warfare and after three of the most destructive volleys had been delivered all along the line, the glandelinian wave which was torn, mangled, and then shattered began to fall back again irresistibly widening the space between the christian lines, but only to rally and start forward again in a simultaneous rush. Then suddenly the furious million cannon like roar had subsided, and even the loud queer roaring of the greater firing still further off in the vicinity of the Bonson and other hills stopped as if a supernatural awe had seized the brutal battle, and only the soft yelling of far distant glandelinians and the clash of steel on steel stirred the vast death like stillness of the atmosphere, which but a moment before was a storm of shouts from the panic stricken soldiers running to and fro, and the scream of so many shells and sudden roaring of battle along Robert vians line and also those of Hansons.

'This silence is dreadful,' said Baldwin who was by general Hansons. 'I wonder why they ain't firing. I cannot stand it. It seems to stop the very beating of my heart.'

Hanson had fastened his eyes on the vast multitude of soldiers fighting silently hand to hand in expectant of some dread event to come. Suddenly the silence which had been so oppressively broken was broken by another surge of men moving forward who gave vent to their feelings to a series of piercing shrieking yells of rage and defiance. There was a general thrill of horror. Yet after the yell subsided there was the same awful stillness which succeeded this frightful interruption. The intense shrieking yells had spoken to them, giving expression and outlet to what they all felt. Suddenly a horrible roar of prolonged detonations sounding like the exploding of a million giant mines shot the very ground and up in the air among the woods there shot thousands upon thousands of immense smoke eruptions followed simultaneously by a glare of flames, while clouds of dust and debris descended like a falling cloud with a hissing roar.

It was the explosions of thousands of glandelinian batteries from White Rose ridge and now great columns of glandelinians were surging back upon the christian line pressing them back once more and the overwhelmed christian columns were retreating with such haste that hundreds of thousands of them left all their weapons behind in the hands of the onrushing foe, seeking only their own personal safety. The greatest scene of confusion and flight of the whole battle now was witnessed as the yelling glandelinians came threateningly near, the whole surge of christians being in panic, and even the officers trying to rally them were borne along in its human currents. It was not from the explosions of shell shells before which they fled, and neither was it from the counter advancing sea of glandelinians which now moved forward with the irresistible force of some mighty tidal wave. It was because they heard reports that both Robert vian and Hanson vian were dangerously wounded even unto death. The whole millions of men ran down the sides of the ridge like chaff. In half an hour all the sides of the ridges were clear of christian soldiers except those who had fallen and a few minutes after

Masses of the glandelinians which had fled panic stricken were covered by the fire of their own batteries. Indeed the whole glandelinian army standing its ground on the summit of White Rose Ridge was in a blaze of fire which tore many a christian column to fragments, every portion of the christian line receiving the furious shower of shells, grape and rifle balls. At last however the christian onslaught shook after this awful lull of firing, and during the fighting at close quarters hundreds of thousands of glandelinians were slain, their main line was smashed to fragments by the pressure of the assault, and the survivors were compelled to fall back. As the rebel force fell back it seemed as if thrillions of demons were proud producing the atmosphere into titanic convulsions of yells, and both sides made terrible battle cries, and which became universally terrific.

Through all the narrow wooded region on the summit of this ridge the wave of christians sewing now to be crossed two hundred and sixty deep all along the line rolled forward with the most reckless energy mingling in titan throngs with their foes and finally carrying all before them.

Gormaine Lyvan himself met more resistance when he attempted to carry Hiss-Holchester Ridge. As his troops advanced up the side of the ridge he met a more terrible fire. Tens of debris was scattered about him among his advancing men by the terrific explosions, and blocks of stone or boulders probably from thirty to forty pounds in weight were blasted into fragments by gang-gang-shells, and which swept whole divisions of purple coats away and such a roaring wall of musketry as never seen before in the battle yet or after along the whole summit of the ridge accumulated all along the whole glandelinian front. But Gormaine Lyvan's troops moved on and up with a speed that was beyond anything known in charges before.

Trailing a great wall of soldiers sweeping forward at the speed of r racers on foot when they reached the summit and you will be able to conceive in some measure the speed of the christian advance now sweeping upon Leo Costallioes lines in gray. The christians crashed through this shattered gray line with frightful violence and the musketry fire on both sides blazed forth with murderous effect at point blank for two moments, then the mingling combatants formed stupendous multitudes of human decays in gray and purple as to say, causing coughing among each other indescribable laughter, and yelling like a thrillion hurricanes.

When the entire snarl of glandelinians Angolinians I mean engulfed these glandelinians the rebels only wiped out many regiments of christians, but the latter attacked the glandelinians with more ungovernable fury pressing on with incredible speed and by this immense christian line of advance which probably even no multitudes of dragons could have stood against and fight, and from which they could not fly and live many glandelinian columns still stood their ground and just then Gormaine Lyvan fell dangerously wounded and was borne off the field of carnage. This drove his troops into confusion and the Glandelinians rallying at all points drove the christians back down the ridges and opened a heavier fire upon them as they recoiled.

Along the Yellow Brick road the battle also surged back and forth. The storming christian assault here was so terrific along this first stretch of road whereby which was heavily boarded with timber that this region was fairly cleared out by the glandelinian cannon and musketry fire. The yellow bricks were in many places literally blown out and everything was swept clean and general. Aurandocellies of the christians who attacked the enemy here was killed. In resisting this onslaught for more than an hour three hundred thousand of the glandelinians perished, when the hurricanewah wawof christians seethed through. In one regiment of ten thousand men, sixty : on were the only survivors, all the bridges crossing Conservatory and Aronburgs gulch were blown up or burned away, the christians having poured across the stream in his huge tide of men, the river however being mingled with multitudes of the dead and wounded victims picked off by the rebel bullets and canister.

In Aurandocellies command no one survived the christian assault, all being shot down by the glandelinian cannon. General Marcecelloes line of gray coats was struck simultaneously not far from the big gun flower field on the Yellow Brick and his line being situated further back. While the christian waves were pressing down upon Marcecelloes blazing line the roar of Manly Manley long line of cannon could be heard, but the glandelinians of Marcecelloes army had little time to fix bayonets, and during the disastrous fight with hand pikes, sabres, daggers, bayonets, and clubbed musket muskets thousands lost their lives in a moments time. The wide extensive forest all along the Yellow Brick road were swept by a shell fire of the glandelinian cannon so fierce that nothing there whatever could survive the air being full of explosions, smoke, flames dust, and clouds of smoke from burning shrubbery.

Heart rending was the destruction of Marcecelloes army of Zimmerevians. Where a beautiful sun flower field was stretching for a mile or more there was now a scene of desolation and horribly crushed and mangled remains of hundreds of thousands of glandelinian soldiers, or men blown to pieces, or bodies of men of both sides with intestines exposed in the sport of the destructive glandelinian shell storm, while the fallen sunflowers cut down by shots lay as yellow as hay over the slain corpses. The trees around the field and along the yellow Brick road on both sides stood stripped of limb and bark, gaunt skeletons in a picture of death.

the flaming hedges of musketry and cannon along the rebel lines mingling with wit the storm of explosions and making a more sublime din. That awful seething avalanche of men in purple coats rolling on toward all points of the Yellow Brick road and reaching the main line of an insurgent stretched near the road, drove all before them but they reckoned without their host. The glandelinian engineers had placed long lines of mines and so as their own comrades receded the Angolinians reached the main line of mines in the plains, which were blown up without warning and tore wide gaps in their line of advance. Still on pressed the rest and the guns from Luc Garnation Ridge roared with the crash of a tit thousand titanic furies, tearing hundreds of christian columns asunder, hurrying thousands of men under tons of debris and suffocating many others with the clouds of smoke and debris and hurling multitudes of stones and other material among the surging christian lines and yet they pressed on.

The whole battle line became a sheet of smoke and flame.

Onward the christians progressed but a new line of glandelinian cannon broke into action and two long lines of christians in the twinkling of an eye were rended to pieces, and three hundred thousand men perished while again avalanches of wreckage flew everywhere.

The first assault of the christians on Gordon Hills had been repulsed with the greatest loss of the battle yet, but amid it all the christian onslaught upon that ridge was renewed with redoubled fury, and the whole of this line of attack seemed to dissolve itself in fire and smoke, the surrounding hills and wooded plains seemed to counter roar the battle and the roar of the battle was so great now that the ground trembled so that the men could scarcely stand, all the wooded hills were like forest fires, and the whole ocean of creasings seemed to be all of smoke and slaughter and nature herself seemed to be committing suicide so fearful was the destruction encompassed by the battle.

And all these scenes could be heard the horrid cries of fresh victims and the still more horrid battle cries of the enemy. Along the battle line fought between the other Manly and Robert Lyvan himself the battle was now raging so fiercely that it appeared as if all the world was destroying itself. The cannons of both sides were roaring with titan fury and Robert Lyvan's armies of troops were pouring in a very strong wave of men and they had carried every point now except the Garnation and Lyvan ridges. The christian lines poured across and through the wooded glens despite all the efforts of the glandelinians to stop them. Through the wooded country whole surges of christians also swept onward sweeping through the Trevelian Plains. By the severity of the glandelinian fire thousands upon thousands of acres of trees were stripped of their verdant trunks hurled contemptuously to the ground or into the air by the tempest of shells which galled the wild wave of troops. Never before now did a battle make a more appalling sight. Never before during a battle did the scene be so heinous and it seemed as if the very atmosphere was filled with a roaring which could have done credit to a thousand of other battles going on simultaneously.

And no sort of death could be compared with such destruction as this, yet it was insupportable was the fury of the christian attack. The glandelinians therefore retreating down the other side of the ridge were compelled to close with the other under Robert Lyvan and were thrown into panic. Hundreds of officers and generals who had strove with might and main and by all means to rally their commands to stop the progress of the advancing christians on either side were struck down by a withering fire of the greatest intensity. The glandelinians within an hours time were completely cleared from the ridge and after this terrible sweep of disaster many bodies were literally roasted to ashes by flames among the foliage started by shell fire, the flames leaving nothing but their bones. It was horrible to imagine the horrible red death which overwhelmed the brave glandelinian soldiers. The injury to the living was more serious than the suffering of the dying ones. Never before in battle had the glandelinians or Angolinians combined lived and died through the tortures which millions endured in this raging hellstorm of battle. Hundreds of thousands were intrenched in ravines, the battle roaring from hill top to hill top in its thunders, the carnage rolling on and on and many had stood their ground through hours and hours of terrific slaughter and destruction, mangled, flayed, blinded, contorted.

For hours during the terrible increase in the battle the destruction of the charging columns became more terrible. The christian columns pouring up the sides of White Rose Ridge increased the pressure of their onslaught in a most frightful manner. Up the sides of the ridge, and through glens and over hilly meadows the christian columns pressed on, and the whole ridge by the fury of the glandelinian fire seemed to turn again into a hell pit of fire and smoke. More trees by the thousand were uprooted by the fierce explosions and went crashing to the ground in every direction, the shells fairly screamed, and the seething torrents of grape and canister tore whole christian waves to pieces. The attack here seemed to turn out to be a veritable sea of death but up the broken mountain sides stormed the still unbroken surge of advancing christian soldiers. When then nothing could be heard but the dreadful roar of destruction, the heavens seemed to be sheeted with fire and the smoke of the battle now became so thick that it seemed to come from extensive ground smudge fires instead of from the mouths of so many cannons and so many myriads of glandelinian machine guns and rifles. Indeed this battle started here a scene of the wildest destruction.

General Henderson Blomfield Aronburg had directed his son of general John Marley left to stand firm against the advancing christian surge, and his men tried every means imaginable to check the christian progress, but failed the trees to earth by the thousands made wide ditches across the ground for miles, fought the Angolians with all their might, and harassed them, and though horrible losses were inflicted by both the terrific gun fire and mine explosions the rebels were unsuccessful. Hundreds of his best men had perished from being trapped in a curtain of christian artillery fire, or dropped dead from the explosion of their own guns. Indeed it could be seen that Aronburg's forces of Glandelinians would be reduced to a mere handful of men and that nothing could be saved from the advancing ruin. If they only could get reinforcements something could be done to stay the christian advance of Concentinian Aronburg's armies but they were exposed terribly to the ravaging christian fire, even to the advancing path of hellish destruction.

All of the survivors who had remained in the front trenches now fled when the sea of red fire began to over top them.

In the meantime while other christian forces were still making a desperate stand again the foe, general Hanson Vivian moved all his forces covered by artillery to assault the north branch of the Lucille Jackson Ridge known as the Bondon and Vivian Hills. This christian advance first moving across the Big girl Knoll road had after a most sanguinary struggle sped out the Glandelinian forces defending the wooded region near these low ridges and which resulted in the frightful scenes of carnage and wholesale destruction of officers. Then the course of the battle surge was changed and moved northward and turned the whole stretch of woods extending for an miles into a roaring inferno of macketry. This christian advance when discovered by the great Glandelinian general John Marley had been in three distinct columns, each thirty miles long and each three hundred feet apart, and it came on for the ridges in amazing splendor.

The surges of lines moved up the ridge and went at the Glandelinians here hammer and tongs. Indeed the battle of Gloriana along this point became critically acute. The whole summit of the Vivian and Bondon Hills seemed to have turned also into infernos of fire, a fire smoke and explosions. The christian waves moving across the road came at first at a much slower rate, but they came on more surely and surged upon the opposite side of the ridge and in a quarter of an hour these ridges were like thundering volcanoes in eruption. Awful was the grader.

The christian columns as they advanced up the two sides of these ridges spread out in the shape of two huge moving rivers with a huge wedge of macketry blaze as a token of threatening destruction. The Two Vivian Princesses who were wounded yet led the charges of two of the christian waves. These two wedges of columns poured up the sides of Vivian Hills and reaching the front the left wing of Jimmie Vivians armies cut their way through the Glandelinian front on the right of the Vivian Hills turning this whole region of battle also into a blasting sea of death and destruction. The fury of the christian macketry fire spared nothing and thousands of Glandelinians perished at the point of the bayonet. The right wing progressed upon the Glandelinians also the scene here for a time being like white hot furnaces and the uproar of firing at close quarters was terrific. Thousands of Glandelinian officers of all rank gave up their lives in trying to maintain their lines against the christian attack but in vain. Many of the christian columns under Hanson Vivian hindered by the tangled mass of wreckage of trees caused by their own blasting shell explosions could not at first pass through and were moved down by the withering fire of Glandelinian sharpshooters. It was a most horrible scene indeed especially when the whole of Hanson Vivians line was advancing, and already over one million three hundred thousand more Glandelinians perished at the point of the bayonet. Through various and vigorous means and various maneuvers the Glandelinians in possession of Vivian Hills though almost surrounded managed to escape and fell back but many guns and ammunition wagons and provisions were abandoned.

No the thunders of thousands of strange explosions sounded now, the ground trembled, then there came a terrible crash of bursting explosions which made the sea of red rearing Glandelinians recoil in panic and many trees were blasted to earth by Glandelinian engineers in a frantic effort to stop the christian advance. A sea of the christian advance. All the while amid the great thunders of the explosions there came a loud irregular uproar like hundreds of thousands of cannon at once, while denfening shrieks of the unfortunate victims responded in a universal clamor, then even the Treedan and parobek lanes seemed to burst into eruption.

The Angolians who had succeeded in capturing the ridges poured forward like living tempest toward rivers, the rest of the enemy line still standing firm becoming again like a long line of furnaces from their firing. Elsewhere the uproar of the great battle continued on and such a scene of destruction and confusion never was witnessed. The whole battle line seemed churned into a hell of the great and vast destruction. The very plains were blasted with mines by the retreating Glandelinians in their at all further desperate efforts to stop the progress of the christian advance, but now it seemed that nothing could stop them and they rushed on attacking the Glandelinians in a terrifying manner.

Away to the west an awful sight was revealed. Hanson Vivians other divisions were making desperate efforts to retake the grounds of Conservatory Runo a murderous death hall of battle, so at stupendous that seemed impossible to be real, a moving storm of battle that seemed to extend for forty miles came pouring on

On the center of his line amid all the blinding deafening roar the main stupendous column of gunlays army came on the rear of their yells and shouts seeming to rend the heavens, yet more appalling was the cry that came from millions of wraged forms that rolled and writhed on the fields and among the wreckage in mortal agony. The christian division under general Jemima onia of Concentinian Aronburg cent or was struck by a fearful Glandelinian wave of Glandelinians was horribly torn and mangled, and by their fearful losses sustained by their desperate stand against their assailants fled. But the Glandelinians pressed on and before the advancing fire of the enemy the retreating columns seemed to dissolve in a roaring sea of destruction, the Glandelinians in their onslaught sweeping everything away before them. In a few minutes the Glandelinians had swarmed over Jemima's whole line of trenches, and the wailing piteous cry of countless thousands of mangled forms was heartrending, the maddest scene of fierce conflict crashing and roaring above them, the shells and grape shot of the advancing Glandelinian batteries shattering and shivering every thing in their mad and frenzied fury.

Concentinian Aronburg however sent six strong divisions of Abyssinians to stop these vast furious surges whose terrible withering fire tore the first rebel surge to fragments, and then pressing on to the two seas together and turned into a vortex of seething smoke hidden combatant human fiends that seemed to writhe and bend in two directions and to and fro and back and forth, the whole line being a wave of slaughter and carnage, and this section of the christian line which had been engulfed in the destructive sea of the rebel columns was now being succeeded. The battle along Concentinian Aronburg's line was at its worse. All the other sections of Williamsberger Zimmermann line still remained at deadlock although engulfed in the same vortex. Then the Glandelinians along the center gave way, recoiling in small fragments where the main line of assault had been.

Along Concentinian Aronburg's right the struggle was equally as fierce. The christian divisions under general Jemima's armies had been all the time during the roar of the battle been start led by a peculiar snarling sound and then their officers beheld with appalling dismay a vast Glandelinian column shifting and wavering in the smoke clouds with every movement turning fearfully destructive at times with the glare of their own macketry fire. The monstrous columns here rolled forward like a tidal wave approaching to swamp the whole world. The assault here launched forward upon the positions situated on the Aronburg and Kniffmann hills the whole christian line was struck and the very onset of the storm of Glandelinians Glandelinians came without the very first warning, and several christian divisions torn to fragments were driven into confusion, and the Glandelinians mingling with them annihilated every solid and striking the main divisions behind mingled also with them and both surged back and forth in titan throes. The whole battle line here became a whole sea of butchery. The Glandelinians here at all under Baypo Evans and Tamer Mylatze made fierce endeavors to push over the christian works but in vain. Such christian forces were concentrated against them that they were hurled back with all losses beyond comprehension. So it gives forth so far that Concentinian Aronburg and Hanson Vivians armies alone were partially holding out against the desperate assault of the foe.

They were not really holding out however against the foe as I just mentioned. That is a mistake. Hanson's armies, Concentinian Jemima and Vivian's army had long been surprised at the brave successful stand of the arkies under Concentinian Aronburg were going forward in an immense line and despite all their most energetic efforts the whole woods became a blasting sea of destruction and flames and smoke, and hundreds of generals and other Glandelinian officers madly gave up their lives in trying trying to stay the red baths of destruction from the advancing christian lines. General Hanson Vivians whole army itself by four o'clock was beginning to advance successfully, Marley's left flank being seriously harassed by general Jimmie Vivians advancing armies. The whole christian line which had not a firm foothold on the entire length of the edge of the burning woods of Mic-Hollister and Marie Osborne, and which had earlier in the battle been driven from the Aronburg gun galleries and the Mic-Hollister gun regions began to move forward successfully and drove fir forward like the sea of waves before the blasts of the hurricanes. The thundering roar of the Glandelinian artillery made it sound as if the heavens were coming to an end and the Angolians threatened to carry all before them now.

Notwithstanding that Conservatory Run had been least swept by the great surges of battle they were now the quickest to be utterly crossed by the advancing christian lines though legions of regiments of Glandelinians fought more desperately than before with all kinds of weapons, bayonets and piles and with machine and gathling guns against the roaring tide of christian soldiers. They fairly dropped by hundreds per second all along the line. It was a hotter and more dangerous work to stand even against the ocean of christian artillery fire itself than it would have been to meet the fierce onset of the devils themselves, the sky from the guns of Lucille Jackson Ridge and others seemed to be filled with flames of bursting shell and indeed the christians now in their new great charge were advancing as fast as they could walk or run.

Yete considering the terrible havoc caused by the tremendous shell storm and con-
 cussion of this great battle, which overthrew the whole of the beautiful
 beautiful city of Lucilla pickmen to the ground with a great loss of life among
 the soldier-fighting among its ruins, fire soon had yet to complete the destruction.
 The whole battle itself especially from the cannonading had produced something like
 a severe earthquake, the whole region for the distance of one hundred miles
 being shaken by the vibration. The shell storm from the ridges of Lucilla
 pickmen and others rent and tore all the woods of trees within range. A section
 of a ravine had been caved in by the force of the battle's concussion.

Indeed the whole Angolanian world would soon have its late attention
 attracted by the violence of this great battle. Large quantities of mud
 and dead animals had been swept down into the big Mic-Hollaster Run by the
 Conservatory gun river, and innumerable numbers of dead fishes was soon floating
 on the surface of the the Mic-Hollaster gun river mingled thickly with soldiers
 bodies and wreckage. The fishes had been killed in the stream of Conservatory gun
 by the battle's concussion and also in the other rivers.

The site of Lucilla pickmen was covered with the wreckage of the Marie
 Osborne forest presented a desolate state. It is happy the case, that battles
 attended with such force and with such fearful effects may never come true in this
 world, and let us hope of not frequent occurrence in the Angolanian or Galvorian
 Countries, otherwise possibly it will render both nations horseshoe combat.

The concussion of this battle had been so terrific that not only
 were the works destroyed that man raised to render his life comfortable,
 and Lucilla pickmen leveled to the ground, but the face of the country within
 the whole battle field had been changed. The neighboring woodlands of Marie Osborne
 which suffered the worse presented a singular scene of confusion, the few
 surviving trees standing inclined in every direction, many without barks, or
 branches, and others having their trunks shattered. At all points the ground from
 the force of mind explosions was in many strange undulations, the ground on both side
 sides of Mic-Hollaster Run, Aronburgs gun and Son Conservatory Run having the
 appearance of the waves of the sea, so much undriven of earth having been piled
 up by high explosives, and all about these waves were seen multitudes of dead
 of both sides.

Hundreds of wooden houses in Lucilla pickmen had been raised from the
 ground, and thrown into kindling wood by powerful explosions, others had been
 removed from their site, and thrown to places higher than those on which they had
 been built. The foundations of many buildings had been blown from beneath the ground
 by the shell blasts with such violence that the biggest stones were broken to
 pieces and scattered about, and the hard cement which had united them was crushed
 into dust.

Corpses of many dead soldiers were found on top of hill sides miles away from the
 city, these soldiers having fled at the first indication of the battle being lost,
 only to be killed by the hail of random random shells.
 The explosions of thousands of shells had put most of the ground in the battle field
 of Conservatory gun into a confusion of form resembling that of the sea when
 agitated by irregular waves crossing and repulsing each other in many directions.
 In the city of Lucilla pickmen many statues had been turned round by the force of
 exploding shells and a large piece of rock had its position from a mountain changed
 to that of a small mound of gravel a mile from its former place.

Little at first could have been comprehended of the real violence
 of the battle which had rolled on for thirty five miles against the recoiling
 Christian lines amid all the withering roar of frenzied cannons that covered
 all the heavens with a sheen of smoke, and the smoke had been so dense and
 the scene had been so terrific that doom seemed to have overshadowed the earth,
 and no doubt any one could have been encompassed with doubt and horror.

The last effort of the enemy occurred when the Glandelinians resisted
 all efforts of the King's army to take the hills of Lucilla pickmen
 as before and where they had been so successful.

Toward seven o'clock while the success of the enemy raged everywhere
 else a fierce assault was delivered upon Concentinian Aronburgs army in general.

The awful terrifying columns of the enemy advanced again upon him like some
 mighty monstrous wave and then came an awful uproar. The left of this gigantic
 column of Glandelinians swarmed up to the Christian works but they went
 back swiftly only to go forward again on the rally, and the roar of the battle
 went beyond anything ever heard before. Showers of dust filled the air where the
 officers from neighboring hills were watching this sight, the Christian fire
 shivering the most most massive line in gray nearly all the survivors being
 wounded or maimed. Terrible was the destruction of general Hanson's gallant
 great Glandelinian foreword as they were swept upon Whilliamsberger Zimmermanns
 line they met an annihilating fire. The few Glandelinians who did survive
 of this division had been so terrified by the almost preternatural storm
 of shell fire, the seemingly air shrieking of the elements, the gasping forms of
 hundreds of thousands of mangled, and by the roar of musketry that they hid from
 view of their Glandelinian rescuers and were found half-starved and almost
 dying from thirst by the Christian soldiers. Waves of Glandelinians had again
 again been blown to smithereens or hurled among the wreckage of trees, and the
 slaughter of so many of their lines made the sight so fearful.

"fire". From amid the ruins of the the overthrown buildings the raging fire
 was seen all at once to increase a veritable wall of flame. These outcrops
 then lighted, had kindled various combustible substances found among the ruins
 remains of the wreckage wrecked houses. All of the fire departments which may have been
 in Lucilla pickmen were also crippled, the absolute want of laborers and need-
 ful appliances rendering all efforts unavailing, and it was not only impossible
 to extinguish the fire but to even stop its wild progress, and which continued
 to burn up the remains of a large part of the city within a day. To so many
 simultaneous disasters a thousand others had to be added, the horrors being
 beyond all description. All the corn magazines, grain elevators, bakeries,
 and other grain factories had been blasted or overthrown and no bread could be
 gotten. The water courses had been turned aside, all public fountains had been
 drained and these aggravated the disasters so reduced to complete despair
 the Christian armies which had battled so desperately here and so the reason
 the retreat after the battle. Every street could hardly be distinguished on account
 of the ruins. The greater number of soldiers were buried under the ruins of fallen
 houses while other soldiers perished by the fires that were kindled in most of
 the districts where the flames had been fed by great magazines of oil. Not a few
 especially among the officers and generals were suddenly engulfed in the hundreds
 of fires which seen in all directions gave the city the appearance of having
 been covered with networks of fire streams. Many thousands of Angolanian soldiers
 who were only half buried in the ruins and who might have been saved had there been
 help at hand were left to die from fire.

Many panic-stricken wounded officers who had taken refuge in a vaulted
 sacristy were not enabled to live by the tons of rubbish, their cries having
 been heard for days until death from the conflagration put an end to their
 sufferings. Of all more thrilling interest was the case of an Abbeaunian
 general in the name of Dolores Mic-Hollaster. Having been knocked senseless
 as the house filled with his fighting men went to pieces, he was lifted from the
 wreckage by one of the survivors who with another hurried to a glade pelted by
 the falling stones of dirt and stones which filled the air as during an eruption,
 from the fragments of earth, debris and other wreckage blown up by exploding
 shells. Here on recovering his senses he observed that his brother had been left
 behind in the mass of ruins, and taking advantage of a moment when the soldiers
 were not looking, or were too much occupied to notice him, he darted off and
 rubbly running back to the house, which was partly standing, he snatched the half
 mangled soldier from the ruins.

Holding him up he explored for help but no one now could get to him for shells
 from Lucilla pickmen ridge were falling in the vicinity like a snowstorm. Mean-
 while the mansion was becoming a mass of flames and ore long the balcony with
 the devoted general and his friend was hurled down among the other wreckage
 by a bursting high explosive, and the general being only stunned was picked up
 with his dead brother and borne out of reach of the devouring flames. A few other
 cases of devotion similar to that of this heroic general occurred but it was
 attended with more fatal results. In the great majority of instances however
 the self preservation triumphed over every other feeling and so rendered
 the wretched soldiers callous to the danger and sufferings of the wounded for
 the time being.

Still worse had been the conduct of the bursting shell explosions. The shells
 falling by the thousands descended among the houses like hell fire. Some great
 explosion would scatter the windrows of wreckage like chaff, blacken the bodies
 of the dead, and kill those entangled among the wreckage, perpetrating still
 more atrocious freaks. Pawn responsibilities and churches were set on fire, and
 smashed into ruin by shells bursts, and put out by others, and several cases occurred
 of hundreds of persons buried in the cellars for lapses of six days, and when
 rescued declared that their direct sufferings had been from thirst.

In the city of Ophelia where the Christians also fought the enemy
 among the wreckage or stormed the enemy lines the shell storm killed six hundred
 and sixty thousand soldiers, and at Eva St. Clare where one of the most
 horrible scenes of all was witnessed the shells killed three hundred and
 ninety thousand corpses. The battle spread desolation and misery for the length of
 sixty miles, and no type can ever witnessed along the coasts of
 Galvoria or Angolanian or even Abbeaunian could be compared in extent or
 energy this bloody convulsion of mankind which in such a short time wrought such
 terrible disaster.

Yet terrible battles of almost similar character had occurred as already
 stated such as the girl Knoll, Lucilla Jordan, the struggles of the Mic-Hollaster
 run including Phelant onbg, and Gederine and the titanic conflicts at
 Vivian Wickey and Thumbelina. In one charge through and out of the small town
 of Chamberlano nine million and nine hundred and ninety thousand Angolanians had
 been almost destroyed in facing the rebel gun fire from Garnation ridge, and yet
 another big toll of lives had been claimed by the assault upon Garnation
 ridge itself.

The concussion of so many cannons and shells from both ridges demolished the most
 massive and storm proof buildings, and in a very short time had hurried many
 millions of human beings to a sudden and terrible death.

The battle had completely scathed the city of Lucille Jackson. The foundations of many buildings, scenes of palaces and churches had been reduced to a heap of ruins by the shell fire of both sides the whole of these edifices being leveled to the ground. All the other larger buildings, palaces, churches, convents, public offices, children's orphan asylums, and schools and dwelling houses had been ruined by the shell fire and the glandelinians and christian armies which had such surged back and forth in this region all day long for the possession of Conservatory and had suffered a terrible loss in lives.

This action was really along general Conservatory Aronburg lines in general. The lines were still in act, and so was Hanson. The first serious loss of life about seven hundred and fifty thousand were crushed mangled and severed by the storm of falling shells, trams, and heavier withering storms of grapeshot and canister, but even more terrible was the loss of life during the big tug of war between the city of Gloriana and all along the Conservatory gun. Fifty thousand of the victims were officers, most of them generals, and during the christian charges to retake Lucille Jackson and Gloriana whole waves strong as possible went to pieces at the first shock of the glandelinian cannon fire and all buildings in these towns had been reduced to heap of ruins by the furious cannonading of both sides not a single wall no matter how strong or solid remaining, and in addition to the horrors caused by the frightful shell storm during the preternatural cannonading of both sides throughout the battle, the soldiers lying wounded in all the towns of Ophelia Chamberlaine and others like Gloriana and Lucille Jackson were exposed to the ravages of fire.

During the whole battle the city of Lucille Jackson or its ruins was in a blaze which at illuminating when night time approached became so bright that the sun could read by it. It was on fire at a hundred different places at once, and thus after the battle continued to burn for three days. It would have consumed everything the shell storm had spared had it not been for the frenzied fire fighters and the rain storm that came on afterwards. The one million two hundred thousand survivors were so dejected, and terrified that they continually kept up a storm of wails and shrieks as every one having their eyes turned to the flames and looking on with wild grief which was only interrupted by cries and shrieks of the injured soldiers calling on the angels and saints for succor, when ever the fire flared out more brightly or the cannonading of both sides increased in force. The cause of the fires were brought on by the shell storm and also it may have started because the altars in every one of the churches were illumined with numbers of wax candles, tapers and lamps, these now setting fire to the curtains and timber work that fell during the shell storm, the frightful conflagration spreading to the neighboring houses and being joined by the smaller ones in the kitchen chimneys and cellars increased to such an extent that it might have fairly destroyed the whole city big as it was though no other cause had occurred yet, as it met with no interruption.

Millions of glandelinians who were passing through the town during their victorious assault against the christians had caused the loss of life to be appalling. Nothing was so affecting as the distress of the poor animals which seemed sensible to their hard fate. Thousands were killed, others wounded, but the greater number which had received no hurt were left there to burn. The scenes of horror after and during the battle exceeded all description.

During the lulls in the battle nothing for miles could be heard but the shrieks of millions of injured soldiers, also sighs, groans and incessant weeping. Not a soul in any wreckage strewn section of the battle field could not be found who were not bemoaning the death of his nearest relations, dearest friends, or the loss of all his substance. The survivors of or those who searched for the wounded could not hardly take a step without treading on the dead and dying which lay almost as thick as grass grows in a field as itself.

In all the streets of the ruined city among the mounds of wreckage lay thousands upon thousands of hastily brought gun caissons, with their gunners, horses and riders almost crushed to pieces, here multitudes of soldiers and lower officers in rank half crushed, and blood besmeared animals of all descriptions with their bodies torn open by the explosion of shells, their intestines all hanging out, there hundreds of generals richly uniformed, thousands of pris officers of lower rank either in the same condition or worse, or just expiring.

Many thousands had their backs, arms, thighs, or necks broken or skulls crushed, others had vast stones on their breasts. Thousands more lay almost buried in the rubbish and crying out in vain for succor were left to perish with the rest, the slight indeed being fearful, but the sights of the mangled forms were more fearful yet.

The largest number of the soldiers, dead and dying had also been buried beneath the ruins of the wrecked houses without being possible during or after the battle for want of braver soldiers or necessary tools to render assistance under such circumstances to withdraw beneath the windrows of wreckage those wretched victims still breathing.

Storms of universal shrieks, cries, groans, and sighs all the accents of grief and suffering were everywhere heard, while the impossibility of rendering from death these wretched foolish victims under the ruins rendered at all more harrowing the cries of despair, that appealed in vain for help and compassion.

The courage thus described was an addition to all the horrors of the battle and added to all the other calamities argumenting their horror.

A. 64

The sudden headlong onrush of this first wave of the glandelinian columns and the rapidity of their manifestations had been enough to throw any multitude of christians into a panic and therefore their generals made all preparations possible to receive the second oncoming wave. During the lull a strange scene was observed in the far distance as the smoke from some big distant fire boiled in swift ceaseless and irresistible motion convulsions of ugly colored smoke, each convulsion alive seeming to work as hard as it could, and rolling out so that the masses of cloud above resembled a close knit cauliflower or brains like convulsions in constant and swift motion. The swiftly ascending pish sent the whole mass outward, where its upper crest making a convulsive junction, gradually lost its dark and whitish color, and where its convulsions grew larger it changed gradually into mushroom and other simple forms but kept that awful look of solidity and power. The cloudy crest at times high in the sky curved into a parabolic swoop, beneath which shone the darker convulsions pierced at times by flashes of fire.

Just as the second wave of glandelinians were starting forward the cloud seemed to extend to a greater height and began to immediately shape at the upper part like a rolling convulsed umbrella like camp canopy whose color shone like varnish when lit by the extraordinary extraordinary flames below. The air all the while during the fifteen minutes a lull was strongly impregnated with the strong sulphurous smell of the powder smoke, and from some where the sounds like the letting out of steam seemed to rise in the air. As the rebels came within range the christian musketry fire broke out with a roar of a hundred thousand big gigars but the immense column of rebels despite the fullblast of the christian fire again tore their way through the most thickly wedged line, and so terrifying was the sudden explosion of so many christian cannons going off in one volley that any one could have instinctively expected the whole world to suddenly scatter in all directions through the whole universe.

The whole front of the most immense wave of glandelinians dissolved away, but the rest taking advantage of the fact that it takes some time to load rushed on beginning to give forth fearful volleys of volleys, and then they rushed over the christian trenches, and flooded and pushed into the heart of the strong christian line. The glandelinians pressed on like the demons of destruction, cutting up the entire christian line, but the generals had a reserve reserve behind and they swelled their tottering line and drove back the desperate assailants, but only to realize that soon the assault would be renewed with ten fold fury.

The second lull only lasted ten minutes. Then the same wave being reinforced by more and led by Johnston Jackson himself again crashed forward like a series of thousands of mighty tidal waves. Ten desperate assaults were hurled within three hours upon Gloriana Heights, each time the mighty waves of pursermannians and Scoodlers rushing headlong among the christian lines, wherever ten times they crashed upon and through them, and crushed them, and where ten times the whole scene became a tumult of wild combats. The fury and power of these terrible onslaughts was indeed a stupor and fascinating. The last of the ten assaults was made with a greater force than that seemingly of the tornado, and the left wing of the angelinians was overwhelmed by the flood of glandelinians and escape from destruction seemed utterly impossible. This section of the tent assaulting column of rebels reached out and headed toward the weakest point of the christian left, and striking it a terrible blow managed to carry a portion of the Gloriana Heights, the victorious glandelinians screaming like hundreds of millions of demons, and every column of men on both sides seemed to career into windrows of dead and dying and wounded, and everything from the fury of the close firing was enshrouded for a time in thick clouds of smoke the sulphurous smell being stronger than ever, the very heights seemed to become volcanoes, and the cloud of smoke seemed to be pierced by a million lightning displays. This section of the battle was a fierce and magnificent sight indeed.

All the while also during the fighting at close quarters there was a wild and tremendous pandemonium of an uproar.

Thousands upon thousands of solid soldiers on both sides clocked each other to death and had such grips on their throats that their eyes bulged and tongues protruded even when dead. Thousands of the wounded soldiers even overcome from the thickness of the smoke struggled and gasped for breath in a piteous manner and their blanched faces showed how badly they were suffering. The tenth assault however was stayed by the remainder of the reserve coming but not stopped. It was soon resumed with redoubled fury, and the whole two lines again came together into one and mingled in the same wildest confusion.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers on the christian side who at the beginning of this calamity had been so violently thrown backward had received severe contusions and were badly maimed. Hundreds of thousands of others had been lifted bodily up in the air and thrown down at great distances by the concussion of great explosions on the side of the ridge. However the terrible christian fire and display of bayonets had scathed the whole line of gray who assaulted the Gloriana Heights with such frightful and inconceivable violence, and the christian fire numbers the glandelinians in slain in many hundreds of thousands, and in injured by millions in this region alone. But it was in the battle line with Hanson, Ivian and John M. Manley that probably the most terrible loss of life and terrible desolation was wrought, a complication of disasters having followed this mightiest of battles.

CHAPTER FIFTY NINE.

AN IMMENSE STORM OF WARS TITANS. FRIGHTFUL FURY OF THE BATTLE ALONG THIS POINT, AND HOW IT RES ULTED.

IN the meantime while the glandelinian armies of the two Manleys, Johann and Jacobus, were attacking the two vivas with a sledge hammer force, general Johnston Jackson Manley was directing great forces against the other christian positions southwest of Conservatory run on the Gloriana Heights. Johnston Jackson Manley threw upon the christians known forces, and any one could have been startled by the awful roar of the battle at this section, and all the generals in command of the christian army were realizing that the glandelinian surge was coming on at an awful speed, urged their own cannons up to the front and these ridges also were blast ing with their riveting din. The whole wave of gray urged forward by Manley formed into two big columns, and the first column came on. This tidal wave of glandelinians were driven forward by all their officers and the most dense mingling up of their own men a yell which was incessant. The foremost portion of these glandelinians rushing toward passed through the Marston plains their line of attack extending to probably thirteen miles. The batteries of the army on the hills however could not support this portion of the assault as they had to repel King's division attack and so these glandelinians assailing Gloriana Heights had to face it alone. Yet these assaulting columns of glandelinians pressed on with amazing fury, and here column after column and also seemed to dissolve into dead and wounded, and the army divisions surging across Conservatory run at this section were torn into many streams of melting men. A large wing of this assaulting wave probably consisting of the extreme left immediately collapsed, and became an awful avalanche of men rolling and falling, but on pressed the others. As they reached the foot of the Gloriana Heights, the full force of the christian fire met them, and whole sections and whole divisions of more glandelinians went to pieces, and fragments of men fairly strew the ground.

Clouds of debris, trees, and tons of rocks were scattered over the Lucille Jackson Railroad tracks by the blasting fury of the high explosives but the glandelinians surged on. The terrible glandelinian column fairly tore their way through the wreck strewn districts, and so fierce was the christian fire that millions of beautiful trees all along the line of battle were either shattered to pieces, or stripped of their leaves, and bark, or branches by bullets and shell explosions. At ones fully fifty tons in weight hit by big shells were blown into countless fragments and scattered amid the surging glandelinians. The smoke of battle immediately became as thick as that of a forest fire. One section of the christian line on the main left struck by the first section of the rebel surge, was split to pieces by the pressure of the assault, and became a gigantic line of men in pandemonium, these glandelinian waves breaking asunder every christian division they pressed upon. The glandelinians for a time advanced with irresistible force, though the christian musketry fire cut three whole lines to nothing, and one big eddie of men was wiped out by one volley of shells.

The whole first gray wave was now shattered, but the other section of the flood of glandelinians advanced upon the very center of the christian line with the same awful fury, tearing and pushing their way through the whole sections and killing thousands of men per minute with their bayonets. One division of the christians being surrounded was completely destroyed, and the survivors of another division, was slain for life.

Nothing it seemed could check the glandelinians who came on tearing their way through all portions of the christian lines on the center as though they were advancing through nothing. The fire of the batteries above tore every one of the frontal glandelinian columns up as they made their mad onrush, and of hundreds of thousands of glandelinian ranks nothing remained but an appalling midley of dead dying and wounded. Indeed the most vast multitudes of glandelinians had been caught in the full force of the christian fire which was something dreadful many of the men being violently thrown down by the concussion, or dashed to pieces among the wreckage, and so completely buried in earth and debris that afterwards those looking for the wounded could see only a half covered head, or a gaping mouth of a hand miserably crushed in. The stench of the burned powder was abominable and many thousands of bodies of the rebels were honey combed with holes. The explosions of shells threw the debris in large quantities, tossing tons of earth and human beings every which way, and masses of men had been borne down the hill side by the furious sweep of the deadly volleys of big rocks, solid shot and grape and canister, and on the level fields hundreds of fields, and orchards through which the surge also passed through were destroyed by the severest christian fire ever witnessed in battle. The glandelinians however in their swift scathing onrush had reached all portions of the christian lines and mingled with the Angelinians in titan throngs but the whole immense gray line was shattered to fragments and repulsed.

1865

Despite the dreadful repulses the glandelinians only went at it again continually rushing forward in the longest surges. The smoke of the battle increased by the continual discharge of musketry and cannon and had spread rapidly over the entire line of new christian positions. Seven christian divisions north of the Conservatory run had been overwhelmed by the glandelinian surges, the loss of life here reaching a million. The battle now was here for a time at its wildest fury. The whole thick thick pall of smoke had lowered, the color being white and yellowish, the whole sky grew whiter, the flashes of hundreds of thousands of shells hurled by the glandelinian cannon supporting the assault became sickly, and by the breezes, these clouds at times became a prey to violent agitations, the furious hundred fold hurricane of deadly storm of christian curtain fire sweeping down the charging glandelinian columns. It seemed as if hundreds of thousands of volcanic craters were boiled and seethed among the new battle lines. One of the most appalling circumstances of this immense flood of destruction was of the shot christian fire, all along the line, and which stretched along the whole summit of the ridge, trees by the thousands which the shell explosions withered away, or uprooted and hurled down, hundreds of thousands of men which in a few minutes they rendered into dead and mangled bodies, and dashed the survivors and wounded back and forth in the air and all directions as if they were chaff. The assault for a time passed onward without a pause until by new forces being concentrated against them, and until met by cloudbursts of canister or which withered all their front line, the rebels finally abandoned the assault again but leaving behind many of their killed and wounded.

The uproar of the battle had been so violent along King's division line that the whole country of Angelina in that locality had been shaken by the din and on account of the concussion of so many explosions and the roar of so many cannons the river waters of Aronburgs run were tossed into waves. The whole region had been for over a hundred miles been affected by the concussion of this mightiest of battles, and heavy losses in property had occurred in some towns on account of the severe vibrations but the region nearest the battle field had suffered the worse. Even in cities at the distance of five hundred miles all the windows rattled, dishes fell from the cupboards, chairs leaped about on the floors, and doors and other fixtures of the entrances swung open and shut with a bang, and in many cases so many window glass was shattered that the loss of glass amounted to scores of millions of dollars.

And her hundred thousand troops sprung for their trenches a quarter of a mile away from the onrushing tidal storm of Glandelinians, but before they could even go forward a few hundred yards a great surge of Glandelinians coming upon them from the rear, overwhelmed them, crushed their line into small fragments and swept the survivors back like a tidal wave does to the sea. A hundred guns of grape and canister fairly tore the nearest of the Glandelinian columns asunder, hundreds of thousands of the mangled beings being revealed among the crumpled mass of the wreckage of trees. And it was as if the hand of death had covered them with a pall of smoke, the whole battle line was as still as the same seething hell of destruction and Hanson had all he could do to rally any portions of his lines but with the help of his generals he did so though the frightful slaughter was redoubled.

Along Conception Avenue the fury of battle was doubly fiercer. Hundreds of divisions of Glandelinians had been shattered to pieces, the roar of battle here being no intense as the attack also progressed onward here that nothing could be at all and the Glandelinians scattered some of his divisions of men as does the hurricane to the leaves of the trees. More and more joined the main columns of the Glandelinians. On and on rushed the whole line mingling with the multitudes of half-drowned Christianians amid the awful shrieks and screams, and driving at all before them. Despite the fact that King Vivian was launching his forces upon the oncoming rear, the other half of the Glandelinian army was still winning the victory and looking him too despite his King.

And since they began their counter attack upon general or King Vivian they had at their own way also. Terrible long waves of men in gray covered by the fire of their cannons on the ridges and in the fields progressed two thirds of a mile across the plains and fields in a few minutes, and up to the main newly selected positions of Robert Vivian with an average breadth of fifteen men deep, and many columns of these Glandelinians on the left of the column or wave advanced across all portions of the northern sections of the Big Girl Knoll plains which stretched between the Trechan Lakes and the Conservatory Run and the surrounding districts, and now all along King Vivian's whole front line the battle raged with more terrible violence. Several of the advancing Glandelinian surges were seventeen men deep, and others doubled that, and rushed on with the most fearful noise in their yells but not firing, but the foremost of these columns were soon crushed and shattered by the dreadful storm of Christian fire, and for a time began to go back. One section of this big surge crossing the Conservatory Run in one third of an hour swept up to the left of King Vivian's main front positions near the Trechan Lake ridges and though ten deep before, came back only a thin single line of men, and a more greater surge which burst over the summit covered in thickness yards in depth but the Christian fire swept away so many massive masses of men in gray that this line of so many were reduced to only two men in depth, and yet one of the main sections of this mighty wave of assault rushed farfully upon Robert Vivian's center. Line followed line, and attempted a length of fifteen miles, and though portions of these lines of rebels seemed to dissolve into clouds of dead and dying, the survivors came on and assailed the Christian center with indescribable fury. Clouds upon clouds of fresh wreckage was hurled into the air by more mighty explosions. The battle continued to rage with increasing fury and violence, while one fresh column after another of the Glandelinians reaching the summits of hills of Robert Vivian's positions, and spreading over the lines of works also dissolved away.

All of the remainder of these assaulting lines without the slightest warning, and taking advantage of the great pall of smoke surged everywhere over the summit and started to force their way through the Christian lines. The whole front line of Robert Vivian's line was now being riven into many thousands of fragments, but the main lines confronting each other closed and fought desperately hand to hand, battling like many demons for the possession of this unearthly battle hell as it seemed to be. Yet King Vivian massed upon the assailants as many of his fresh troops and artillery he could bring to bear and the whole of the Glandelinian surge that extended all along the summit seemed to fade away into a rushing canopy of men, to dissolve into fragments at the same time, and into a most horrible ocean of death and destruction, but still the assault was not given up.

These Glandelinian columns were under generals Frank Angoldinia, Glancee Joteman, and Mac Majories but they had been swept to pieces by the crushing and scorching Christian fire, but this whole wave of assailants had been swelled to such an extent that they would not yield and continued the assault with redoubled fury. The other sections of the whole line of assault again was crushed to pieces, and even the largest of the strong gray line on the left was shattered. Many other waves of Glandelinians reattacking Robert Vivian's line and extending their line of assault for the first ten miles were also shattered and the Glandelinians in recoiling had to go through fields checked with the oceans of dead and wounded bodies, and shattered trees on its bare borders. The extreme right of this roaring gray wave ascending upon the sides of the ridge also had seemed to be of endless length and yet two they had been crushed. The battle was rapidly drawing to its highest fury along this point the whole field being enveloped in the seething sea of dead death and destruction. Again the foolish rebel columns wavered only to go as far backwards as half way down the slopes and then renew the assault, and then to be again riven to pieces.

The roar of the fire along Vivian's line redoubled now, and even to make the silent sea worse other iron columns of Glandelinians added with these two big wings, the survivors of the rebels surging up the sides like an advancing cyclone, but fortunately the main assault did not hit general Glancee Joteman's solid squares, for his cannons checked the enemy, but the center of the rebel column moved for the main portion of the low treacherous ridges, the fury of this assault tearing upon the Christian line like whirlwinds of hurricanes, but the fierce Christian fire of cannon and musketry tore thousands of columns in gray to pieces, a regular deluge of fallen soldiers in gray scattering on the lower and upper pinner side of the ridge. The other columns on the left of Vivian's line which had not encountered this pitiless pitiless attack of musketry and guns sent them to sweep around in its charge. General Lord general Heroes Christian columns came these awful Glandelinian columns under General Shonumba, yelling like legions of demons from a million hills. Yet when the fire opened here also the Glandelinian columns in front dissolved into windrows of headless dying. The struggle was now terrible in the extreme, but still along the portions of Vivian's army as the Glandelinians advanced with the fury of desperation, a regular sea of dead and mangled men left behind in the wake of this great onslaught, and it had seemed as if even one had thrown millions of big rocks and stones content and even among the rebels so terrible was the Christian fire that it probably no living creature could compare to this great iron storm, and if so many died as had not dissolved into fragments Vivian's army would even have existed after the battle.

Vivian was overwhelmed and had to withdraw again but he had around the enemy such losses that they could not crush him, and of the shrieks, screams and howls of the wounded and dying that were being overwhelmed by the storm of death and destruction was beyond comprehension.

The main line of the advancing Glandelinians army advanced in the course more as a vast ward and no millions of seething demons seemed to swell the air as the assailants finally scattered a portion of Vivian's Christian line, as at the eastern base of the Main Trechan Lake ridge and headed for his rear. The whole shrieking mob of Glandelinians then with fatal fury plowed their way over the whole of the summit, and indeed the most masterful columns of the Glandelinians seemed to extend beyond the sight of the Christian officers, which clashed with more indescribable fury, and fought the Christian columns out of the air way, and then started their career of horror around to Vivian's rear.

In the meantime already two times the big floods of Glandelinians though torn and mangled by the Christian fire hurried themselves upon Hanson's Christian lines only to be crushed to fragments and hurled back across the region of Glinda Crocker's corridors. The columns of Glandelinians though having been repulsed twice with these bloody crushing defeats had been swelled so heavily that they again rushed to the assault like one mighty tidal wave, and one big Glandelinian column, six miles long, and separated from the main column and coming on in advance, was completely wiped out, the Christian fire shattering to pieces all the other oncoming waves, and fairly mowing down everything in its path. The whole surge of Glandelinians seemed large enough to overwhelm the entire of Hanson's line and finally it did so, strain striking a part of Hanson's flank and driving all before it, but the survivors at the horrid horrible din of the seething Christian musketry and cannon fire were rendered deaf. The full force of the assault however had hit the whole of Hanson's line and the terrible struggle was redoubled in all its horrors.

The Glandelinian columns had been scattered minute by minute into flying fragments by shell fire but the main rebel line closed with the Christians nevertheless. The massed ranks of conflict now became manual as the opposing lines closed in on each other. They became one long line of men slaughtering one another, and rushing at each other in drunken drunken rage. Thousands of columns collapsed into splinters of fragments in solid coiling together, and falling and dissolving away like melting ice flows in red hot lava, and this part of the battle became like the annihilation of civilization a hundred times confounded. The waves of men was like a regular hell sea of demons and gray, gone and with fury and frenzied. Brigades literally tore and cut each other to pieces, but the furious columns of Glandelinians being overwhelming in number crushed thousands of Christian divisions. The whole battle line became like a frightful hell of slaughter or hand to hand, and whole lines and thousands after thousands of columns on both sides, big and small raged at each other, the whole wave of fighting men seemed wreathed in atmospheric fire. The force of the Glandelinian assault was more violent than supposed however, and it was in vain to stand before them. The immense wave of Glandelinians having swept on cut their way past the left of Hanson's line, and forming a frightfully wide stream of men, rushed almost with the irresistible force of water itself from a flood upon Hanson's left flank, and no one escaped death there in their path of sudden surprise attack. This threw Hanson's whole line into confusion, and on plowed the victorious Glandelinians with more appalling swiftness, involving the multitudes of Christians amid crushing maelstroms of dead and wounded. And there had been no warning of such an onrush of such an avalanche of men, and again hundreds of thousands of lives had been lost.

All along the now christian line the battle raged with redoubled fury and two of the biggest glandelinian columns overlapped the receding christian columns. So fierce was the battle here now that our reader could fancy nothing but some hellish vision like that of the infernal regions, and avalanches of wreckage especially from trees was hurled into the air by great explosions and scattered down the eastern and northern sides of the ridges among the fiercely charging glandelinians. The glandelinians pressed on with such force in their onslaught that they scattered whole divisions of christians, only to be crushed in their turn, though still roaring and yelling with rage.

Though repulsed twice the glandelinians made a third assault and with redoubled fury.

The advancing columns of these glandelinians were of the fierce Zimmarandians, and they continued their furious onslaught to such an extent that they threatened to sweep every thing away.

In the mountain general Huxley and his party looked making it positive that any christian army would never capture the ridges. The summit of the Garnation and Lucille ridges combined extended for forty miles, and all the canyons on these ridges were not in a most violent crashing uproar, the firing of so many guns creating a shroud of smoke and haze for scores of miles and indeed did their part to cover the counter assault of the glandelinians.

Never before in the whole battle yet did the heaviest cloud burst swirl as thick as this shroud of smoke from canister, grape, shrapnell and other shells as they poured down upon all approaches to the two ridges. Clouds of wreckage from shattered and torn trees was hurled up into the air now by the explosions of all kinds of shells, the shells even breaking the biggest trees of the trunks into small pieces, and the fragments were rained down in awful showers among the christian soldiers, whose columns were shifted to places by this shroud of canister and shell fire. Bodies of thousands of men in the twinkling of an eye were reduced in pieces and destroyed.

Savage and grating noises also issued from unknown canyons, and as the canyons of white smoke ridges opened now it set up a more louder and universal roar, while tremendous and strange growling noises began to issue from other distant ridges, which threw forth unusual clouds in the shape of gigantic puffs, while thousands of tons of wreckage from trees crashed and careened everywhere at every volley of explosions, and it was indeed a withering storm of death. The glare of all these burning bombs was too hideous to be described now and were an exciting horror. It was the greatest avalanche of shells ever seen during the battle yet, and never before was a battle so hot as this.

In the mountain his news of the arrival of King's army advanced of troops and his efforts to take the ridges in the rear, drew most of the glandelinian armies which were assaulting the Hanson's army lines into some disorder. Hanson's whole line had again rallied, and thousands of the most massive glandelinian columns met a fire all along his line that dwindled their columns into mere fragments. This was the worst destruction of glandelinian columns that Hanson's army ever committed yet. During their progressive advance before the news of King's army arrival the glandelinian wave had spread out in long wedges, but now Hanson's army realizing the help coming to them in the form of an attack on the enemy's rear, poured in a storming fire that tore every glandelinian division that charged into frail fragments and scattered the survivors in all directions.

Hundreds of thousands of ranks of glandelinians fell to pieces in this storm making it appear indeed as if it was the last of earth, the opposing lines having actually fought in titanic throes, and yet deep to the news it seemed as if nothing could check the furious attack of the glandelinians for every inch of ground having been gained at such an awful cost cost before they were now bound to keep it. A vast number of men having been reinforced by a portion of King's army began to rally on the new battle ground, and prepared to meet the glandelinian columns which were advancing on swiftly. So all the glandelinian columns which now charged against his troops now situated on the summit of Treason Lane, were now actually riven to pieces, and the whole line of charge that did swarm over the summit dissolved into shattered fragments.

But the assault was renewed with redoubled fury at once. After this repulse there appeared an impenetrable column of fresh glandelinians which formed as it advanced like two gigantic eagle wings. This column of glandelinians came on like a huge flood of demons of hell sweeping forward to attack the christians anew. Instead of halting despite the fire they met the two wedges of men increased the speed of their charge, rushing forward with frightful speed, and it seemed impossible for anything to disperse this great glandelinian column. They came on like a furious avalanche of hell. The nearest of the big columns of these glandelinians were split into small pieces as the shells hurried among them but this main column of glandelinians being nearly ten miles long certainly rushed on defying the christian cannonade to do their worst.

The clouds of smoke spreading over the sky in thick wreath a brown sickly and yellowish, the uproar of the cannonading from the Huxley ridge and the crash of the shell explosions was ear-splitting, mingled with the rolling thunder of so many big guns, and was to the christian soldiers as Angelus in the range of this cannon scourge, for in such canyons thousands were killed per minute, without even hope at a short distance. Trees numbered by the hundred along the battlefield on the summit were torn up by the roots or shattered, the violence of so many explosions rendering the many christian columns to fragments.

While the ridge was being assaulted, General Huxley had withdrawn some of his divisions of troops from the Huxley ridge, and sent them forward to support the one at Lucille, taken ridge. While these large columns of glandelinians who were now reinforced and rallied were advancing to attack the christians in possession of the ridge once more, the glandelinian officers and generals who stayed behind to direct the charge, signalled flags, and as they viewed the third assault they were struck by a sea that all along their new advance were flashes of lightning of all beautiful colors. Some flashes were broad or horizontal, others were yellow, brown, red, pale blue, violet, green, and many colors of all known in color palette. Other flashes larger and more changed their various colors of colors being at times purple, dark blue, dark emerald green, cannon blue, gray, fiery white, dark brown, and bluish white or brown. Other flashes were of ultramarine blue, white, and one changing to the color of burnt alumina, mineral yellow, vermilion, sea green, and Modder pose, the former flashes of indigo, blue, green, white, brown, yellow, French blue, and Carmine color.

Other were of Vermilion green, or Zimmarandian ball light. These flashes were indeed most magnificent the soldiers had ever seen, many clung like sheeted lightning, others were like snakes, some like nothing known, on top of each other, and like the porpoise, while many others resembled the flashing lights of gunflashes and on the fourth of July. All the while these lights appeared there was from the summit of the Huxley ridge a most terrible and frightful roar that resounded far and wide, and even the earth and heavens seemed to shake in horror at each of the rapid fire. At first to the officers the scene was a mystery but now they realized it was the flashes of the shots of various kinds of shells, poured out from the batteries upon the christians in quick succession of volleys and this proved that the weak christian columns were meeting a good fire indeed.

Thousands of green smoke seemed to fairly wither under the storming rain of exploding shells, shrapnell, and hurrying high explosions, and sheeted torrents of grape and canister, and flowers flowers seemed to go up in the air.

Indeed it was evident that the generals of the Huxley ridge intended to pound the christian columns as they would be driven off the ridge. On some the approach of glandelinian columns again and as they came up to the christians the whole battle line again resembled the approach of the end of the world. The glandelinian cannon then stopped firing again to avoid hitting their own comrades. It was estimated that before the violence of the shell fire and the glandelinian assault that the christian columns were scattered from the summit of the ridge like sheep, though the main line on the center for a time managed to hold their ground, their own fire arms clattering together in the hand to hand fight, making a noise like a titanic waterfall of rocks and stones. Whole sections of the christian line were killed and scattered this violent counter assault of the rebels gave way to the main surge of the red.

The main surge of the glandelinian now being victorious victorious poured over their own works once more but the christians as they recoiled gave a response of such an intensity that the whole front line of the rebels withered.

The charge was won however and the Angelus recoiled down the slopes of the ridge. When all of a sudden once more the very heavens above the Huxley ridge were filled with a most indescribable and tremendous uproar as the guns again let go, and a hundred retreating columns were a totally smashed to pieces or dissolved into piles of dead and wounded. The attack of the 23,444,555 glandelinians covered by this shell barrage was increased with frightful velocity, and never before did King's army observe a battle to be so hideous, and to him the thunder of shells roared in his ears overhead adding to the din of the firing along his own front and that on Garnation ridge and elsewhere, and the whole battle indeed assumed a hellish expression, and was a sight that probably the very angels would have never forgotten had they really witnessed it.

The whole two ridges of Lucille taken and Garnation were covered from their summits to their bases, with immense piles and whitens of dead and wounded, while the huge swarms of Angelus facing the crushing rebels now started to waver again before that titanic sheet of masonry along the whole advancing front line.

The noise of the cannonade was making a din as if the ridges were being riven into a hundred thousand pieces upon to their summits, and to support the receding columns and prevent a disaster Robert's army had to send his mightiest columns to the support. The crash of the conflict indeed was making the most singular noises ever heard and the mighty surge of the opposing sides still favored to the christian army. The christian army was simply terrifying.

the glandelinians held the christians at bay with accepted success at both ridges, cutting down the two waves of assault with frightful effect. But luck occurred at Carrien Square where the Angelinians had cut through every enemy line, and by crawling to across every glandelinian column in the path they were most opposed by the main line at this section but the christian column dashed violently and furiously against this also forcing it to give way and a great battle and slaughter took place. Then sudden outbreak of battle in a new quarter was such like the sound which is heard at the moment of an approaching typhoon. The instant the Manley generals in the center heard this, and noticed the danger in their rear from the new frightfully assaulting column, they started forward in alarm to investigate, and seeing that King Vivian's armies had arrived, and realized that if they did not move their main line upon this new enemy all would be lost, which was or had already been won so dearly. This fearful moment, north of the new christian fire already upon the slopes of White nose and Mic-Hollister Ridge was heard, and the column of the column of White nose and Mic-Hollister Ridge was heard even as far as thirty miles and seemed to see even the armies retreating before the enemy south of Lucille pickens. At this peculiar roar of the new line of battle which echoed throughout the region of Gloriana, the very cattle and other animal animals trembled in terror many miles from this scene, and followed with intense anxiety the very fluctuations in order to inform themselves of the direction in which the unseen danger was approaching, exhibiting symptoms of the most intense intense fear.

General John Manley saw something must be done and he ordered general Lucille and pickens runner to storm General or King Vivian before he attacked the ridge himself. King Vivian was therefore surprised when he observed from his observation point a perfect flood of glandelinians all Scoddlers extending for miles struck against his lines preparing to storm upon Garnation ridge with the most violent intention how the christian fire all along the line suddenly opening rare through this flooding gave in the most ferocious and murderous style. Cannon also opened upon them blowing or melting whole divisions of rebels to pieces and annihilating brigades, but the survivors reinforced by more coming down from the ridge increased the fury of the attack with all their vol violence. General Chastain brought up his own artillery whose shells scattered scores of thousands of glands in glandelinians into smoking whirlpools of blood and flesh.

He observed the other glandelinian columns surge on, their fierce yell mingling with the shrieks of the injured and dying. Again he heard the murderous roar of the long lines of christian fire which was repeated with a scathing storm of flame and smoke, and he observed whole columns more in gray no to pieces but the others continued on. A certain christian general had burst among his panic stricken lines and tried to rally his men, but a minute later a fearful avalanche of human beings in gray crashed down his panic stricken columns, and the general was killed, his whole line being almost destroyed, and the survivors retreated in confusion. Whole brigades of soldiers and hundreds of officers were dashed to pieces by the shell fire pouring down from the ridges summit, the glandelinians dashing hither and thither among the panic stricken christian soldiers and shrieking as if they were mad men. Whole brigades of these christians were now going to pieces and the toppling of thousands of trees, and the whole summit of the ridge of Garnation appeared as if swept by a gigantic inferno of forest fires. The glandelinians continued their sledge hammer assault with such violence, and as the widows of dead was being scattered by the dreadfully shell bursts, the whole of this section of the christian line began to give way, but as they recoiled most of the columns encountered the fire from White nose ridge and dissolved into heaps of slain. Here the glandelinians were fairly carrying all before them.

King Vivian was bound to stop this wild charge. He withdrew his own columns up the sides of the small but long rise of ground known as Jennie Mary ridge, and waiting until the panic stricken masses had passed through his own lines, and then opened with his own main line of cannons in a general fire. Big columns of glandelinians were suddenly or gradually swept down into avalanches of rolling writhing men, thousands being thrown and hurled about among the shattered or fallen trees by the concussion of the explosions, their very skin scratched from their bodies, many having their skulls fractured, and the rest were lacerated badly.

At the left simultaneously the flood of rebel troops tore furiously up the hill, and here the christian fire shots shattered both rebel columns and masses of trees at the same time the din being an intense infernal tumult. The assault of the rebels was pressed with irresistible vigor however. Divisions of Angelinians then and again gave way before the assault and the return glandelinian fire, the assault tearing through all the columns they struck, but King Vivian brought up other bodies of his men and threw them with such violence, that the whole section of the glandelinian assaulting wave gave way, the christian pouring down the sides after them with the utmost fury, crushing the glandelinian wave, and dreadfully tearing it with their fierce advancing stream of rifle and cannon fire.

It was now King Vivian's time to advance his forces here also and it was now half past two.

He decided to capture or recapture all points lost by the other armies, and sent general Clinch with his Abyssinians to assault a portion of the Lucille pickens ridge to the rear of the town of its new with the purpose of drawing the other armies of rebels from the remaining christian armies south of them. In assaulting the Vivian Hills also he could prevent the glandelinians from moving too near the Gloriana Heights. He also sent general Peters to move forward to the support of general Vivian's army and then placed all his own divisions in position for battle into action. Clinch did what he could and if he had known what danger was coming no loss of life would have occurred here. But the assaulting waves of the glandelinians had carried all before them, and the rebels tore their way through general Peters' lines and all the other christian divisions simultaneously and all was confusion again. King Vivian had never known a battle to have such a preternatural fury before and he viewed the vigor of the assault of the rebels upon all points of Vivian's and Conscientious Armies and his brothers lines, the fury of fighting, the progress of the enemy and therefore decided to act on the instant.

His own big columns went forward already and presently and quickly moving up the northern slope of the hill to pickens ridge, followed by other columns of men, all the troops moving with large and sprightly. As they got higher up they moved forward with a tremendous speed, and took a portion of the rebel line by surprise, and crashed through the rebel lines so furiously that the Angelinians driving them into confusion carried every massive column and brigade before it, seizing the artillery and turning the guns upon the confounded glandelinians.

The sudden assault of the new forces of the Angelinians upon their rear, which from it had not been expected, so no column of the glandelinian divisions attempted to pounce by the check recoiled down the other side. It was however not so easy to capture the ridge as was supposed.

Carrien and White nose and Mic-Hollister ridges opened upon Lucille pickens ridge and the very crest of this new destruction became frightful. Yet many of the glandelinian divisions had been swept to pieces by the force of the new avalanche of christians that crashed against them, the remnants of the new wave of battle rolling on, the advancing Angelinians trying to surround the surprised glandelinians. The very main line of the rebels swept, as the Angelinians pressed forward and all was confusion.

In the meantime general Vivian was pushing other forces forward toward Carrien square just a little below the rear of white nose ridge and here they were met by a perfect wave of Abyssinians, and the large storm of gray and purple coats mingled together, and shivered each other to pieces with their horribleness, and so thick was the smoke of this new line of the battle that a strong chaotic notion seemed to take place in the atmosphere. The Angelinians and Abyssinians are a crashed by the lust for blood advanced upon all points of Carrien square. The advancing sea of Abyssinians plunged amid the stubborn rebel lines, forming in a minute perfect whirlpools of slaughter and bore all before them.

Simultaneously to this general or King Vivian hurled against the northern slopes of White nose Ridge heavier columns of assault, and indeed he was almost disheartened to see the terrible blizzard of burning shells among these columns of his men. However he had hopes for his divisions had torn their way through the rebel waves defending Carrien square. It seemed impossible to capture White nose Ridge. All the columns moving up its sides on the northern part, were fairly being lashed to pieces by the storm of glandelinian shells and grape, and probably no rapids or waterfalls could be as violent as the stormy rebel fire on the ridges summit. Every christian column, no matter what size, time and again gave way before the disastrous rebel fire, and being smashed to pieces fled in panic and confusion. The mighty christian columns moving up the ridge had strove with all their bravery to reach the top but the roaring avalanches of grape and shells plowed their way in unbroken streams through all portions of this assaulting christian lines, sending the soldiers flying in showers of broken human beings in all directions, the explosions blowing many high into the air, while the storm of masonry from above tore the whole line of attack to fragments and sent the rest flying for shelter in confusion. One of the big columns of Abyssinians which was the left to recoil had been divided into two by their with drivel, and a sudden volley of rebel shells sent hundreds of thousands of men to their destruction.

In the meantime it had seemed as if the Angelinians were actually going to carry the ridge of Lucille pickens, but the whole line of the rebels on the summit had not been pressed, Manley brought up reserves from an unexpected unexpected quarter, and the glandelinians were swelled so heavily by the reinforcements, that the Angelinians were overwhelmed, and the sudden and furious onrush of other columns to their right and left, was so sudden and irresistible, that soon the warrior of christian infantry went to pieces, before the wall of glandelinian fire, bayonets and bristling cannon discharges like a child's house of cards, the explosion of the volleys of glandelinian shells from Mic-Hollister ridge hurling the christian soldiers into shattered thrunks in all directions, and the surviving columns recoiled in the greatest confusion.

CHAPTER FIFTY EIGHT.
THE ADVANCE OF KING VIVIAN'S ARMY.
THE FINAL CONTEST OF THE BATTLE, AND ITS RESULT.

NEVER before had the opposing armies of the Angelidians, and the glandelinians been closed in such a death struggle, and cliffs had been badly torn out of shape along the rocky ledges of the Conservatory run where the firing of both sides had been general and where general Coney Aronburg had been killed, where Hanley Vivian another christian general had also been killed and where his army had been destroyed. Hundreds of thousands of lives had been wiped out. General Mac-Holleston of Varyer, and Conventinian Aronburg's army had all the while of the battle, while making advances, attacks or retreats, had been fiercely bombarded by rebel cannon and fierce onslaughts, four hundred of hisbridges had been swept out of existence, and along general Knuffmann's line on Conventinian Aronburg's right waves of glandelinians a soldiers too strong and furious to be real, had crushed itself without avail amid the horrible slaughter. There were scenes however of a wilder description, which neither pen, nor imagination could ever adequately depict. General Francis Mac-Holleston Vivian's army of the main central christian lines which controlled the grounds of Conservatory run in general all day long, he gave his experience of the terrible battle as thus:

"As far as I know the insurgent Angelidian armies have actually won the battle. I and Conventinian Aronburg and other have repeatedly sent forward division after division to the rescue of the defeated christian divisions at other points of the line, and it certainly was one of the worst and most terrific of all battles I have ever seen. And I'll never forget those sixty five minutes before my lines and others advanced into the realm of the fatal Mac-Holleston and Marie Osborne Woods, and after that horrible disaster, when half of the attackers were destroyed, I thought my men had been struck by mountains of men in gray. Whole lines of reinforcements had been sent in to stay the mowing tide of disaster, and we were totally overwhelmed and nothing could be done. My lines had been swept clean from one line of works to another, and the assaulting waves of the enemy obscured in roaring sheets of musketry fire threatened to engulf the whole christian army at any moment. I cannot do conclude how my own divisions survived the storming assaults of those powerful glandelinian surges, but they did and came out with all colors flying, though they were badly shattered and driven back with the rest nearly thirty five miles from Conservatory run. I am now witnessing the sufferings among the hospital corps of the hundreds of thousands of wounded, and all along my line of battle not a tree or anything had escaped destruction from the cannon fire of both sides."

Heavy seas of glandelinians had indeed swept upon every point of the various extensive christian lines during all the terrible battle. One strange tragedy of the war and battle itself happened here a triple to the sad one of the battle of Ozma Junction. It was the death of four innocent little children who had died without possibly a parting word in general Michael Hanson's headquarters to where they had been brought after being found. It was during the lull of the battle along his own part of the battle line that general Michael Hanson entered the room and observed to his sorrow that the four children were really dying, a spasmodic of agony passing over their sweet faces, as they struggled for breath and threw up their little hands when the children lay panting on their little pillows as exhausted, their large clear blue eyes, rolled up and fixed, and indeed what said those eyes, that probably spoke so much now of coming heaven. For them it was true earth was passed, and all earthly pain, but so solemn and so mysterious was the victorious brightness of their faces that it even checked the sob of sorrow. General Michael Hanson and also Kindermine pressed around the children in breathless silence. A bright glorious smile passed over their sweet faces, and they gave one slight sigh and passed away. Farewell beloved children, the bright eternal doors had closed and for them and no one would ever see their sweet faces any more without flowers because there were none, the little children during the lull of the battle were buried in a large lawn out of range of the shell fire and who could imagine the sorrows and desires of revenge that were rending at the hearts of the mourners especially many of those who were friends of the children.

It was toward two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day when King Vivian's whole army and the rest of Hanson Vivian's had arrived to the scene of carnage at Gloria, and it was at the time when the battle on the north was at its highest fury that King Vivian deployed a portion of his own lines and King Vivian reeling from reports how the battle was turning out else elsewhere decided to put in his own say.

The great trees bent and groaned with the fury of the concussion of explosions, riddled by the furious showers of canister, which had been infiltrating the line, breaking hundreds of thousands of twigs, and the sticks and leaves and branches lashed the faces of the searchers, and the low hanging pall of smoke almost blinded them. They found the dead horse at last lying crushed and mangled at the foot of the crag, with its intestines protruding, and they knew that its rider must be somewhere near. They called, searched, and prayed. Two of the guides received mortal wounds from stray shots, a tree crashed down near them, following an explosion, but at last Kindermine gave a shout from the ravine, down which he had scrambled, and they all hurried in that direction.

"Don't let the general look. I've covered him with my cloak." He said as they came up to him. "He is still breathing, but he is horribly mangled, and bleeding from several wounds, caused by shell fragments."

In a few minutes they were kneeling beside the mangled bleeding heap of humanity, which had been but a short time before the brilliant and brave general Hanson's Johnston.

"Perhaps you had better now look." Said the doctor to general Michael Hanson as he prepared to uncover the body.

"I'm not afraid, and shall look." Said general Michael Hanson furiously. "God grant that he may be alive."

"Yes," the doctor said "there is at all a spark of life in the poor general, though he is unconscious and delirious beyond recognition."

General Finny hastened to observe, and assist him. Then with infinite care, he was carried to the waiting ambulance which had been rushed to the scene.

A quarter of an hour later the wounded general was lying in bed, all swathed in bandages, and the doctor stood watching him every breath, while Michael Hanson and General Finny knelt in the room praying earnestly that he might at least regain consciousness to make his confession, and receive the Holy Eucharist in the moments most of the entire christian army which had battled so long were recollecting but the struggle was still raging in general fury. Along Sherman's columns all had quieted down in the heat and confusion of ammunition and did not advance any further, and though Hanley's general lines were still in a uproar there was a gradual slackening along general Heldon's pickets line, and all along Adele-De-Garbes line the battle had stopped for a time, but the Angelidians were more reforming and the Glandelinians were retreating. This great final onslaught of the rebellious Angelidians under Hanley and his generals had done more damage than all their combined firing put together. The devastation caused by the fifty mile long avalanche of graycoats was or had been exceedingly awful. Seventeen of Hanley's main divisions of his army had been annihilated for their success, others had been cut to pieces, pieces, while Federal 75,000,000 men had been dominated so heavily that the rebels were disheartened. Out of Federal's wave of seventy one million men only nine million, nine hundred thousand had survived, and the nine hundred thousand had been taken prisoners by the defeated christian garrisons. General Vivian, Maurice Costello, Miller Jennings, Vivian Vivian, and others were severely wounded, while Vivian receiving ten different small but fatal wounds. Maurice Benligan was slightly wounded but his brother Julia Benligan was reported killed.

Generals Heldon and Leonie Michael also on the christian side had been wounded severely yet all these generals named for the sake of their shattered armies risked all by remaining in command. Even general Jack Davis, and Frederick Hauwe were wounded, and their uniforms were in rags. Michael Hanson, Conventinian Aronburg, Hanson Angelic Vivian and Vivian's army and general Kindermine were the only two generals who were not wounded.

The loss of life among Hanson's Johnston's army during the whole contest was appalling, and far and wide the desolation of the battle could be seen, that dreadful dreary dreary time of herculean charges, and artillery duels.

loud enough to shake the whole Calvinian States. All over the whole battlefield white rolling wreaths of smoke marked slight forest fires caused by the battle.

General Kindermine during the battle had his three wings crushed to fragments. His left wing lost fifteen million two hundred and twenty three million men and twice that many muskets during the time the division was retreating in confusion, and out of a division of equal number of men on the left, seven million men went into the field to cover the retreat of the main line, and never returned.

His center thirty one million, seven hundred and eighty nine thousand, eight hundred and eighty eight strong had been reduced to 82,322, and been reduced to 23,456,666 and another division of general Maxwell Gunter Johnston's army nineteen million, five hundred and sixty four thousand, two hundred and thirty three strong, had only one million men left.

Neither Cholera nor any dreaded pestilence had any more reason to be feared than a battle like this one, which by the concussion of its cannonading had demolished portions of the fairest and most extensive woods and in an instant hurry so many monstrous multitudes of human beings out of the world. This was one of the most terrible battles of the war. Reports even came from the alarm stations that three thousand five hundred of Jimmie Vivian's big guns had been captured by the glandelinians. Even at the first part of the onset fierce as it was the whole battle field had become like an ocean of hell's conflagration gone mad, with its wrathful smoke roaring abysses of explosions, and seething undulating waves of musketry and shell shellfire.

the very birth, production and action in all the main mountains all round with an awe inspiring grandeur, and the orderlies hurried down by a fragrant fragrance of flowers, and the orderlies hurried down by a fragrant fragrance of flowers, and the orderlies hurried down by a fragrant fragrance of flowers.

"You say they were in the midst of this dreadful carnage on the region of the mountain. I don't know! God help them if they are within its region yet. That was just where the early part of this afternoon battle seemed to be at its worst, and if they are in such a dangerous region I have no hope for them." He exclaimed. "Well we can but pray for them." "Said the orderly.

Had it not been for the anxiety for the Vivian girls, that is Violet and her sisters, general Michael Hanson thought he would have enjoyed the horrid battle, for he had never beheld anything like the wild grandeur, and this wild tumult of the battle seemed in keeping with his troubled soul. Just then in the direction of the yellow lane he saw something like a long series of great balls of smoke probably thousands in number at once, shooting upward like geyser eruptions followed followed chaotically by an appalling detonations, and a shudder of horror ran through the two columns as the horrible sound of those thousands of mighty explosions reverberated for several minutes in seemingly millions of echoes.

What the fury of the battle over what? Hanson stretched out all swathed in bandages came rushing up the road, across which the cavaliers before had been sweeping in torrents, pools of deafening thunder from exploding gang-gang shells shook the building, and the blinding flash of blue long lines of rifles and cannon in the far distance was just as lucidly incessant. In the midst of it all galloped another horseman coming up the road wildly, and springing to his feet Michael Hanson ran to meet general Richard Kindersnide, for he was he, looking pale and haggard, his face drawn as if in pain.

"You are hurt." Exclaimed Hanson, anxiously stretching out his hands to him in his excitement.

"Not a word," he gasped. "But there has been an awful accident or something, maybe the fort was of war---and some for reservation, tell me the way? We are totally beaten beaten."

His parched lips seemed hardly able to articulate, his breath came in short gasps, and the cold sweat stood on his forehead, while his eyes stared horribly, as if still seeing some horrible sight.

"Here I am," said the surgeon who had been attending to the wounded orderly in the house. "Come tell us what happened general."

"We saw the final storm of battle sweeping through the region of the grand mountain with mortal fury, and we saw Hanson's division and the others all along the line did our best to check the frenzied foe, and among or along all of our lines there was a sudden undulating flash, it blazed upward---followed---followed followed by a searing column of fire, our whole line withered, five hundred generals and many men were killed chaotically, and a flying fragments of the shells wounded general Hanson, and a second time, and almost killed his horse. Oh it was horrible. I shall see the look on his face, till my dying day."

"Here drink this, Hanson," Johnston wounded mortally twice.!"

"Yes and the second time more seriously. The shells continued threw him, horse and all down the precipice of a steep ravine. All of his officers are down, his army of men are half destroyed, the whole battle line is now an inferno of conflagration of fire, the army in advancing to victory with the fold fury, general Powell Puster Johnston is severely wounded, and a whole christian line of men ten million strong near the head of the Yellow Brick road had been reduced to only five hundred men, and the survivors of the whole christian line is breaking back in a confusion that cannot be stopped. Many of my men have gone down, and many of our officers have gone down the ravine to find general Hanson. Johnston. General Powell Puster Johnston sent me for you and the priest as they fear he is dying."

General Michael Hanson stood with white as death, a look of unutterable horror and anguish on his handsome face.

"Oh God," he murmured, "if it had been anyone else but general Hanson Johnston. Oh it's horrible." Then turning suddenly to a Kindersnide he exclaimed:

"I will go back with you. If he is still alive I might help him. Get my horse James, and the doctor, and summon Father Finny."

"I don't think it ain't hardly safe for you to go back in such dreadful carnage, and fury," said general Kindersnide, to Michael Hanson. "You and I and Hanson Vivian and Conventinian Aronburg are the only generals of this whole battle left in command now. But if you insist on doing so, you must get another horse. Your poor beast is exhausted already."

General Michael Hanson soon buckled on his fresh horse, and went out toward the storm of carnage with three great army surgeons, and the priest, general Kindersnide along with them. On the horrors of the next hour, the anxious almost hopeless search along the body filled ravine, and on the body strewn hillsides in the region where the wave of battle had passed by, amid the thousands of thunder claps of bursting shells, flash and roar of cruel distant battle, and the fierce pall of smoke.

adorationization some into full contact with the left flank of Federal line, and though surprised the glandelinians resisted and the charge was fearful. General Johnston in the last of the long day and he was badly but not dangerously wounded in the collar as his horse was shot. Johnston tore through the glandelinian surge like a cyclone through a dam, and Federal line was broken one long line of flame and smoke, and terrible numbers of horsemen fell every second.

Johnston also undertook to lead a column of cavalry and his moving round by the way of land and water accidentally reached right into the range of the glandelinian cannon on the other side, and his column before it had the chance to strike Federal a single blow was almost annihilated, whole divisions going down before the terrible cannon fire suddenly upon opened upon them. The rest of the cavalry force however swooped round by way of the other section of the Yellow Brick road and coming like a scathing sheet was closed with the whole flank of Federal surprised like this. There was a pandemonium of hand to hand fighting the battlefield became like a whirlwind and in resisting the whole rear of Federal line reared and started with fire and bayonet thrusts. General Joseph John on the glandelinian side was killed as the cavalry cut its way through his column, general Julio Gale Pies of Federal command was also mortally wounded, and terrible as was the scene of so many cavalry soldiers tearing through Federal line, still more terrible was the fact that nearly half their number were sweeping on to their deaths instead. However however the charge was so desperate that the whole purple and red wave of horsemen crashed through Federal whole rear.

In a defending earthshaking assault, of clattering hoofs, ring of sabres against bayonets, and clubbed carbines, and thunderous crashes of horse hooves, and pistol volleys, several hundred gleams on the rebel side in trying to rally his brigade was killed, Murphy Parlatonia was also killed, and general Phillion was mortally wounded, and Joseph kept his adding general shot in the head. The officers of all rank fell by thousands, and Federal main riding general.

Phillion's death was severely wounded, Thomas Federal was severely wounded, Edward Hughes was killed, and Fynmore Smith was wounded. Thomas Tomarline, Richard Tomarline were wounded of the rebel side, Richard Tomarline was killed and many rebels officers were slain. A gang-gang-shell exploded under Michael Hanson's horse, blowing the animal to pieces, and the general was hurled two hundred and forty five feet by the concussion and force, but landing on a soft sand bank was only stunned and was able to retain command though he saw Hanson's Johnston fall dangerously wounded. The fragments scattered in all directions bringing down leaves and limbs of trees in a cloud. The crouching christian cavalry trampled down a perfect sea of floating glandelinian and cut down everyone opposing them. Ricknell in the meantime throwing his entire force of Winkie Abyssinians forward at an angle movement checked the rush of the glandelinians who tried to close in on him but was himself wounded, and all his staff were wounded or killed, his own line of cavalry was being swept and torn to pieces by the surrounding foe and everything was confusion. General Pa Purgatorius column on Federal left flank or rear was shattered to remnants and driven clear from their line of march and he himself fell wounded, the right of glandelinian line was destroyed, his whole command crashed to fragments and cut off from the main body and he himself slain by an infuriated Winkie Abyssinian soldier who refused to give him any quarter.

All along the fragments of Adale-De-Carbo line, the firing on account of his men exhausting their ammunition was gradually ceasing, his men taking to the bayonet, and the fields all before them was a sea of dead and wounded soldiers of both sides and mangled horses. The main column of christian cavalry had come on in a perfect surge and now as the christian column continued on, the glandelinian general Etrabrook Joiesama was killed, and Adale-De-Carbo severely wounded, but still his badly cut up line held as firmly as a rock and met the attacking cavalry on all sides in perfect squares. Ricknell's glandelinians held their line to cover the reformation of Federal rear, and here the fierce fighting went on against the cavalry in bayonet duels, sword duels and clubbed mallets. The awful hand to hand carnage along this point extended for ten miles on the rear of the victorious rebel surge. Through his field glasses general Michael Hanson saw that the christian cavalry charge had begun all before it, but that the main enemy forces under general Leonia Melidonia, Johnston and Calmanida Shomamanda were pressing forward to the succor of Federal army, and that these columns having swung from Manley's main line of attack were advancing with fearful rapidity. Mounting his horse he hurried back to his lines and withdrew them out of the melee, and ordered a retreat before it was too late. While his officers were therefore making the retreat, Michael Hanson hurried back toward his headquarters, and only reached it as the first columns of smoke poured overha overhead from the explosions of a broadside of ser shells, and to him in the preternatural of the crash of the firing along other parts of the surging battle line was heard echoing among the hills and mingling with the uproar of the yelling enemy. The cavalry charge had failed to do its work. Surely now the battle was lost.

He had passed the first glen, and started on the camp on the Yellow Brick Road toward Camp Perry to summon to his rest the reserve reserves, when he heard a shout, and heard a horse rushing after him at a tearing gallop and looking round saw general Kindersnide orderly beckoning to him to stop. "You can't reach Camp Perry before the new storm of battle comes on. It's not safe to try. Come back and telegraph for the reserves, and wait until the worst is over."

Even as he spoke, there was a blinding flash overhead, and a terrifyingly ear-splitting crash of thunder from a bursting gun came shell that seemed to shake the

The whole of Hanson's line front itself extending thirty miles was almost
lost. Most of the christian soldiers had exhausted their ammunition, and to them
the advancing wave of glandelinian soldiers seemed to be of endless length, and came on
with all the arms, bayoneted, and before General Hanson's line seeing the
danger made desperate efforts to rally some of his own forces, and with these
made a most desperate stand, but one big force of Angulian Angulianians formed
into a most stupor and watched their furious resistance. On the right side
of the line, General Purgatorian and General In-The-Hand were badly wounded.
The battle along this point seemed to be drawing to its close. All of the rebels
despite the resistance of the christian soldiers continued to advance, and
every christian front though receding gave the enemy as much as they received.

All along the battle line the ground for miles was covered
with frightful fresh soldiers of dead and wounded, and networks of gun wires
in the christ line, and a column of gray smoke extending for miles were
nearly unbroken, but the surviving divisions continued their attack. Fearful
clouds of smoke hovered over both sides, they were now enveloped in the wreaths
of smoke the majority of which the ridges containing the glandelinian batteries
fired. The enemy's position in confusion, and all the christian divisions
which did try to rally and reform proved forth great volleys of snarketry with a
great or noise but it seemed to only for the enemy could not be stopped.

Reaching higher ground however a great part of Hanson's line itself had rolled
and lapsed a second time, all of glandelinian divisions had succeeded in rallying
and now along the entire line of reformation, the men having received fresh
ammunition there came a response to the rebel snarl which as from the very
hills of the infernal regions there again and again poured all along the line
of rebel troops, suddenly hundreds of thousands of fresh volleys, and as the enemy
responded with as great a fierceness there was much terrible fighting on both sides
as to resemble blood red rivers of darkness, and the sudden surrounding
volleys all along the line appeared, lines under a continuous fire of cannon like
rout on his before. Both sides were obscured in smoke and flame, the awful carnage
upright was stupendous beyond comprehension and to the surprise of the men
vivid the whole glandelinian wave along his own rallied front, began to waver,
and then fell back, rolled and rushed again upon the Angulianians but only
crushed themselves to fragments against his line. These Hanson's glandelinianians
drove in Hanson's center however after a short exchange with each other a fearful
bleeding conflagration of snarketry.

But just now that was all the further they got.

Michael Hanson and Hanson's glandelinian divisions were still receding, and every
everywhere along his own whole line of battle the fields were covered with his
own sense of dead and wounded, the line of the titanic battle having been swelled
to a frightful extent. Never before in all the world had there ever raged such a
frightful battle, and the worse about it was that the enemy had continued to o
increase their very success, and all was moving constantly before them.
All but Hanson's line and General In-The-Hand's army had been driven back fourteen
and one half miles with frightful losses. Whole divisions of more christians
had been annihilated, hundreds of brave generals and officers of all
ranks by the thousand had been mowed down, and their courage was more dreadful
than any of the morning part of the battle. The attack of the whole glandelinian
force directed by Hanley, and his generals was desperate, and the entire of
paymond richardson's federal center had been broken into many parts, Federal had
thrown his whole force into a rout, and after half an hour of more preternatural
murderous fighting most of Hanson's constant line and also glandelinianians
even General In-The-Hand's army again began to waver.

"Now is the time for the main force of reserves and cavalry to charge!"

"Cried Michael Hanson who retained his command despite his wounds. "Send for
the general picknell, and I'll lead them in person."

"But it is suicide for you to go just now." Fretted Purgatorian John

picknell. "Let me lead them. Your life is worth more than mine."

"No, I'll go and that's settled." said Michael Hanson.

"Well then all right," said picknell. "God bless you and may he save you from
the enemy's terrible cannon. Be careful when you lead the assault and avoid Lucille
Richman ridge."

Michael Hanson galloped up to the immense cavalry forces under Hanson's
Johnston and met the general, who demanded,

"What's up?"

"I'm to order the charge of the cavalry right away." said Michael Hanson, and
you and picknell and I will lead it to crush the rear of Federals and the other
assaulting glandelinian waves."

"Good," cried general Johnston. "I'll lead them on as soon as you
wish."

Hanson's Johnston quickly mounted his white charger and said to general Hanson,
"Send the word all along the line. This charge must be directed a round to and upon
general's rear, and must crush him completely, for now he has called our attention
to him than other glandelinian generals by his most murderous onslaught against
our general line."

He did so and soon thirty nine million, nine hundred thousand cavalry
men of all sorts were rushing in grand array, the leaders, first, the cavalry second
and the dragons third. As they within half an hour gained round to a Federal's rear
their horses fairly made a thunderous gallop of the most loud and over heard from
a cavalry force before and soon they with the infantry moving before them in

"Let us go and signal general Hanson vividly!" said a private.

"No," said the general. "We cannot spare any more men."

The private still insisted the great christian general add
"I'll go then, and if you are returned dead I will not make the charge. God bless
your enterprise with safety."

Lieutenant had been sent by another general before this, and he had failed,
as the signal for a retreat had been blown high into the air by a shell, and the man
brought back mortally wounded. The private went, and reaching the nearest signal
station quickly ascended to the top, though a torrent of rain was now in concert
roundabout him he could see the furious successful advance of the enemy, and
how they were pressing the christian line, so unfurling a flag, the private started
it waving, and a solid shot struck the staff and sent it flying from him
like a comet. Unfurling another he saved it frantically, but another solid shot
crashed through the sides of the signal station, ripping and rending the timbers
with a dreadful roar. Yet he managed to replace an answer and soon Hanson's
signal corps was answering back. Receiving this answer the private
waved a different flag in rotation motion, then when the other ceased waving,
the private put down his flag, and had just descended when a gang-gang shell
burst at the station like a rumbling mass of smoke to the ground.

"Goodness!" but that was a narrow escape. "And the private private to him
he himself. "I'll be here on it much longer, it would have been my finish, and
then he would keep his threat as I'm his nephew."

He reported to general Hanson's Johnston who was telegraphing order for all
the mounted troops to gather for to support the barbaican counter charge. But
it was almost twenty minutes or more before the assembling of the right reserves
was up and general Johnston's Johnston was just going to descend and find Hanson
vividly and see what was delaying him, when he appeared. All in the distance north
of the barn was now a scene as if some great forest fire was approaching so
thick was the wall of smoke, and tale was evidently that the enemy was winning the
battle for sure.

It certainly was one of the most bloodiest changes of the entire war. A great
several of the assaulting columns which were sent to plan by the christian
fire was beginning to recede but the advance line of the glandelinian and reached
the whole christian line, the whole line of the christian line, the whole line of the christian line,
and the tremendous din of the fight seemed as if seen, then and all his signals
of wickedness were trying to blow the burden of the world through the crust
and into the air. All the men within the sight of the officers were mowed down.

The whole assaulting line of the rebels was about 71,000,000 strong
and without the slightest hesitation the whole of Michael's christian
columns, the divisions under Costello and Jennings, and the whole of the others
engaged and led in person by Hanson's Johnston and General In-The-Hand and also
Hanson's Johnston's Johnston recoiled in confusion before the rebels and the hole of
Raymond's richardson's federal line rushed on after the retreating columns, and never
before did Hanson ever see a charge so furious, and as the rebels appeared on the
whole wave of victorious glandelinianians broke into a sudden blinding hellish uproar
of yelling, derision and shouts of triumph. By the fire of numerous batteries

the glandelinian front under Federal was riven into many parts, but the glandelinianians
could not be stopped, the Angulianians slowly retreating, but to the horror of many
of the Angulianians the main columns of Angulianians finally began to waver
wedge shaped waves were suddenly honeycombed with cannon, then there was a sudden
rush of the victorious graycavalry, who poured or cut their way through and into
the shattered christian line, and the glandelinianians passing through these columns
and cutting their way like a comb goes through hair, the glandelinianians battling
with the Angulianians like demons, with weapons of all descriptions bent to hand.

"And again the columns everywhere would show first of purple
and then change to a dark gray, the smoke of snarketry discharges face to face swept
over them. Everywhere the glandelinianians swarmed upon the christians, both at some
part of the line seemed to dissolve into fragments. All of the christian batteries
far to the rear of the desperately battling lines which had slackened their fire
during the reformation of the jagged christian line broke into action again, and
from every line of batteries there a shot undulating storms of flashes followed
by a loud withering roar but all this could not stop the rebels now. The flashes of
the Angulianian cannon was again incessant, and the burst of the horrible thunders
succeeded each other so swiftly that it became a perpetual crash and roar but it
was all in vain. At the most appalling circumstances of this intense wave of
glandelinianians was the destructive force of their herculean onslaught. The
furious christian cannon fire had seemed to make millions of gaps in the long wave of
rebels, withering whole lines in the front, and mowing down scores of the surviving
columns but still they pressed on victoriously.

The dense glandelinian wave animated by the commands of their generals pressed
on with extraordinary bravery and reckless ness, the christian wave of men under
general Purgatorian John picknell being annihilated, for here the fury of the advance
of the enemy carried all before it. Fearful indeed was the outcome of this assault
to be if it was not soon stopped. The big advancing glandelinian columns under
general Johnston's Johnston picknell pressed on and on driving the Angulianians back
and more and more troops even swelled his men and the rebels pressed on at a
swifter pace.

"We--we--we--were--unsuccessful--and--and--and--the fire
along--the--enemy--line--was--was--was--or--in--is--horrible.
The--thousands--of--officers are wounded. Sherman is carrying our center,
and--and--federal is driving all before him--all along--the line.
"So--we--were--up--on--the--signal--station--when a high explosive--brought
us down."

He enemy had now pressed on as far ad as they dared, and now stopped for
atme to reform their lines, and just before the whole line of the army came within
full range of the christian fire of the batteries general Hanson, seeing that
the whole christian line except his own giving way again, galloped up to general
Concentinian Aronburg headquarters, called Snydiers barn and discovered there
that the battle had become a great massacre, and that general Concentinian Aronburg
and a many of his highest officers had to leave the headquarters on account of
the enemys preternatural artillery storm from Leo Costelloes artillery on
Carnation and Jacellie Ricksen ridges. By a wounded colonel he was hastily told
that concentinian Aronburg had taken refuge in Snydiers barn, and under fire
he raced for this and reached it in a few minutes. He saluted Concentinian
Aronburg as he entered, and laid on the table a large piece of paper without any
on it. General Concentinian Aronburg had been driven to the two sry barn by the
near approach of the deadly shell storm, and the walls were found to be decorated
with a large number of child pictures just the same kind the pylan Aris had for
in another n barn in the fields during the battle of Ophelia near Angelina
Agnitha these believed to have been taken from general Henry Darges Dargers
headquarters during the battles at Angelina Agnitha.

stood before the attack. Over the works the glandelinians pushed, and back over them they were sent, and now both divisions fought like two mad dogs to the death. Viviananna saw how a very furious line of glandelinians of the assault at once his whole line the glandelinians had before a scathing inferno. He glandelinians crashed upon his whole line with horrible fury. For often multitudes were moved down but the survivors swarmed up to the works like snow anemolikes in a at one and a look were thrown. Viviananna christian columns on the center,

Thousands of regiments again being swept out of existence, and the fury of the assault attack became no longer, and so furiously breast only irresistible that most of Viviananna line broke and fell back, but the other portion was killed by fresh troops again met the attacking foe with all their might. The frenzied stricken glandelinians poured over the works, despite the furious resistance, another and at another division from Concentinian Aronburg reserves came to Viviananna aid and joined his men but still on pressed the enemy like a mighty surge. Viviananna's whole right wing itself was already annihilated, his own whole division was overwhelmed and crushed, and the 'angelian officers who had in an effort of despair tried to use their bayonets to drive back the crushing foe now had to order their divisions and brigades along. Viviananna whole line to give way. General Benton and George Haller, regretting the foolish order tried to rally them but fell mortally wounded, hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of the christian columns again being moved down, hundreds of huge regiments, and even scores of divisions were annihilated, and whole lines a score of miles long was crushed. Battalions, and general friends. Viviananna and Viviananna seeing there was danger of their whole line being annihilated made frantic efforts to secure all their galling guns before the enemy gained possession of them but these were captured by the christian columns for and their guns and all the horses killed or taken. Viviananna left was enveloped by the foe and driven back in two directions out to pieces and demoralized, and the most heaviest fighting, Hansonia's detachment or any general had ever heard or ever witnessed through the field glasses still came from all points of Hansonia's Viviananna and Concentinian Aronburg's lines.

and such a din of the firing shook the whole surrounding country. till they were holding, at upon those retreating on a long line of recedent for thirty miles the glandelinians advanced on and spread their brilliant lines, and also advanced in hundreds of long wedge formations, while the longer range christian batteries tried to throw a most terrible fire upon these victorious columns without striking down their own comrades, but on even the victorious foe, nearly half of Kindermine's army was nearly annihilated now. At last the big columns of glandelinians poured upon the flank of the retreating columns moved their way through the largest christian columns with terrible fury. Never before was Kindermine or his army ever seen in such vigorous and vigorous action and his millions of men though placed between two fires poured the most terrific volleys upon the enemy face to face or used their bayonets, and the survivors of the rebels rose responded, whole divisions again dissolved in numbers retreating, and still still the glandelinians pressed them back. The battle raged still with increasing fury and such a frightful number of graycoats had been shot or cut down all along the line that it was a miracle that they could continue on. And those were Rickson's great hosts of glandelinians. "Tony Sangster's division was annihilated, and though a part of Rickson's right had been dissolved into fragments the surviving men columns swept onward like a moving sea of human beings, the enemy advancing on through a million shots were put upon into their very faces. The numerous columns of glandelinians also swept onward driving voices and violet dunes army still further back.

General Callahan had now come up to the scene with a portion of Concentinian Aronburg's big brigade of artillery, and Concentinian Aronburg and Hansonia Vivian observed that something must be done to check the foe or otherwise the whole line would be swung back still further. Therefore he had withdrawn his own line as far as he had dared, and by quick sharp orders all batteries had become silent, and were withdrawn to the higher points nearly a mile behind the retreating christian columns. Go tellers line of batteries being the biggest guns were placed in the rear. When the enemy came within range of this new line of batteries so suddenly placed here, the whole of costelloes rear line of big cannons gushed forth volumes of smoke, there was a greater roar than ever heard yet, then came the most indescribable crashing explosions of whole lines of masonry along Hansonia's newly reformed line which added to the fire of other batteries, and frightful numbers of the surprised graycoats went down all along the line. His column was the most frightful of the battle yet, and never was rain as thick as the showers of canister, bullets, shrapnell, and high explosives that were suddenly to Hansonia's surprise poured among his own lines from the heights of McJolles and Rickson still having in range, and almost simultaneously with a redoubled roar all the rest of the glandelinian artillery on Garnation ridge and elsewhere broke into an action anew with a roar like a hundred thousand volcanoes in eruption.

"This is fearful," remarked one of the christian generals whose line had been annihilated and who was now out of the battle. "See yonder columns attacking? It's not the least terrible. We are surely losing or we are a nut." The others looked toward where he pointed and saw the same frightful glandelinian columns advancing on upon the whole christian line though the horrible noises and crashing thunders of the firing went on without intermission. Hansonia's new plan had had no effect.

Concentinian Aronburg, Viviananna, and only two of Hansonia's Viviananna divisions were still holding near the region of the small town of Gannondan. Seeing that they had gained so much ground and pushed back the christian foe so far the rebels increased the pressure of the assault and were sanguinary and their losses but from their own point of view the glandelinians were now perhaps reckless and agreed to push forward with the Concentinian Aronburg during the time he had taken up position ten days before the battle had been decided underground a gigantic mine gallery and this now one of his engineers exploded and the crash of this explosion made a more louder and universal uproar than all the tremendous roar of firing and hundreds of tons of earth, hundreds of thousands of fragments of stone, grass, shattered trees and torrents of leaves and a mass was sent flying into the air for hundreds of feet. The explosion shattered half the wave of attacking glandelinians but did not halt the onward march the dreadful closer of the battle could not be turned. For an hour now the whole of Concentinian Aronburg's own line of battle had kept up the savage fighting, a very more of his christian divisions were annihilated, Shommonia and Rickson advanced against him and the firing became so to such an extent that whole regiments seemed to melt away into dead and wounded by multitudes on both sides. Though it was slowly retreating Hansonia's whole line and still soon assaulted the gray column in his front rushing clear up to the front mansion of his own guns how howling their way through all portions of his lines and driving back the desperate defenders pell-mell in a conflagration of slaughter. He rallied divisions of Hansonia's army plunged vainly into the glandelinians and mingled with the gray lines in titan throngs. Then Michael Hansonia went down mortally wounded.

Never before had there been such carnage in the whole war, the whole of the glandelinian forces attacking with relentless fury, Shommonia likewise being forced to give way for another quarter of a mile. The rebels were still pressed upon Rickson's christian columns driving it still further back. The christian fire was so severe however that the gray wave here was halted, but it advanced onward while the columns were again raked through and through.

Everywhere all along the line the enemy still attacked with preternatural fury. Hansonia's two wings had held all this time and the firing along his line had been so loud that no thunder in all the thunderstorms, or all the muskets, pistols, cannons, rifles of all the nations, nor all the small and big explosions in all the world could compare to it. But he was in grave danger and so was Viviananna. The crushing enemy had forced down his line to break and fall back and the whole surge of rebels had gone far beyond Hansonia's or Viviananna's lines both sides, Hansonia's flank was threatened, and the whole line was being in danger of defeat. Only Concentinian Aronburg alone was not overlapped.

His was one of the most terrible moments the enemy had made in the whole battle so far. The christians all along every point of the line having fought it the foe with it. But in vain for everywhere except Hansonia and Concentinian Aronburg the enemy had driven all before them. Nothing could check their headlong advance despite the fiercest resistance, and every minute the enemy columns were pressing heavier and heavier upon Hansonia's center and right wing, but they at last retained their ground.

After defeat indeed now threatened the whole christian line as a portion of Viviananna's line was giving way in confusion. Hansonia's retreating troops had withdrawn as far as to the left of the town of Gannondan west of Lucille Rickson and therefore had rallied somewhat and taken position into the form of a huge angle and tried to make their line of battle as impenetrable as a stone wall. His line soon again stormed with a preternatural fire, and every minute the terrible glandelinians pressed his right and left back, but both sides dissolved into a clouds of smoke there was a most deafening roar that set unused the assaults, the explosions of many shots and the torrents from millions of musket shots tearing in the whole line of rebels assaulting Gannons' fan-shaped gaps. Two other thunderous volleys followed with the same withering murderous roar, and the line of assaults was actually broken and riven in many pieces but still the survivors came on, and making a ring overlapped Gannons' line, crushed and crushed it from the angle in frightful rout.

The attack of the glandelinians upon Gannons was as if all the fiends were let loose against his big brigades and they swept all before them. Hansonia's volunteer troops now under general were could not check the assaults either. The glandelinians here came rushing on with the same indescribable fury, and burst through his lines no more, and the survivors of the christians moved or cut down by the hundred thousand recoiled, thousands giving themselves up as prisoners or surrendering, the whole line being forced back by the weight of the onslaught, and the glandelinians here had made such a terrific crush that they drove back the whole of Nero's line two miles. One of the divisions tried to rally in a large grove of trees but was crushed to fragments, here the scene becoming like a hell of blood and fire, and down went Gannons and Nero severely wounded.

Despite the disaster all round Van Concentinian Aronburg, Viviananna and Hansonia's Vivian were bound to hold their works as long as holding them were of any good. One big column of glandelinians had swooped down upon Hansonia's frontal batteries but was annihilated. Jimmie's Vivian line on Hansonia's left or center I mean at all held and coming within a hundred yards the glandelinians rushed straight toward Jimmie's Vivian battery and the yelling of the glandelinians was awful.

And it was really true that Jimmie's Vivian division was superior to Shommonia's division but as the great avalanche of rebels came up to the works the pressure of the attack caused his line to begin to waver as they could hardly

lost his leg, and Michael and Peter Johnston and Ed Moore also on the Christian side were badly wounded and McConnaughey was slightly wounded. All portions of the shattered Christian lines had fallen back now by utter defeat. But once had the awful firing all slackened now and over four hours along this point had passed and the attacking enemy had won a sweeping victory everywhere except along Hanson's line, and Concentration's line. General Hancock's Christian line had been desperately engaged the attack of the enemy upon his being final whole divisions of the Gladiolians having been annihilated and destroyed in the horrible slaughter and scenes of carnage. The whole line also was engaged again and along his whole line there was a most terrific and frightful noise that resounded everywhere his whole line being ablaze at each expiration, and the horrible roar of some mighty explosion seemed to split the earth, and the torrents of debris hurled down and buried thousands of multitudes of panic-stricken Angelines as they fled.

Along the Christian line the attack of the enemy was extra violent. The horrible hundreds of thousands of terrific mill mine explosions, the terrible cannon fire that was poured in broadside in quick succession and the scene became like a vast volcanic crater in eruption, but the stupendous columns of smoke extending beyond the eye sight, had advanced in forty large waves probably consisting of thirty three million Gladiolians and these attacked Victorian army with the most indescribable fury, though thousands of other columns had dissolved at every step.

No longer it seemed to be the unequal part of the conflict for it was the most terrible in the battle. Victorian line had been engaged in yet the awful wave of Gladiolians also had been joined by others and like an overflowing stream they came on extending their line of attack for probably seventeen miles but each wave advanced parallel of each other one wave swinging upon the other from front. Several of the Gladiolian columns unable to stand the fire of Charles Brown's new line of battle gave way, but the main wave increased the attack with redoubled fury. Patrick Cannon's line was next engaged in Victorian line. On and on rushed the immense columns of Gladiolians.

Fredrick Hance also still strove to maintain his position. He Gladiolians attacked him with unceasing energy and with the fury of a irresistible destruction. For attack however they could not reach his line. Every Gladiolian column as fairly riven by Hance's fire, some seemed to waver, columns of one of thousands dissolved at every discharge of the Christian cannon and musketry, and even when the rest strove to come within range they also were riven. A portion of the Christian army had supported the attack here but it also was shattered, and covered and then fell back in confusion.

The whole battle long so far was extended to probably over fifty miles the firing of both sides again making an uproar like a million cannon bursting to pieces the fire along the whole of Hanson's line making a wilder din, making dreadful sounds never to be forgotten. The very heavens seemed to be filled with this most indescribable uproar, and the positions where all the bigger Christian batteries were posted, and the enemy lines themselves seemed to be erupting into the air and along the whole Christian line of Hanson's, Johnston's, Michael's, Cannon's, Dan's, Hance's, Patrick's, Victorian and Victorian the whole scene also seemed in eruption in scenes of volcanic blasts, and never before did the noise sound so loud and so full of fury. Suddenly as suddenly fresh columns added to the din, and all of the Marie and McConnaughey's were rent and their branches shaken by the hellish crash.

Even the one million cannon like crash followed each other in quick succession, and yet the enemy's columns were a sight that even all the Christian generals never forgot. General Sherman managed to check the confusion of his men by his gallantry and the stupendous columns of Gladiolians continued the attack and two or three waves of Gladiolians in the form of waves were moved down. There was also everywhere in the Christian lines a roar of mine explosions which closely resembled a hurricane thunder roll which seemed to split or rend the earth around, while thousands of ranks and scores of officers were sent down.

Marie's line batteries had opened a redoubled fire but the Gladiolians had pressed most of the Angelines all back and continued continued to rush on. The battle was now certainly increasing with amazing fury and now as the enemy began to swing upon him in general. General Concentration's line seemed to be one long line of flame as the awful columns of the enemy came on against him. The terrible destruction, and again and again his own batteries were shattered in their rage and then increased with redoubled fury as more guns were brought into action, and whole divisions of men consisting of hundred a. of thousands from the series of broadside from eight hundred thousand Christian cannon, and seething streams or waves of musketry fire were gradually reduced to a few fragments. This tremendous fire extended all along the whole of Concentration's line and multitudes of Gladiolians dissolved at every step and hundreds of officers fell. It was awful indeed, and what was horrible to Concentration's line was that the enemy was exact in winning a complete and sweeping enemy. All Hell could not stop the Gladiolians now. They had driven all portions of the Christian line ten miles from Conservatory gun, and from all points of the Yellow Brick road, Hanson's line was turned, and on his right the enemy was carrying all before him like a sweeping cyclone.

The Gladiolians pressing on to victory however had not thought of the new battery placed in front of them. And the receding Christian wave, and as they pressed on excitedly, they met the fire of one thousand grinding guns and the Christian line was shattered in one wave six miles long. The perfect terror, confusion and panic brought down multitudes of Gladiolians by the enemy, and appeared the main line. General I. Gibson also sent a division of Angelines from his own reserve and these dashed up and collided with the surprised enemy in great fury and soon checked the horrible volcanic rebel advance, and held the Gladiolians at bay for a time, though both sides looked now in a frenzy of heavier firing.

The Gladiolians who were at it now, I could not tell, but they were, though the Christian line in which was moved down, and again the receding reformers were to hold his position. His line fairly stormed away with their firing. The battle was now becoming a terrible violence, a fusillade of cannon fire, and the scene was a fearful sight. The fire of the Christian cannon was to split the earth, and which was incessant, and cold and reached far and wide, while the firing of millions of small arms was just an incessant.

A portion of Hanson's columns of pack guns divisions was shattered to pieces as the onset of the enemy along this point increased, and multitudes of gray coats were sent down. Hanson's line central lines the horrible roar of one cannon and musketry dashed the officers who strove with all their efforts to keep their own brigades of men from wavering, the fearful columns of the Gladiolians causing on the rebel line though it strove its best could as yet make no headway. But losses in officers began now here. General Sherman's line of battle was covered and went down into death, general McConnaughey was also killed, while striving to check the panic among his own division, and general Johnston's line was covered. Hundreds of large gaps had appeared all along; the whole front of the Gladiolian wave assailing Hanson's line, but the survivors still rushed on six of these nearest columns surging up with prodigious fury clear up to Hanson's works. This resulted in a perfect storm and general Johnston's line and McConnaughey's line fell shot through the head on the side of the Gladiolians and general Johnston's line fell shot through the head on the side of the Gladiolians and general Johnston's line fell shot through the head on the side of the Gladiolians.

In the meantime McConnaughey's line had planted his batteries near the edge of the Christian line and the Gladiolians seemed about to overwhelm his own infantry columns his own thirty thousand grinding guns poured upon the advancing as for a fire that swept all before it. The Christian cannon fire was worse yet but yet the surviving Gladiolians had come on with the greatest rapidity though their line of attack was torn to pieces and they came up to the works.

Therefore in spite of the most energetic efforts the Angelines of the Christian line were overwhelmed by the furious surge of the graycoats, and their line already in fact began to retire unable any longer to withstand the terrific onslaught of the onslaught directed against them. For miles and miles along Hanson's line there was a continuous salvoes of crash and roar of a endless gun, plaudits, howlings of the wounded, deafening crashing rattling thunderous rolls of broadsides broadsides of shells, and deafening yells of the assailants, but amid all this most deafening and appalling tumult could be heard the shrill lament like wailing of the enemy and another from general's line field places. The battle and fury of the attack was also increasing along general Michael's line and Hanson's line. Hanson's line left grand and the horrible thunder of so many cannon here, shook the earth, and almost blinded them for life and restored them with blackened finger nails. General Hancock's line was severely and probably mortally wounded. General Sherman had six horses shot under him then he fell mortally wounded. General Bates in an attempt to rally a part of general Johnston's line was shot dead by a rebel sharpshooter. Major general's line was blown to pieces by shell and general James Perkins and his brother major general's line was severely injured. General's line was wounded. The line of line of attacking rebels standing, the line of the Christian front was thinned but had destroyed this Christian Christian division, the survivors of the rebels had captured the work and cannon and general Johnston's line of Hanson's division tried with all his energy to rally the panic-stricken divisions under general James Murphy but both fell mortally wounded. At every point the battle was being lost. Hanson was able to stand yet but was being crushed and the columns advancing upon Hanson had been swelled like an advancing nation of men at once yelling, and raging like the fiends and lost souls of hell having moved with the most extraordinary rapidity. They had swept upon Hanson's line whole line with crash and roar. Their front line was withered but the whole rebel surge pressed on successfully, and in the terrific collision the whole of Hanson's line stretching along the Yellow Brick road was shattered beyond recovery and officers and generals had been shot down on both sides by the score. Thousands for second of soldiers had been moved down, and the violence of the charge moving elsewhere shattered general Hanson's right under general Hance's and down had went many of his own staff officers he himself being mortally wounded. The battle also was getting worse along Hanson's line center men here being moved down by the hundred thousand, general Hank Dyer being killed on the side of the foe and general general's line of the Christian side was wounded mortally, Richard Peter

their way with terrible violence through the crowd, and
and dashed upon the bold defenders in the most violent frenzy, yelling and
cursing wildly, filling the air with the most fierce imprecations and blasphemies
the rebels pressed on. General Frederick Hance who was wounded twice, seeing that
the only chance to check the deadly advance of the enemy, was to bring up all his
reserve guns did so. It was high time that he did so for the gray wave had
cut its way through his shattered right, Joe's line was crushed, and the rebels
advanced with such fury that the Angelina's were driven to a frightful panic,
a hundred thousand had thrown down their arms to surrender, and officers were
going down on the christian side by the hundred.

THE CARNAGE ALL ALONG THE WHOLE LINE, AND IN THE REGION OF THE TRECIAIAN LAINS, THE ARGENTINANS ARE BADLY SHUTTEN AND THRASTED. WOSE LOSS OF GENERAL. FEIDERS. VINCENZO MORTON PLAS PLAINS COUNTER CHARGE. THE PLAINS SEIZED BY A SPY. A DISASTER AND TRAGEDY.

Amid all this horrible carnage the wicked glandelinian columns pressed so heavily on violetdinian lines and Jemini also that at last a large portion of them gave way, but general violetdinian fairly leaped into the gap, and exposing himself fully to the enemy, rallied the Angelinianx by waving the flag he had snatched from a color bear' bearer, but he fell riddled by bullets, and the destruction caused by the fire of the glandelinians was now more terrific.

It now looked as if all the nations of the world had come together in general carnage, and slaughter. On every side the big avalanches of gray smoke, rushing over and through the fields, and ascending over the horizon, the distant ridges still flamed and roared. Unaccountably, into ghastly bird shapes as sharp as flashes of lightning at night, and even the gloriana heights in possession of a portion of the living forces with the christian batteries on the summit also seemed to have broken broken out into eruption, and were enveloped in great clouds of smoke.

Still on came the enemy but now the retreating christians had rallied and formed their ranks into one long line of flame, and millions of bullets bore innumerable rents in Shoenann's columns which also received the full force of the cannon fire from gloriana heights, and a sudden rain of cannon shot from a new battery waxed fast and furious. But on came Shoenann's columns pouring forth like dense torrents, even though the long line of christians had rallied. Yet the awful firing did not slacken and Shoenann's line became so badly thinned that it wavered.

For many minutes this terrible firing along Hannonia junctions front continued steadily, and both sides were almost smothered in the smoke, which was pierced by millions of vivid jets of flame or undulating sheets of flames like the opening and shutting of just as many furnace doors at one time. The ground in this front was fairly mowed with the sea of fresh dead and wounded glandelinians, but the glandelinians at last were rushing within full range of Hannonia junctions front, and their line was fairly honeycombed with gaps, and fairly thrown back by the fury of the christian fire, but it rallied again. But the progress of their advance was now checked for a time by this deadly fire.

But they soon rushed forward again and the furious energy of the main columns became so great, that at last they reached the works and swarmed over them attacking the christians defending them with horrible fury, and pouring in a fire at close quarters and retreating the mighty volcano of flame and smoke. The Angelinians alarmed by this terrific fire, and havoc among their lines, and the pressure of the enemy assault, began to slowly give way, but the other columns did not have time to take to flight, and would have been destroyed or captured had not the rest been reinforced, rallied, picknell and germaine's divisions, with their divisions to the rescue, and now the uproar of a brilliant cannon, and millions of musketry added. Dense columns of christian divisions which arrived just at the right time, and formed into four lines and met the assault, propagated the effects of their tremendous fire for fourteen miles, and by their tremendous resistance, many scores of columns dissolved so rapidly, and continuously, that hundreds of millions lay dead or wounded, or swallowed up in smoke. Forty large glandelinian divisions were partly destroyed by the christian volleys, and the line of assemblage sixteen miles long was almost reduced to half their numbers. Hundreds of thousands of the glandelinian had been killed, a proportional number of brigades were almost annihilated, and divisions by the score were cut to pieces, and the ground was covered with seas of dead and wounded all along the line of battle.

The discharge of the heaviest cannon still continued, and for a moment the progress of the glandelinian was checked, but at other points picknell's glandelinian columns still came on with great noise and fury. On came these armies of gray smoke, and now the firing along the christian line became so terrific that for some moments it was able to at once the progress of picknell's glandelinian, though the front columns had seemed to break through, and the fearful number of their own lines, and which threw both them and the christians into great confusion of flame and to hand fighting, with pikes, bayonets, sabres, clubbed muskets, and even fists and daggers or every conceivable weapon you could think of or invent. Still, the main column of picknell's glandelinians renewed the attack, and a large column of these assemblages reached the christian works, and on they came into immediate contact with the Angelinians under general partial, and both sides presented an awful spectacle, as a struggle between the armies of all the nations of the world put together in this one line, the noise of the hand to hand fighting making a din that was shocking. And the enemy pressed forward with such volens volens that a portion of Hannonia corps on the right of partial's corps divisions was forced to retire, all his staff having fallen, or germaine's division and also Hannonia had been wounded, but germaine still retained his command and urged his troops to do their utmost.

Yet in their furious progress elsewhere the enemy also broke a part of jimie's division line, but at the same time, other divisions mostly Abyssinians came to his support, and the firing along this portion of the long battle line became so terrifying that the glandelinians for a time were prevented from penetration. Yet further and yet further along the line the battle was now increasing still more in fury, and now picknell's main glandelinian columns after carrying all before them, in their path of advance attacked the divisions under germaine's division, with the fury or pressure of an advancing tidal wave and drove them back from the high grounds to a distance of five hundred and eighty yards, and the width of this surprising mass of men was twenty five deep, and nearly ten miles long.

Lieutenant general Michael Ballou of Walter Jennings command had been killed, to his sorrow, general Gabriel, and Michael Givens were also killed, John Joseph was severely wounded, and general Baptiste Peter of jimie's division command was shot dead amid the dreadful carnage.

The advance of the enemy along vivian's front presented a most frightful aspect, as the glandelinians swarmed forward, and the furious ten thousand musket volleys of vivian's men rolling in deafening millions of thunderous echoes, poured still more murderous tempests of bullets upon a long portion of the advancing rebel columns, along his own front, and all the meadows, plains and lanes, displayed the havoc caused by the frightful cannon fire of the christian batteries under general Cammin. And the increasing of the mighty carnage soon shocked the mighty columns of gray or gray smoke, while scores of thousands of wounded Angelinians, awed and breathless, and deafened, pleaded for aid.

And never had the faces of men been so horribly haggard. As the enemy swarmed upon vivian's works his whole rebel line was also shattered to fragments and then it swayed, but the rebels returned the fire with the same results, mingled with the appalling cries as many forms were torn by the balls, and rolled and writhed on the ground. The main column of the enemy however gave way and vivian's men now felt sure he could hold. The clouds of smoke was wafted far and wide, the whole of the Paroback and gloriana plains being also withdrawn into dead, dying and wounded in purple and gray, and many of the prostrate bodies were officers, who did not escape the enemy's awful shower of bullets. Just as the enemy gave way, there was one rising to the right of them an awful eruption of earth, and smoke there was a blinding flash, and a stupendous deafening roar that seemed to rend the heavens to pieces, and make the whole line of the enemy shiver and to fragments, and this crashing of the awful and terrific explosion appalled even the Angelinians who witnessed it.

Another lurid flash burst from another gigantic explosion, followed by the same awful roar, and rolling wall of smoke, then again the frightful havoc, the awful detonations of big mine explosions, making the air hideous, and covering the meadows anew with fresh dead and wounded glandelinians. Jets of fire shot from balloons hundreds of thousands of guns, followed by the fearful uproar of the shell and barrages. Almost half of the number of assemblages had dissolved on vivian's front before the fire that swept down everything within its range, and yet the redoubled firing and uproar was reaching to tenfold fury. In a few minutes the survivors were crawling across the Conservatory Run and reached the edge of the Mac-Hollister Woods.

Elsewhere the attack of the enemy had raged with the equal fury. Hannonia line was struck next, and a portion of his line terrified and panic stricken was forced to retreat before the oncoming and avalanche of his own men's bodies in gray. The enemy lines were also torn asunder, and covered here also however, hundreds of their officers going down before the merciless fire. The very multitudes of rebels were stunned by the din, the very main line of the enemy opening into many vast gaps and were engulfed in a perfect vortex of clouds, flames and exploding shells. Yet amid this dreadful heartrending carnage, and walling of countless numbers of the fallen who did not or escape the left of the rebel wave rolled and swept forward again their lines fairly blazing in an inferno of their own firing, and whole masses of the Angelinians were mowed down in this path of ruin and carnage. But to surprise the enemy, and amid the terrible slaughter the Angelinians with wild yells swept forward to the counter charge, and rushed upon the enemy whose whole line was still obscured in thick wreaths of smoke, and which was pierced with a storm of flames while the christians themselves were now engaged in the frightful carnage which kept on without stopping.

The very darkness of the smoke and the din of the cannon, and the roar of the guns, and the falling upon the retreating columns under general Forten, but Adolphe Darbe tried to crush the christian line by making a sudden flank assault, but still the Angelinians gained the mastery, and swept everything before them. Even the impetuous advance of vivian's army was not checked, though the whole of the glandelinian was now like an overflowing river. The attackers along vivian's front was so torn and scattered, and had so many men and officers down or killed and wounded, that the survivors did not dare to make a move to assault again for a while.

But along other portions of the line the attack hit with the same force. The two waves of glandelinians under picknell and Shoenann had advanced toward the Anbe Angelinian positions under general Hannonia junction on the extreme right of Hannonia Vivian's main line, there was the same awful uproar of musketry along this front, and yet the foolish foolish rash glandelinian columns came on to the assault. Millions of shots along the whole christian line under Hannonia junction was poured upon the enemy followed by the stupendous uproar of William Evans cannon which poured a tremendous shower of grape and canister, but the left of his line was struck by overwhelming numbers and the Angelinians here began to recoil. It was well that the divisions under general Walter Jennings began to retire, for minute by minute the wreaths of smoke along Shoenann's line began to thicken, and picknell's whole line was rushing toward his aid, and there was fearful peril of his men being frightfully overwhelmed and annihilated.

And the distant fire along Hannonia Vivian's line itself had increased with the roar of millions of cannon in simultaneous prolonged not ion Jennings columns was falling back fast, or as fast as they could, and with the fire of a stampeding cattle. They must escape this terrible column of the enemy, which came rushing on like legions of demons, and report the danger to Concentinian Archang or Hannonia Vivian, who were also having it out with the two Hanneys, where the most terrible uproar of the battle came from.

shook beneath the contestants, and now this titanic uproar seemed to respond from over where, and in the distant area a eruption from some mighty mine explosion that seemed to tear asunder the very little field. And a shattering crash of musketry resounded along the frontiers. General Jackson's front and then went over a column of gladiolians. The solid line of the enemy along this section was fairly riven, but men on both sides were falling in the most frightful and hurried manner.

In the midst of this chaotic attack surprised and horrified gladiolians shrank for several minutes, and on the left of the assaulting wave came nearer, Walter Jennings saw not the attack along his own front and as more added the scene of carnage increased to ten fold fury, the awful roar of the christian fire as more cannon were brought up, increasing a thousand times louder, and Walter Jennings men also rallied the enemy column at once. The army of battle now extended fully forty miles. Only gladiolians, Archaic Infantry and artillery line at this moment was missing, the attack, and probably would be needed to support the rest should it be lost pressed. Everywhere there was deafening detonations and a redoubled crash and uproar, and the whole front of the enemy line to that full extent of forty miles was shattered now in large fragments. Yet the survivors of the enemy, pressed on by the ferocity of their officers and generals, rushed forward with a fury to threaten to beat down everything in their path, and on their case though thousands of masses dissolved away. The enemy were now within two hundred yards of the christian line of gladiolians who was to receive this shock first. Heedless of the terrible danger they gave the enemy the hottest reception. The whole wave of rebels under general Shoenanna's command was already upon gladiolians line, and an unearthly uproar fell over the air and reverberated like a hundred thousand thunder claps from Lucille, Jackson and other ridges, and the awful uproar was so terrific, that gladiolians Johnston and his staff and even Hanson Jivian in terror and confusion in imagination turned to the direction of the sound and then looked in the direction of gladiolians whole line along the stretch of the yellow brick road, and behold!

Two monstrous massive waves of the enemy extending as far as eye could reach, seemed to waver and a blast of flames of destruction, there was a vehement struggling, a weaving to and fro, and then the whole gray line shattered to fragments. Fragments shook, quivered, gathered again, and crashed itself forward upon the flashing forward fire before it, then recoiled again, and then the christian lines advanced over the r their own works, and crushed upon the retreating gray-coats with the same fury as before, while at the same time along the enemy lines as they slowly retired, rushed forth thick volumes of white smoke, rolling before them, and another, and another, and still another indescribable shower of minies, now moved down the pursuing purple coats by the multitude, then again the firing along Shoenanna Jennings line showed general signs of receding, but not slackening in the least (the risk of the year), and storms of great explosions covered their whole line, and whitened it, with rolling eruptions of smoke. At the moment the gladiolians columns receded before general gladiolians front, the ridge of Lucille Jackson and Lucille ridge opened an uproar of cannon the mightiest of which no language can describe, and this no doubt was done to cover the retreat of this portion of the gladiolians army.

Devotion was now everywhere, and a sea or ocean of dead and wounded fairly paved the ground, cumbering the plains and the fields before the yellow brick road, and lying in windrows and ridges along the side of the road or over it. The courage of the men under gladiolians and Jennings was beautiful to behold, and fate seemed to favor them their daring. Hundreds of thousands were deafened for life by the horrible noise, and almost blinded by the pungent powder smoke and shocked by the terrific uproar, which had startled the christian generals, and which as yet did not slacken. Jennings had been wounded amid this most frightful carnage, and only few of his staff were alive, only three being left, and they were more badly wounded than he, who was hardly able to retain command.

The torrents of minies had torn gaps in the enemy lines by the thousand, and indeed the whole line was shivered like grass by the hundreds of thousands of shells which had exploded with the violence of thousands of small volcanic eruptions going off in that ten mile line of assault at one time.

For a time gladiolians did not force upon gladiolians or Jennings. The enemy along his front under general Jesper Carr broke through the christian line under this general at several points, and rushed full upon the fight with some violence throwing them into a panic. The roar of the cannoning along gladiolians front and at other parts of the field, and near the region of Ophelia and Chamberlane was now again increasing with redoubled fury, and everything vibrated with the million cannon like din. The whole of gladiolians line was also enshrouded in smoke and flame, and the fugitive gladiolians were uncertain where to fly were arrested by three massive divisions whose officers tried to rally them. Parbeck Plains was now a great morgue, and the flooding columns of gladiolians army so terrified by the near approach of the pursuing enemy, the almost preternatural uproar of the firing, the gaping forms of the many multitudes of the wounded, the shattered bodies of the slain, the fields of gor torn intestines, human trunks and limbs and the overwhelming detonations of the gun-gang-shells were rallied by the other christian officers, and slowly but surely reformed. The enemy along gladiolians front had also recovered from the shock by the first storm of fire, and having been reinforced were redoubling the force and fury of the attack, that horrid horrible firing now being in full swing.

The whole elements of civilization was again seeming to be broken up, and most of the fighting gave way to hand struggles with swords and bayonets as some of the rebel brigades closed with those who were retreating from them. A rush of thousands of panic stricken men swept by gladiolians Johnston, and for a time he could not see the approaching enemy so thickens the multitudes of panic stricken Angelinians of his own commands, but realizing the danger gladiolians Johnston made efforts to rally some portions again and make another desperate stand. At many of the recoiling, and defeated Angelinians, reared, and dispondent, and bewildered, passed on, the pursuing enemy coming after them. Along some parts of Baldwin's line the firing was now slackening, the advancing enemy was spreading the line of attack, and Hanson was afraid to order his troops to fire for fear of injuring or killing gladiolians soldiers. The panic stricken columns soon reached gladiolians line in a perfect wave, the latter opening at many parts to let them through, and then the mighty and deafening noises from all of Baldwin's batteries and the burst and awful roar of the thousands of fiery and deadly explosions gathered in fury again.

As they reached the rear of Hanson Jivian's line most of Johnston's men began to rally, and now the gladiolians wave had to contend with Hanson Jivian, the most dreaded fighter of the whole christian nation. The first surge of the rebels made a swing to the right and moved over the yellow brick road, and swept upon the christians there, but received a sharp fire of minies which moved the whole surge to places. Then Hanson's own guns let go and a shower of canister fell in torrents, and his infantry responding millions of bullets added to the charge. General Maurice's position army which alone had held fire to the last, with reinforced divisions under general James Jenson, moved forward with a fury to make an effort to reform the line of panic stricken columns of gladiolians Johnston. The left wing of this wave of attacking rebels was under general General Palthe. He advanced the line received not only the tempest of bullets and canister, but also grape and chain shot, which shattered this wave which extended two miles to gladiolians, and it fell back in confusion. It had also reinforced general Jackson on Fred Hanson's army. His line also being wreathed in smoke and along Hanson Jivian's line the firing was soon becoming to intense, that the very heavens above his line was in a deafening uproar, and extended to Jenson's line with preternatural and annihilating fury. A loud and reverberating noise even all this stupor and roar and crash of musketry, which drowned out every other sound, the enemy batteries from all the ridge in possession of the gladiolians responded with a roar of a legion of volcanic eruptions at once, and gigantic through all this awful redoubled carnage, which closed round and among them, amid the most awful crash of ball, the gladiolians shattered columns advanced, and as Hanson moved to the support of his front line more and more troops and more artillery most terrifying, and a most indescribable because the discharge of fire arms and cannon, the firing availing now once more to that of the roar of a million cannon and down went the gladiolians in monstrous multitudes all along the line, and general Palthe and hundreds of his generals and other officers fell dead riddled with bullets.

In many places the fresh and wounded rebels were already lying in windrows, and now Hanson's batteries pushed forward a little nearer and sent its showers of canister and grape crashing through the smoke waves, causing along the whole rebel line of charge, such havoc and ruin, that many of the divisions were confused and this wave started to recoil. However more of gladiolians Johnston's men had been rallied and which saved gladiolians line, and as this great wave of assault swung upon Frederick Hanson's line also the firing of musketry and cannon along this point equaled that of the other. Big gun-gang-shells as they exploded in volleys tore into countless fragments many brigades of rebels, the explosions emitting great flashes, and terrifying detonations, the wave of gladiolians was a terribly thickened, and many of the rear columns received a full fire of minies which drove them into confused scattered masses. To add to this frightful carnage the columns under Shoenanna moved against Jackson Dene, and general Hanson Jivian drawing his reserves and endeavored to place them in Gertrudes Glen, and several savorly divisions in a long string of orchards, but they could not retain the position here, the severe fire from ridge of Lucille Jackson, and the impetuous advance of the foe disconcerted them, and the sudden collision into which they came was doubly terrible, and the whole line at this point fell back, while a whole division of Scodlers yelling like demons overlapped the cavalry and crushed it.

General Hanson Jivian gave orders to his officers to see that the retreat of these divisions were being covered, while he ordered the rest of his army to move forward and to be in hand in case of danger. Like titans of hell the two monstrous armies now contended with each other. At this point of the battle it was to be the first final stroke. The whole of Jenson's line was still shrouded in smoke the enemy advancing upon his works and positions in serpentine and irregular lines, and rushing on swiftly. At this moment Jennings batteries had been brought up from the left of the battle line at Conservatory gun and these batteries opened, with double line of centimeter guns and calibre cannons. Along the longest line or wave of the monstrous rebel attacking surge there flashed orange and stupendous sheets of dull flashes from the explosions of so many shells among them, and along the whole of gladiolians and gladiolians whole two lines almost simultaneously as from the very jaws of hell with a sudden exploding roar like a million cannon blowing to pieces poured thousands of fearful broadsides, and the advanced portion of the rebel wave disappeared away. From the concussion the ground

and amid all these shocks, however, the remaining van guard of the glandelinians began to catch up with the rear guard of the panic-stricken christian troops, but received a murderous hail of canister from Baldwin's distant gathling guns, which mowed down thousands of glandelinian ranks. At the over-whelming, la-la delinian columns continued to move forward with the noise, noise and fury of a roaring cyclone, and mingled with the Angelinians of the rear guard in frightful death struggles, and the dead and wounded in numbers was increased.

One of the divisions of glandelinians under General Joie passed the left of Hanson's Johnstonian line but came upon a portion of Baldwin's batteries which was concealed in brushwood and a storm of grape and canister was poured into their very faces. Hanson's Johnstonian men on the left were being rallied somewhat, while the overlapping columns of glandelinians shrank back, the smoke of canister volleys seeming to close them in general zones. Strabrook and Wallen were killed, and all their staff was annihilated. The firing on both sides once more was becoming fearful, but under cover of their own terrible artillery fire which went aimed fast, and mowed down scores upon scores of thousands of rebels and helped upon their dead and wounded in that no-man's-land, Hanson's Johnstonian whole column was reforming, and retreating more slowly or halting at intervals, while a newly arriving glandelinian force blocked up the passage of the glandelinians which had worked their way round to the left of the right under General Aldridge who sought in despair to press forward, but now a volley of shrieking gang-minghells killed thousands per volley, an unerring the survivors, and surrounded by his fresh forces and the rallied fugitives, who were now the advancing party, they sought in vain to escape, hew hewing great gaps in the solid purple lines, which were pushing forward now despite the advancing forces of the rest of the rebel column. And in the meantime Hanson's whole advancing wave of glandelinians was badly thinned by Baldwin's annihilating fire, and now all the panic-stricken Angelinians who had been in danger of being decimated were also rallying under the shelter of their own side of the "Arie's" (Sborne's) "Arie's", but the numbers of dead and wounded which paved their line of retreat, horrified them.

Here and there the steps of the fugitives crunched in the dirt and gravel, and ashes of extinguished conflagrations started by shell bursts, their faces were pale and haggard, and as they retreated on they still saw the blue glare of thousands of active cannon, though at this portion of the battle line the firing was beginning to slacken. Indeed all the violence of every volcano in this world, every explosion that had happened, and all the uproar of every battle that occurred in all the wars of this world, all the noise of all storms combined into one, all the cannon thundering thunders of typhoon waves in the Angelinian storms and all these horrors accompanying and panic could not in one hour in one season even outlive the scenes of this battle hall of the Conservatory Run, and between the Paroback and Trecean Lines. All was lost now for Hanson's Johnstonian unless something was done to arrest the disorder among the christian columns. But nothing was done and Hanson's Johnstonian Hanson's Johnstonian assistant fell mortally wounded.

No survivors now retreated more slowly, but ever and anon the clattering musketry fire, and the screaming of shell kept on, but at intervals. Along the whole and the rear of Hanson's Johnstonian army the clearing had ceased now for a few minutes, and many hundreds of the thousands of fugitives still hurried on. General Hanson's Johnstonian had observed all this frightful rout of this christian division from his own point of observation, and immediately moved forward his other division and placed his entire batteries of cannon into position. There was no hope of Hanson's Johnstonian columns being rallied unless their retreat was covered first. The awful columns of glandelinians under John Manley, who which had routed the Angelinian army and cut it to pieces, had now formed into impenetrable masses or waves. Hanson's Johnstonian had already reformed over six million three hundred thousand of his twenty million, but he couldn't rally the main line, so indescribable and complete was the confusion. And even all of these massive columns of glandelinians came on, the advance of the enemy being magnificent though Baldwin's batteries alone increased their booming roar, and his horrible fire though it committed horrible havoc could not check them now. Hanson was pushing his forces forward to the front as fast as men could run and now nor was the horrifying beauties of the many waving christian banners confined to the unusual hues of fire. No rainbow did ever outlive the varying and prodigal dyes of even the opposing banners. Some were a bright blue as the most azure depths of a southern sky, some of a livid and snake-like green, and many others as fields of different flowers. Terrible torrents of high explosives from Baldwin's main batteries tore through the advancing columns making gaps all along the line. Many times by the severity of the christian fire the solid waves of gray coats appeared to be broken, but nevertheless came striding fiercely in their heroic advance, across the whole stretch of their line of march, rending the air with the most horrible and bloodcurdling yells and battle cries which became a general tumult. To the eyes of all the christian commanders of Hanson's Johnstonian command alone the awful columns of the gigantic glandelinian army seemed like two monstrous surges of demons contending against the christians for the possession of the world. A portion of Wallbenders Corps was still retreating rapidly the enemy following. This effort of Wallbenders proved to be probably general and titanic, and as this twenty mile wave came on the rest of Hanson's Johnstonian line retreated, to seek protection which Hanson's Johnstonian new and main line could afford them.

In vain had the stubborn glandelinian cannoniers plowed the nearest christian columns down as fast as they had come through the conflagration of battle, the big menacingly immovable wall of gray coats was only like a road before the whirlwind, they making a feeble barrier. And the tremendous wave of purple coats with the first able fury of their own canon, rushed among and through the gray line, which was now torn to pieces and gave way, the Angelinians carrying all before them in that sea of smoke. The Yellow Brick road was in their possession of one thousand rebel gathling guns.

"Behold general Sabasanda Shoomannia is coming with overwhelming numbers of the black hatted devils." Said general Hanson's Johnstonian. "Stand to the captured battery at all costs. Don't leave the works. And I'll shoot the first officer who orders a retreat without my command to do so."

The Angelinians now defending this angle of works with snuff-able dismay and awe, beheld five large new divisions, and the Fifth and sixth corps of Sabasanda Shoomannia's army under general Abner Doubleday Shoomannia rushing forward to make a counter assault, while glandelinians cavalry rode among the retreating lines which was a thousand feet away and there was a deafening turmoil as they tried to rally them. All the gathling guns were swung round and massed upon the foe. The wave of gray coats coming forward to attack the angle along the road, extended as far as eyes could see, but it never shifted or wavered in its awful headlong advance, and with every movement looked frightfully ominous, and their millions of bayonets glinted in the sunlight. There suddenly broke from Hanson's batteries a stupendous roar, which was echoed back by the fiercer and sharper detonations of the rebel batteries on Lucille's pickson ridge, as they again, and again blazed terrifically forth with a most indescribable and intolerable roar. The very earth under their feet shook from the concussion of this terrible cannon fire covering the charge, and now the captured gathling guns let loose their own stream and covered of the enemy's front lines of the wave going to pieces trembled, but still advanced the wave spreading out to a more extended form, and the whole began to rush forward as fast as men could run. But the nearest column received a frightful shower of canister, and a tempest of bullets, which tore and mangled them right through the advancing gray line, over all of their forest of men, over the fields and vines, fell that awful shower in horror, but up to the very works secured the surviving gray columns, like a surging tidal wave of tidal wave, and now nobler longer longer did the Angelinians believe themselves safe. In the enemy amid the new inferno of flames and uproar swarmed over the works, with high universal yells, Hanson's Johnstonian finding his line overwhelmed and his left and right flanks turned, had to order a retreat, and soon the Angelinians first starting the retreat in an orderly manner became panic-stricken, and fled, leaving the angle, and the whole stretch of the road in this portion at least three deep with their own dead and wounded, the survivors dashing madly, pressing furiously, crushing against each other. They had broken into the most frightful panic the enemy had ever seen among them, and in their blind precipitate retreat, trampled recklessly over the fallen, and a storm of yells, groans, prayers and sudden shrieks. From the large avenue of trees of the north branch of the extensive pickson Woods enormous volumes of purple coats vomited forth as if perurbed by a tornado. Many feared that the flight would mean or bring a terrible disaster, and tried to rally their columns while there was yet time, but the soldiers drowning in annihilation, from the showers of shells and torrents of bullets, that fell fast torrent, upon torrent among their lines, from the guns now turned upon them, first rushed into the narrow orchards, some others across the plains, seeking shelter, or any kind of protection from the awful terrors of annihilation, while nearer and nearer came the pursuing enemy. Hanson's Johnstonian main line alone did not retreat yet, and amid this sudden awfully carnage, the cries resounded from all sides, especially as the officers shouted:

"The enemy! They are beating the Angelinians on Johnstonian right wing back!"

"All back slowly and with solid formation!" as Hanson's Johnstonian orders to his other officers. "But don't let your own shrapnell your fire hit."

Hanson and his staff knowing the danger of this kind of a Glandelinian advance, and of the strength of the advancing foe in his front, should the rebels overlap him, and the showers of shells and grape, the trampling rush of the christian columns under general Wallen, who was wounded, decided to withdraw the rest of his line to better cover.

"We must retire." Said Hanson's Johnstonian. "Or our whole army will be doomed to annihilation. We must retire before the glandelinians overlap us. Mark you crashing batteries of the enemy on Lucille's pickson ridge. A retreat is to be let lost."

In a quarter of an hour the whole of Hanson's Johnstonian columns were retreating, slowly across the shell-swept Glandelinian plain and over the fields of the Conservatory Run, and even the enemy's fire was increasing so rapidly, that ranks were mowed down in shameful numbers. The christian waves hastened onward, and at all so fierce was the advance of the pursuing enemy, that the brave heroes of Christ were unable to rally, their main line being torn and shattered, and the survivors could not contest a step with the enemy without annihilation so fierce was the enemy's advance, and the Angelinian officers were uncomprehended with doubt and horror at this at this sudden catastrophe.

It was an awful hour indeed, and with an increase of the terrors of the frightful panic new and more frightful volleys of shrapnell came from new batteries

In the meantime the armies of Frederick House and Jack Hansen had been pressed back as far as the edge of the conservatory run toward the center of the region near the town of Henryetta known as the Parobeck and Treckan lanes. Here a most violent cannonading was ripping through their lines, and the battle all along this point was raging with the same furious fury, the Angelinians and Abyssinians repelling every effort of the foe to dislodge them further, and the thundering crash of cannon, infernal artillery along the ridge, the Yellow Brick road that increased with redoubled fury, the shells in their shriek making a noise like a screaming gale, and never before along this portion of the battle line was there ever such an uproar of cannon, muskets and yelling of hot battles, the very air seeming to be rent with all this din, and all the front lines of the foe seemed to waver to and fro or dissolve like snow in a furnace. Whole divisions of the assailants for the sweeping success they had made were shattered badly, or crushed to fragments, the battle here had reached at white heat twice, and both lines were ablaze with cannon and musketry fire, again the whole left wing of Hansen's line had been forced back across the Yellow Brick road during this titan throes, and all the time for an hour their own firing of loud muskets crashed and reverberated with the volcano of flame and din and roar of a hundred million cannon.

General Hansonia Johnston's line met at the north with Jack Hansen and it had been forced back clear across the road until it extended in front of Henryetta, but it had recoiled no further. Officers and generals had met on all sides disordered troops, and brigades had been forced to make stands here and there to cover their retreat, or while officers and cavalry men rallied them.

Other columns were also now falling back toward Henryetta, but the Glandelinians did not attempt to pursue, for large forces of Abyssinians were being sent here by Hansen, Vivian with the purpose to help drive the enemy under general John Menley back across the Parobeck and Treckan lanes.

Here the losses in the struggle along half of Jack or Hansen's main line alone were incredible in both men and officers, and was not yet known. Forest fires were reported to be started in the Mic-Hollester or Marie Osborne woods combined by the constant shell fire, and flash of rifles and cannons, and so many trees had been crushed split, or broken by the crashing storm of shot, and shell, that the ground was strewn anew with their branches, and the region where Antonio Sengulins army had been trapped, had hardly a tree now bordering it, so many having been uprooted by shells, or knocked off by bullets from the indescribable rebel and christian fire storm. One of the heaviest losses of the battle also occurred along this section, and yet nothing probable outwitted the fury of the battle in the region of the Parobeck and Treckan lanes near the fatal Glorianna Plain.

Hansonia Johnston had suddenly received reinforcements, and now he himself threw forward all the available columns to storm the enemy line, and force it back so as to save those troops who were still falling back toward Henryetta in disorder, and who were retreating toward the Glorianna plains. The Glandelinian signal stations, and now scouts warned the officers of this christian attack, and the ridge of hills covered with the hundreds of thousands of Glandelinian batteries were again swept by undulating sheets of flame, and the terrible reverberating roar of the same number of guns, blasting the air with the same ear-splitting thunderous crash as before, and again the same storm of shells crashed heavily among the advancing christian columns, but it continued for a time to press on, and were soon swallowed up in the smoke of destruction.

Suddenly by a strong breeze of wind the smoke thinned, and long windrows of dead and dying were revealed. Yet nearer and nearer the Angelinians approached, but more faster poured the fearful curtain of artillery fire, but now the Angelinians advanced with a fury that seemed to break through all obstacles. White rose ridge now thundered forth like a crashing roaring volcano and a new stream of shells and grape was poured upon the advancing columns, which tore through their line like a screaming of a tempest, there was a wilder storm of a ear-splitting, ear-splitting which shook the earth, and now the whole column of men was torn to fragments. The fire all along the enemy line extended along the Yellow Brick road became annihilating, narrowing down columns as it seemed at every yard, faster and faster poured the torrents of shells and canister, and as the firing along this whole of the rebel line assumed the most blasting and destructive destructive fury, and rendered more fearful Hansonia Johnston's losses, he became apprehensive and ordered the men to recoil. The rebel fire had again and again fairly heaped up the dead and wounded, and every rank or column exposed had melted away. But the survivors could not be stopped now. To go back meant total destruction.

Millions of the Angelinians stretched in a ten mile line near the enemy line at the Yellow Brick, and along the edge of the Glorianna Plain, and this line of gray coats before which the angels who despite his wound had foolishly refused his counsel could not be shocked by the attack. For a moment it seemed as if an earthquake of great intensity had occurred, there was again the terrible crashing like the banging of a trillion cannon, and the whole christian surge withered into fragments. But just at this moment a new wave of christian came up, the assaulting wave pushed on and the surviving Glandelinians tried vainly in that fierce conflagration of smoke, fire and bloody hell of battle, to make themselves as movable as a wall of smoke, and drive back the Abyssinians assailants, but ended such a deafening volcano of flame and din at close quarters they were being pressed back by overwhelming numbers.

The fighting here had lasted an hour and a half and now at this time the losses of the christians was forty eight million six hundred thousand. The rebel losses were fifty nine million two hundred and fifty six thousand. In killed wounded and prisoners, that he had achieved some success in the vicinity of Henryetta. He picked up and loaded the whole christian line back in a half wheel, Hansen decided to force general Vivian and Concentration around from their own side of conservatory run. He recent attack along this point at all parts of the line had been repulsed but now it was being renewed with redoubled violence. Hansen's troops in this line was strongly based, but he was badly wounded and his divisions were progressing over all the fields of flowers and ferns and toward the yellow brick and in this location fearful numbers of the enemy were again advancing to the attack with indescribable fury, and it seemed as if they were now going to have everything their own way despite that Hansen Vivian had reinforced this line and took personal command of the whole himself. General Vivian himself received one thousand great counterblast shells from general Hansen's main batteries and these meant they were guns that when loaded properly could hurl for a mile gun fire shells at one shot. These were aimed upon Vivian's divisions who were advancing to assault him, and as they broke out they reared in a series of most violent detonations which succeeded each other so rapidly that the one volley produced a continuous roar. And not only that, one volley swept all before it and the Glandelinian columns were sent down like the shattering ruins of an earthquake. Loaded christian survivors broke back in frightful confusion and panic and fled toward their own shelter too terrified to face these horrible guns.

Vivian now for a period was free from the insurgents. But Germaine Vivian was having his hands full. The character of the enemy was appalling, for in great columns they emerged up against his massive christian line, which was hidden in wreaths of smoke. This ravaging christian fire was terrible, but Germaine had no countermeasures and so the enemy came on combing with fearful forbidding rushes and leaps toward the work like a monstrous pack of gray demons, and here the carnage became appalling. The ravaging christian fire was now terrible, but the enemy stuck gamely left when with such force that it shattered violently, but still stood firm and not shaken after column, until their survivors were given to fragments, and the dead and wounded piled in mountains. But no matter how the battling christian line led and cut down the enemy lines, heavy with the weight of pressure, from the advancing foe, it was bent back backward, and now the assailants went crashing headlong into and among the Angelinian soldiers, with a huge heavier force and with their headlong sweep across the christian line, and into the christian line through and through, and if reinforcements had not flung themselves upon the enemy, the Glandelinians would also have carried all before them at this point, but as it were whole divisions were crushed to fragments, and redoubts wiped out, and one brigade was swept away like chaff.

At the counter attack of the reinforcements under general Francis Dargis the enemy wave was jarred wildly, and another christian column under general Walters coming up from the west caught the rebels on the flank, and in the next minute a whooping purple billow of Abyssinians and Angelinians pounced upon the rear of their retreating center. All along the whole length, and the surprised Glandelinians were borne before the onslaught as if before an avalanche. It was evident that it was harder to thrust Germaine Vivian than they thought.

In the meantime Richard's Richard John Glandelinian division came up emerging from a portion of the Treckan lane, and came up on the flank of the enemy's right and therefore the Glandelinian force under general Francis Stacker which had attacked Germaine Vivian was placed between two ravaging fires. This whole gray wave was shattered, many thousands of ranks going down. Then up came one of Hansen's divisions under general Henry Dargis, which rushed forward, and cut their way clear through the ranks right in the midst of the christian line, and they were now like a ship run aground, but they managed to cut their way through and proceed on their way of retreat. But all would have gone well if more had not come up. August Dargis's Abyssinians came up, Germaine Vivian's forces swept forward, crushing the center of Francis Stacker's Glandelinians and hurling them forward upon the bayonets of the Abyssinians and Angelinians in their rear, and this frenzied sweep of the christians caused the Glandelinians to break into a panic.

Every one of these christian columns as they came sweeping upon the row of the retreating rebel columns broke them up into smaller squads, and knots, crushing them down like the sweep of a volcanic avalanche soon having the survivors trotting full speed toward the shelter of the Marie Osborne Woods, broken to pieces.

Stacker's army could never again that day go back into battle, so severely had it been handled by Germaine Vivian.

All this while the Glandelinian batteries of Mic-Hollester and Lucille's Wicken ridge still retired in steady fire, the same ponderous volleys twenty miles long and pounding all ground but were Chamberlains, Lucille's Wicken, and Ophelia exploding with ear-splitting detonations. The battle at this point still raged furiously and stretched away for miles, Hansen making every effort to regain these places, his Angelinians rushing forward in columns many in miles long, and the thunderous tumult, but they were suffering heavily. The attack here however was done of no avail. Even large fresh columns of Glandelinians under general Covensia were coming into view, marching themselves forward until they resembled a vast nation going to the aid of a smaller one, and here again the battle was swelling to its highest fury.

holding has been overlapped on both his forewings and is being infilled, and we

[illegible]

Along the mountain, clankclank like the struggle was still full fury, and even increasing in fearful force it, but here the *Landulphians* were also warring, and *Manomni* and *clankstonia* columns rushed upon them, and there was an exchange of the combat until silence. The *Landulphians* still held possession of the captured guns on the mountain of little Catherine hill and now a new movement of protestants was seen. The *clankstonia* columns were now in the rear, and the *Landulphians* were torn by the blinding eruptions of so many shell bursts, or honeycombed with pits, with guns caused by cannon and graps, while a tr trquent of smaller shells and shrapnell moved down the hill whole front lines.

Calcuttina. There also had a hard time of it. The "Lindulnians" under general Calcuttina "beheaded" several of its men to overawe the numbers. The front column of the enemy dissolved as these Angolians opened fire anew with all their musketry and cannon. He left of the surge started forward to make a swing toward the Ya. Yellow Snake Road, and here the very woods and the Christian line seemed to be on fire, and the long lines of men as roared, and crashed and thundered like a belated line of volcanoes in the most violent eruption. He enemy covered by the fire of the "Lindulnians" began their flight. Jackson, Jigs and his men had in the meantime taken the column straight for the open fields and tread and overstepped in one irresistible multitude or wave, but the Angolians in the meantime had spread out forming one long line of their own, which though now delayed in many parts by the withering fire of "Lindulnians" cannon along the twenty mile long crest of Lucille, Jackson, Jigs continued to stand their ground.

Nothing so long under this terrific fire the left of "McDonough's" main line became panic-stricken and retreated in great confusion, yelling and hollering, but "McDonough" himself, a whole line of batteries placed along the R. side, first moved back started covering, and increased the din of the battle to 20 fold. "General" Powell, "Water Johnston" observed the backyards full and sent a large force of reinforcements to the support and the "back" started firing and the "McDonough" line moved back and a third to cover their retreat, and this and not the situation not the whole charging column but now more cannon fire added to the "snaps" the whole of "McDonough's" line was pressed back still further the reinforcements also.

In advancing columns of the "clanless" moved on with breathless fury, and his left wing was driven back a mile, most of their columns being centered abroad, and dispersed so that he was in grave danger, and to make it worse hundreds of shells were being fired from the "back" and the "McDonough" line was being and all the "McDonough" batteries were also thundering, the "McDonough" line now was to be a long line of explosions and flash and eruptions and every "McDonough" known in worldly disaster.

uddenly the very ridge all in the vicinity of the battle field, the air itself and the Conservatory were shook. Like an earth quake by a terrific mine explosion which reverberated above all the terrific roar of the battle, and a perfect eruption of debris and smoke shot into the air, the Conservatory was hurled into the air and in descending in torrents, stripped the very trees of their branches, or moved down thousands of trees, sending these trees crashing to earth, as if a score of torn torpedoes were raging at one time, and everything for a moment was hidden in a big cloud of dust and smoke and the result of the blast was completely obscured. The Conservatory fell into the water. How many were killed by the mine it could not be estimated.

ALMOST FORTUITOUSLY, JURY OF THE GREAT BATTLE.
THE GENERAL CRASH AND UPROAR OF HELL.
BE THE PAIDMENOWHEN OF ROOT.
ANNIHILATION OF THIRTY THREE DIVISIONS.
FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF GENERAL OFFICERS ON BOTH SIX SIDES?
A CRISIS TIME, AND PROBABLE OCEANS OF BLOOD.
HANSOMIA JOHNSTONIAWOUNDED.

then with the fury of savages the yelling multitudes of rebels swarmed among Jennings and Snyder's and Gonzalez Mansons men and for several minutes the firing of both sides at close quarters, or the using of bayonets and sabres hand to hand became so fierce that thousands was like the din of a thousand avalanches sliding down a mountain side.

"...one at this moment yelled;
"Help for Marshal Hanson or all is lost."
The landmines were closed with "hanson live, and the thousands of fighting men started to march forward, and the fighting here also was now no longer, and the pressure of the enemy advanced. The christian soldiers could not withstand it. All along the line already the enemy had during the morning, annihilated ten thousand christian regiments, crushed to fragments any brigades, and destroyed several divisions. Hundreds of tanks had been sound down on both sides in the fighting with Hanson and his enemies and Hansons front line had nearly disappeared, before the terrible bicycled display of the enemy. A part of the landmine line had withstood the ground heaver and poured a million shots into the enemy from all sides, and then up came a great water column into the air, and soon extending along his line was an immense flame rolling cloud of smoke and fire, and perfect swatches of bullets ripped and tore through a our surprised enemy line, causing a tremendous havoc, and as the enemy on account of this could not penetrate any further into the landmine line, general hanson's division also managed to rally his own panic stricken columns, and taking prisoners all the landmines who had failed to work themselves out of the tremendous mine.

Along Independence Hill the battle raged with fierce and furious and amid the howling roar of fire came, at intervals, sharp, sudden, now like the uprush of a boiling geyser of boiling, the explosion came in under Independence, and we all lay prostrate before it, holding that it was the hour, the attack of the enemy now through central Ave., and in a few minutes the battle had extended to not only along the Catherineville summit, but also the "rookie lane," Observatory Run, and beautiful Meadows and the Clarinda heights was involved in the battles came, every point of the firing line being reached under a seething roar, and crashing inferno. The Independence columns at every point though held at bay were not driven back, and the battle became so terrible that it seemed as if the whole world was on a rampage. And again the facilities taken took a hand all the cannon on the ridge roaring and pounding with many frightful detonations, pouring torrents of shells upon all points of the extensive Christian line, the flanking of these cannons being dreadful, and

"Anxiety and despair, but not helplessness knew if he lost the child he had in his arms would be assigned as the chief of the general's household and given the quarters formerly of the child he had lost. He knew he would not be able to find a home and a family, but he would search for one as he went, because he had decided to put his child there upon the first day and quickly found orders to all his generals to search the city for his lost son. Chamberlain and other life he knew.

General Johnston believing that the foe was now moving forward to resume the offensive in general sent several of his officers to scout and just then now came that the Confederates had met Union forces at Appomattox, who were moving upon Petersburg on Richmond and Johnston again through a portion of the Tredegar manufacturing and across the big old iron road near old Smith's station.

A terrible thundering roar as if the earth itself was torn, announcing itself told him the truth and he rapidly gathered General Jennings, Gen. Lee, and General Lee. He then broke her to take refuge himself and his break her came in the name and ordered him of Union soldiers when in place but in the sudden noise here both directions commanders were separated, concluded. At the same time the advancing Confederates were forty miles in western thundering toward like a tidal wave upon the Union and its right upon General Thomas Johnston's position upon Johnston's position now cut him off from escape, he understood as Johnston himself said, pressed on and moved upon the situation line under General Hancock's name but his line in trying to stand ground was completely overwhelmed, and the other divisions which had tried to stand were compelled to give way the Confederates pressing closely.

General Fennigsmoore's Insulinists which were "confined" inside of the extreme left moving up the sides of the rise of ground along the Yellow Creek road and left or anguishing for fighting compelled General's "Army and James Anglin's divisions to capitulate, while subsequently the Insulinists under General "Angus" compelled General Olin's Anguishing brigade to surrender while another "section of the 3rd moved up towards Anglin's divisions forced the road to great confusion."

General Fennigsmoore's Insulinists had been "confined" inside of the all known Anguishing Insulinists and Anguishing divisions and to prevent his from moving to reinforce General's Insulinists, but was attacked with the most heavy loss by General's Insulinists. The slaughter on both sides between these two towns was terrible on both sides, and General's Insulinists were compelled to yield.

While this part of the attack was in progress against the center of "I" division newly established on Main Street to move forward extremely heavy forces intending to force his well fortified and best placed attack while he would save "I" division from capture. The first great blow he had hoped to deliver in a way to separate "I" division separating capture from "I" division then he had done to King Hanson and "I" division during the battle of "I" division.

On the 24th of March, he had a stroke suddenly flung in the direction of Chamberlain and Delila R. Clark, and now the arm ending in the mouth had moved or struck upon the Great Heart, the Jerusalem born, creating the Yellow Disk and at the point of the lance, in the face of a withered face, and driving "breathless forces" back in a panic-stricken confusion, with the loss of their leader who was killed; at the same time and the dreadful orange general darkness which made a Jeweler's midnight rushing back the obedient forces with the help of general

Thereafter, another column of Panzera divisions was ordered into the northernmost head of the Rhine river front, and upon observation and during the following night, met a dreadful death (extermination) but of all present only several German soldiers had planned to throw his own life upon the altar and rights of Christianity and his force while his last order, "Gott mit uns" (God with us) would guard against the coming of "Himmelskinder" and that it was "Gott's will" to overcome troops in the meantime had been twenty four hours in preparation before they got this order and were therefore slow in occupying the works recently held at Conventz near Bonn, and therefore as the Christian battalions were pouring in a tremendous death they were not able to put in their participation. German reinforcements were some nine million rights landed thousand strong, supported by a sixth thousand light cannon, and had therefore followed Panzera's view over the region between Gyllen and Chamberlain, the advancing Christianity among battling the Christian line opposed to him into a confined power of destruction.

Zimmerman himself would have had double the number of German divisions army but the others had been drawn off by German tanks and buried upon the Argentine troops stationed in front of Lucilla Jackson. At that however he had a numerical advantage over the Argentinian forces when he was soon able to immediately attack, and which was decided to definitely getting the worse sense of it, and a good drinking at that, when they reinforcements of Argentinian platoon troops appeared. General Zimmerman himself was sent forward to support Gamm and general Peter Jennings was sent forward to help hold the position at Lucilla Jackson but for a time it was of no avail, Zimmerman's soldiers being killed. Then general Zimmerman and Zimmerman's divisions were put into the fields to stay the foe but were cut to pieces, their leaders being slain, and the survivors being surrounded were forced to surrender.

Germania, virian the traitor with all his forces that he had sent now in the sea
battles, buried a portion of it upon "some" unknown whole army. And the heavy
Maimedlin advantage of cavalry and artillery support was already about to gain
the day, and could have done so had not the "hybridization" sickness and "h-n-sickies"
under general "U" Naro Gallo and Nepal turned down.

[illegible]

In almost empty silence the night after at each of the Conservatory gun a was
in around with the torrents of the "plantations" in flight each of them running
for all they were worth, though some turned and tried to face the directions once
more, but they failed to make a stand at the pouring lightning advanced rapidly,
but after passing half way across the fields of Haddon and Farm and near the
stream they halted and refused their blood messenger in the morning just arrived
to general Powell, under shelter from the clouds, clouds and hunted his note.
He had an follow[ing]

"Your Excellency general and General Gustav Johnson:
I have been not followed up the results of the army of intelligence under
general Johnson, and as we have now something to let us see if you to follow
up your success with a determined attack on "Lansky while the confronting you
and finish his act of "Lansky. Johnson you can probably do this for him, but
unapproachable points, and when his situation is further known of "Lansky, Johnson
and Johnson's act of "Lansky, Johnson you can probably do this for him, but
and he had no other circumstances. John Johnson is within half a mile of
his house, you strike him enough before the latter's army. I don't think he
could hold the town much longer, and this I believe you do to right away
on every occasion be practical."

1. General Information Remarks
 2. Particulars Remarks

[illegible][illegible]

firing began to run out of ammunition, and so fought with clabbed muskets, bayonets, pikes, and used sticks and rocks, sabres and daggers, and pistol butts, and even fought with teeth, fish flats, and even wrist led.

Surrounded by overwhelming numbers, Dargins divisions were rapidly being reduced, the ground for miles seemed to become red with gore, was half obscured in smoke, and blasted with thousands of explosions, and being thickly covered with the bodies of the fresh slain. Indeed Dargins army was literally crushed to fragments and driven back in confusion. Leo Costello observing the disaster sent several divisions to rescue the latter, and Dargins columns were slowly drawing back toward the wooded heights.

The Lucilla Jackson Heights attempted to use its guns to rescue Dargins and prepagated the effects of the shell fire for the distant of forty miles, and while Dargins force or what had been left of it, displayed a tumult of pikes and bayonets, and with the help of their mounted lancers dashed among the captured cannon of Pemberton's works, checking the advance of the Christian divisions.

Ambrose Fullers General Dargins purpose had been a failure.

And the Angelinians were filled with admiration at the reckless courage of those Glandelinians who seemed to fight with the fury of hell itself, hundreds of thousands of trees along the angle being torn and rent away with shells, and even pierced with countless minies, and among the woods the purple and gray coated soldiers lay in heaped multitudes, dead or dying, and forty regiments of Christians with their commanders dead. General Leo Costello, Johnston on the Christian side, in charge of one of Jacksons Evans brigades was severely wounded, and two of his brigadier generals, George Dargier, and Augustus Dargier being also severely wounded, while two other general Charles Dargins and Harry Dargins Johnson were killed.

Ten thousand graycoats were found lying dead in a lane only a rod long, and three hundred feet wide, and multi multitudes of fallen were lying above on both sides of the lane.

In the meantime general Sherman Manley was terribly worried. He Christian line was terribly strong, and the only gain made by Manley was in holding his own positions and preventing general Vivianmans from securing a foothold on the Conservatory gun, and the Mic-Hollister and Maria Osborne woods. Even to worry Manley it was necessary a portion of Hanson Vivians army was striving and extending itself toward the villages of Gphella and Chamberline near Gloriana. He therefore therefore seeing the slight advantage he had gained decided to take advantage of it. He decided to send Ambrose Shoemans and Ambrose Edwin Fullers to make a general attack of his own upon all portions of the Christian line, and in part to force pansonia Francis Johnstons positions.

But Manley knew from former experiences that all portions of the Christian line was defended by a long double chain of heaviest artillery and machineguns, and that to make the assault with success he would have to silence these heavier guns at all costs. General Manley it seemed evident was about to make the same folly that general Vivianmans had done in assaulting Mic-Hollister or Carnation ridge.

Since the other attack had been going on nothing was attempted. But now the battle had lulled everywhere for about half an hour. Then all of Sherman Manleys batteries started their awful avalanche of destruction, and the first to open upon general Vivianmans whole line of batteries was Carnation ridge and this whole ridge on top seemed to be swept by sheets of flame. Two hundred and sixty six thousand guns from all of their rearing and thundering mouths began their storn of death and havoc, and extended the barrage upon Hanson Vivians lines.

Then more Glandelinian artillery opened from Hanson Vivians hill, and a rain of chain shot, shrapnell and grape shot rained fast and furious.

General Lucille Baldwin Baldwins batteries opened in response while the Christian officers ordered all the infantry men to lie down, and take every advantage of protection, but not without retarding all these precautions, there was never such or observed such destruction of lives during any artillery duel before, and the uproar of cannons on Carnation and Sacrament Hill continued steadily, all being shrouded in smoke and making again a din as if thousands of volcanses were in eruption. The Angelinian artillery columns were now succeeding in getting their own range, a but showers of shrapnell and high explosives swept among the guns. The center of the infantry lines were now being drawn back, and then all of the Christian artillery let go and now the din became deafening. More and more broke into action and soon the noise was more terrific than during the battle before.

The enemy also however were opening more and more cannons, but the cannon fire on Mic-Hollister ridge still was silent and also the ridge of Lucilla Jackson, but still solid shot, chain shot, shell and also shrapnell, fell inside the Christian lines more thickly. Baldwin was wounded, but he remained and screamed and shouted commands. Big trees were shattered into huge fragments by the storm of shot and shell, which bore down everything in its path. Hundreds of thousands of men manned the artillery but many were dreadfully cut up, and also the Christians committed more havoc than the enemy guns did. The rebel artillery then on Lucilla Jackson broke out with an unspeakably roar and now the awful roar of artillery had been added and redoubled, and hundreds of occasions along the Christian line exploded. Scores of thousands of war materials and hundreds of gun carriages were shattered to pieces, and in twenty minutes, the guns of Mic-Hollister ridge also joined in the terrible noise.

A-91

He also once even heard that one million seven hundred thousand of Wrights men were captured, and which was true. Baldwin division on infantry had managed to move forward by overlapping a portion of the enemys line, but the Glandelinians made another counter charge, pressing upon Baldwin's line on all sides despite the fierce resistance they met. The fight here was also more fierce and terrific, and in the extreme, above thousand three hundred guns moved the earth down to make more frightful losses, but now the advance of the foe was unmanageable, and so terrific because their own store of fire, that Baldwin's infantry lines were also crushed to fragments, the very heavens seemed to be bursting so fierce was the uproar of the firing. Baldwin's infantry had numbered one million seven hundred thousand when they stayed the enemys successful advance against Rosewell's position. Johnston half destroyed army, and now they only had three hundred thousand remaining, and yet they stood and were fast melting away. And the Glandelinians continued the assault, bearing down every thing in their path, Baldwin's survivors however retaining their ground, until so few were left that they never again entered battle. Hanson Vivians Johnston had repulsed his assailants but he had fallen mortally wounded. The Angelinians had retained the bloody angle and the point gained by them encouraged general Rosewell's position Johnston to continue the fight, and never allow the Glandelinians to have any respite. Meanwhile held other points of the same bloody angle, and the surrounding woods near Conservatory gun giving fine positions for artillery, and which the Glandelinians had tried in vain to carry.

The Angelinians also occupied the trenches of the Glandelinian Twelfth Corps within outlay outlet to Lucilla Jackson and the Yellow Brick road Pike by which he might shell all of Manleys line from the rear. Thereof general Lucilla Abyss Angelinian Brigades from the right of Jacksons line had penetrated Manleys extreme center but at the death of general Dargier, and then had been repulsed only for lack of support. The losses on both sides was frightful, but not more so on the Christian side, than on the Glandelinian side. Major general Goodlowe, had come in, Mic-Hollister, and Mic-Law had also arrived and pushed into the sea of battles inferno and so general Jacksons guns had a large force that had not yet been in the bloody battle at this point. Leo Costellos artillery continued to his drum fire of intensity upon the angle pouring a torrent of three hundred thousand shells per hour upon the Angelinians, all of the Lucilla Jackson ridge was still thundering like an art eruption, and as the main Christian batteries still roared with their own heaviest cannon the din was still as ear splitting as ever, and the left section of the extensive Maria Osbornes woods was swept as if by thousands of tornadoes at once, while piled up wreckage of trees ridges high was in view. Leo Costellos line of infantry had now been sent forward with the purpose to recapture the angle, and these divisions rushed to the attack.

As these Glandelinians pressed on they suddenly encountered the murderous fire of a hidden machine gun battery and again several of the monstrous columns of men in gray melted away. The very mouth of hell again seemed to open along Double Day's line and a part of the whole rebel army moving against him was swept away. Indeed thousands of broadsides were poured upon the Glandelinians but on they pressed. The Glandelinians swarming to the left moved against Estabrooks army also on Jacksons right and these Glandelinians went down in hundreds of thousands in a few minutes, but at last they reached the works. General John Jennings came to the rescue with all his men, Mic-Gallen arriving with his artillery of machine guns, and opening fire upon the Glandelinians who were already swarming over the works. John Jennings was wounded, and Mic-Gallen fell with severe injury in the thigh, his line began to give way, and the Glandelinians seeing this pressed more gallantly. Also general Mic-Gallen's rebel column moved upon Ambrose Evans center of Jacksons Evans Ninth Corps but was shattered into fragments, but the survivors recklessly rushed on moving down every one of the Angelinians who showed themselves. Soon the whole left of Jacksons whole purple line began to give way and retire in confusion. At the same time there came such a deafening uproar of some mighty explosion that it was heard at Boncontin's headquarters. General Pemberton's position had arrived with divisions of fresh artillery, and these were opened upon the bloody angle by the Glandelinians. The uproar of Pemberton's artillery was just as deafening as the others. Pemberton also ordered his infantry under general Dargins himself was ordered to cross a portion of the paroback and Twelfth Corps and strike general Jacksons a blow in the rear. His men also began to advance, and fearful indeed was the carnage that was about to ensue.

The Glandelinians now advanced with a more tremendous fury than before. The whole Christian line was still ablaze the horrible carnage now extending as far as eye could reach, Pemberton going down mortally wounded. Double Day Johnston on the Christian side was killed, and also Double Day Hendrix, and a leader though severely wounded was able to retain command. And his monstrous columns of Glandelinians though their whole line was torn, became discomfited, and began to yield from the assault.

Dargins at this moment was advancing a new and strong force of Gargoylians and Scodlers ten million strong in number to get round general Jacksons rear, but at this time general Judolph Rosendale had come up in that region with his Abbeismians and crushed his left before he was in the fight, and the Angelinians by making a fierce turning movement got around Dargins right army and almost surrounded it, and Dargins best aiding general, Augustus Dargins went down mangled and bleeding, and his men with their first and horrible

The noise of the ridge was as if a hundred million bombs were exploding exploding simultaneously and now the thundering of so many cannons to the right and left, and from the rear, all from Lucille Jackson ridge, came in a continuous ear-splitting roar that sounded as if the whole ridge was blowing itself into the air. To add to this indescribable din other volleys broke out from White Rose ridge near by under the command of general pavari n, and nearly half of Roswell Buser Johnston's center and right was destroyed. Then up rushed a whole wave of Mic-Hollatinians whose whole front rolled with fresh musketry fire as new like a million cannon and the noise of this could be heard in Zimmerman's headquarters headquarters many miles away. Hundreds of burning trees all along the line were hurled to earth by the shells and a sea of explosions seemed to make the very ground everywhere for miles rise in the air. The whole right wing of the glandelinians who had been crushed to fragments and routed was reinforced and not only held now but took advantage of their covering artillery fire and drove back half of Busters men with frightful loss. A long line of shell explosions suddenly roared simultaneously sounding like a million dynamite sticks exploding all in one time. The main christian batteries at this swelled to titan throes sending out a salvoes of cannoning thunders reverberating in a more continuous roar. One million Angelinians who strove to rally against the artillery fire from the Lucille Jackson ridge were all mowed down, the few survivors throwing themselves flat to escape the fire.

The glandelinians now counter charged with irresistible energy, division after division of the Angelinians were swept away, the whole of general Cass Cassey's line of Roswell Johnston's Corps were crushed to fragments and he himself killed. Roswell Buser Johnston had advanced with 20,000,000 men and had only two million remaining, six of his best divisions had been torn to fragments, and now seeing the confusion in his lines the glandelinians came on with relentless fury, and Buser Johnston's line meeting general Johnston's Strong line of Sogodlers in a last desperate defence was shattered to fragments. Roswell Buser Johnston seeing what was going on withdrew the troops and called to general Jackson Evans for aid.

In the meantime general Charles Brown had been advancing to aid general Jack Dane and with his reinforcements Jack Dane had been succeeded. Jackson Evans had also been advancing now since he repulsed the rebel assault, and a his Angelinians were advancing with ungovernable fury, his right falling upon the rebels left with murderous ferocity.

Along this point of the Yellow Brick road it was impossible for the glandelinians to stand no matter how they fought, and soon hammed in by a massed firing they were compelled to retreat before the mighty ring of the christians closed in on them.

Indeed general Roswell Buser Johnston needed aid. The gallant general Adden Warren had fallen mortally wounded, and general Roswell Buser Johnston made desperate attempts to reform what he had left of his men but such a hot fire was poured into his ranks that reformation was utterly impossible, and soon large portions of his army was retreating in the most disgraceful confusion. He sent a swift messenger to Charles Brown for aid and demanded of Jackson Evans to aid him too.

General Jackson Evans had received the message and having his heavy reserves inactive he dispatched general Shuterlands Abyssinian divisions to general Roswell's rescue. His Angelinians came up in time, and deployed into line and pushing forward in a perfect wave attacked the glandelinians furiously all along the line, and the glandelinians strove with all their might amid the toppling of thousands of trees to press on. Generals Jessie James Wilson, Galen Peary, and James Wright also arrived from Jacobins reserves, and now Roswell Buser Johnston's line was saved, and the glandelinians themselves were hard pressed. The whole line of battle along this portion was now in a murderous hellish uproar of firing and yelling, and general Tribune glandelinians wavered. Helion Costello's division was driven back with the general wounded, Wilson capturing two hundred rebel cannon, his men taking possession of the North Bend of the Yellow Brick road near a gigantic Sun flower field.

At this point the glandelinians taking advantage of the Sunflower field tried to form an ambush and a portion of their line came back in a counter charge attacking with the fury of hell's legions and they continued the assault with such violence that the Angelinians were being unsupported had to fall back.

Scores of thousands of more ranks had been moved down, scores upon scores of brigades were torn to fragments, these Angelinians retreating in confusion. The firing on both sides mowed down also the sunflowers by the very thousands. Every column of Wilson's division was swept back from the Sunflower field clear up to Maries Lane near the left of the Yellow Brick road near Aronburg's gun river but here they made a rally. Peary Peary's one million three hundred thousand men was also shattered and their leader killed but it held.

Elsewhere on the same line a great surging tidal wave of Angelinians were pouring over the Yellow Brick road to the right of the big Sunflower field in a panic. Wright's Angelinians had made energetic efforts to advance, but the annihilating fire of the rebels was so hot that he was driven back badly handicapped, and a portion of Baldwin's battery had also been silenced by Leo Costello's costello's artillery storm and Baldwin was severely wounded. No where along any portion of the battle line were the Angelinians having any good luck.

General William Manley who was following Aladdin Warren who was moving his lines from the low position it had first held to a commanding point at the Vivian Orchard near Conservatory gun from which it extended across a large wheatfield forming a deadly salient at the orchard. Thirty three thousand pieces of artillery defended the orchard alone, and in the wheatfield were three thousand howitzers. The tide of battle rolled on with fearful velocity toward the Vivian Orchard and dashed upon the fatal angle like a tidal wave upon a town of small fragile wooden houses. General Mustapha Mustapha was killed in the titanic artillery fight, and general Double Day Johnson took command of his division. General William Manley at this critical moment placed another brigade of artillery at this angle giving orders for the Mic-Hollatinians to hold the post till reinforcements came up, or until the last man fell. One part of the angle of works along this portion of the Yellow Brick road was on a long high rise of ground, and Riddinghods batteries struggled up and circled the crest, while general Handonia Wolfe divisions rushed up the rise of ground and came face to face with the Abyssinians and Angelinians climbing up on the opposite side. The very glandelinian muskets were empty and then there was no time to reload, and the hand to hand fight exceeded all description. General Frank Mic-Gilvery urging on his soldiers up the east side of the rise of ground, was killed and as the Angelinians and winkies climbed the crest general Paul Gato fell dead upon the summit, then general Warren Hansonia Koro Korren, and Riddinghods making a new list of fallen rebel officers. The Angelinians however said all this carnage was out in two by Helion's brigades by accelerating the movements of the center, and retarding that of the two wings. Leo Costello responded with good effect, to the deadly fire of the christian artillery in the angle in the Vivian Orchard. The main columns of the Abyssinians and Angelinians advanced against general Aladdin's angle accompanied by Mortons six batteries, and the carnage was now fearful, the frontal columns of the glandelinians seemed to dissolve under the fire of Mortons advancing christian batteries, but they stuck to the position at abhorably brave divisions of the Angelinians came swarming forward, changing into one long vast wave of humanity as they advanced in a long line which though continually torn, continued to advance. With an awful roar the fire of the rebels increased, and it seemed as if this one vast wave began to slowly dissolve away.

Already four thousand guns were opened upon the main line and indeed the assailants were being swept away in vast multitudes. Yet division after division of the Angelinians were swooping on to the aid of the frontal assailants. Thousands of perennials were mowed down by the rebel's ravaging fire that streamed from the one main line, and trees were cut down by the shells in every direction. Yet on streamed the massive christian lines amid the roar of destruction. One thousand fresh cannon along the enemy's center flashed frightfully through the smoke, fresh volleys broke out anew, and a tempest of grape shot mingled with the storm of shells, solid shot and bullets. Indeed the enemy's wave of defense was one long line of smoke and fire. Baldwin's batteries were thus under way to no effect, but the Angelinians covered by Baldwin's batteries pressed on everywhere relentlessly and as the left of the advancing line closed the struggle was terrible. General Innovations line swung upon therebels like a long gate and the crash was like a earthquake.

At this moment when the two lines met and closed like two opposing tidal waves general innovation fell mortally wounded. However his men pressed on with contemptuous fury driving the glandelinians back with great disaster, but then an appalling sight was revealed. The pressing success was not long. Reinforcements came up to the aid of the rebels and opened a torrent of bullets and more brigades seemed to melt away. Baldwin's batteries tried to lift their terrific fire, the shells falling like rain, stripping the trees of their branches, and uprooting uprooting them. General Robert Costello too Innovations place and ordered the Angelinians on.

The Angelinians pressed on with more order and seeing the success the rest grew more courageous and the left of Roswell Buser Johnston's line under general Vivian's Jontan and several other divisions moved forward. The whole front of costello's command was shattered, and retreating in fragments, the main line was broken up like a wave by the fierce collision, and now Caldwell Caldwell Calso and Stanning Evans swept toward the rear of the enemy's lines opening an annihilating fire as they advanced. Simultaneously a division of five hundred thousand Angelinians under general Vodge polt sor and Estrabrook turned swept forward toward the left flank of the enemy with irresistible fury, but despite the success gained Wedge was killed, his front line melted entirely away before the fire of guns from Lucille Jackson ridge, and Estrabrook was wounded. Five thousand fifty new guns had opened and several brigades moving across the Yellow Brick road went down into mangled and bleeding corpses.

The flank attack was repulsed thoroughly and the glandelinians became too rally and resist with more greater courage. So fierce was the carnage and the firing that logs and trees, and grass and shrubbery caught fire, and burning branches fell everywhere. For ten miles men all along the christian line went down but the survivors along the center had already swarmed over the enemy, and were in possession of the Vivian Orchard. From the heights of Lucille Jackson ridge there now came a sound as if of a mighty explosion and suddenly a torrent of high explosives struck the christian line and torn tore the center to fragments.

And now large brigades of Abyssinkilians and Dandobians under general Charles Mitchell arrived, and then came the battalion of artillery under Shoop James, Hasteo Gale, and Odgers Hodggers. These guns opened a storm of fire, and drove Millers guns back almost to Aronburgs Pike two miles west of Lucillie pickson. Hasteo and Odgers were killed as soon as their artillery opened fire, by Glandelinian sharpshooters, but the Angelinians did not falter, and along Joices line now, the Glandelinians could not advance any further, having succeeded in only piercing the line, hundreds more of the ranks of gray having been mowed down, and Hanson Michael also relieving heavy reinforcements managed to hold his ground, and the firing on both sides became as terrific as the firing had been in the region of the Mio-Hollester and Maris Osborne Woods, and the conflict of Aronburgs Ridge. And to general Jacksonia Evans Joice wrote to general Jacksonia Evans;

"Your Excellency, I have received reinforcements and can still hold my ground, but the attack of the enemy has not abated in the least. The battle has assumed an indescribable fury all along your whole line. I however fear for the safety of your left grand division for upon this portion a fearful storm of shell fire is raging and buildings in the region are tumbling down by the concussion of this horrible shell fire. Hell itself seems to have opened along my lines, all the battlefield seems a Valley of a Thousand smokes, and your whole line has already two hundred and seventy thousand cannon of all make in incessant action, and they are fairly shaking most of my infantry men from their feet with their vibration, millions of muskets are being fired per minute on both sides, and I am almost deaf from the din. My left wing had almost been annihilated before it was reinforced, my right was shattered. Now with a few more divisions I'm sure I would be able to drive the enemy back, and cut him up so badly that you would be able to advance. You ought to just imagine the din."

Your assistant commanding
general in chief.
General Hansonia, vice."

Masses upon masses of rebels had been mowed down every second along the whole of Jacksonias left or whole line by the christian fire, but the assailants though checked at one point continued the relentless assault along the left. On his center the Glandelinians now under general Mar Herald were reattacking with the most stupendous fury, for their whole line was riven again and again with large gaps, so that it looked more like a long honeycomb comb than a wave of men and it finally broke back in confusion. The enemy had attacked the center in the face of a perfect stream of gun fire, and the whole of this assaulting wave torn in fragments became panic stricken and retreated in a pandemonium of confusion.

To make it worse for the enemy more reinforcements of Abyssinkilians under general disqualified came rushing in on the right and these new lines burst into smoke the fury of the firing being redoubled the firing increasing to a most fearful extent by this time, hundreds of thousands of volleys seemed to be fired at once.

This tempest of firing checked the main left of the rebel line also, Ottmann Hamish at ill hold the points he had gained near the edge of Conservatory Run and general Double Day Federal coming up the Aronburg and Costello roads threw himself cold upon the Mio-Hollesterians under Ottmann Hamish Jensen. Still more reinforcements arrived pressing the Glandelinians back and general Hansonia Glandelinians being overwhelmed retreated, but the rest though giving way slowly fought with terrible ferocity. This scene made it evident to Huebaum Manley that he would not hold Glorianna town long.

The Glandelinians of course along general Jacksonias line were wavering but general Leo Costelloes artillery honeycombed the massive christian waves with gaps, and even mowed down part lions of their very frontlines. The Angelinians were now advancing despite their whole line being rent and torn. Jacksonia Evans was now advancing, so let us go back and see what Roswell Gustor Johnston was doing.

His troops were moving upon the town of Lucillie pickson, and while his command was moving forward to attack the town Heller Johnston one division of Seodlers and Mio9 Hollostetians were throwing themselves forward to defend Manleys extreme left and right and put themselves into position on the small section of the Aronburgs run by the main Big Girl Knool or Yellow Brick road and from here the Seodlers first opened fire upon the Angelinians but soon fled. On pressed the Angelinians and the Mio-Hollesterians now opened fire in general and soon this part of the battle line seemed to be on fire also, many columns of the christians dissolving but on pressed the christians.

The left of the Glandelinian army held the town of Lucillie pickson between Osmania and a Chamberlains his main position stretching near and along the Conservatory Run already so hotly contested for, connecting with the Mio-Hollester and Maris Osborne Woods and a line from Chamberlains to Sacrament o garnat ion Lucillie pickson hills and elsewhere already described where the main force was drawn up. So he had ample numbers to place to any point heavily pressed by at an attack. All of the batteries of the Glandelinians in position near and along the Yellow Brick road were opening fire upon Roswell Gustor Johnstons advancing christians. Baldwins main batteries opened on the Glandelinians in answer.

General Angelidina was severely wounded four times, and now again a glancing bullet struck him on the head cutting a gash. His last injury was dangerous, but for fear of causing a panic he stayed at the firing line, rather than leave. In the meantime while he was advancing with haste from Dorothy Gale and was within ten miles of the battle where upon he heard general Hanson got this message from a fleet horseman; And this is what he read;

"Your Excellency general Hanson Angelic Ivian;

A big battle is raging at Conservatory Run or Glorianna. General Michaels Hansons who who a whole line has been overlapped and will be driven from his position if reinforcements is not forthcoming immediately. The enemy have opened eight hundred thousand cannon upon the whole line of christians engaged from Glorianna, to Conx Conservatory run, his first army has been practically annihilated, Ivianians is annihilated, and whole divisions by the hundreds had been smashed to atoms. The carnage all this time up to one o'clock has been heartrending, and the assault of Hadrbront Harrys divisions was destructive and tremendous, even many guns commanded by Millier has opened fire upon other parts of the christian line, and Glandelinia is mortally wounded, Angelidina is seriously injured, and many other generals are dead. Jack Dames, and picknells whole lines are overwhelmed, and they are in danger of being crushed. Aid must be sent immediately. Please rush armies to our support or the battle will be lost. Conventoni Conventinian Aronburgs army alone is still intact. The eleventh corps under four commanders are also almost annihilated. They also must have aid. It is reported that two new forces under Roswell Gustor Johnston and Jacksonia Evans have arrived but they do us no good as they are not enough."

General Abner Anderson.
Commander of the first Grand
Division of Anglian army."

This message certainly hastened Hansons advance and he immediately sent the message through another courier to King Ivian himself. Jennings line in the meantime had been torn to pieces, it could not reform, the ground was strewn with multitudes of more dead and dying Angelinians, and the survivors tried to hold their ground. General Handonia Joices columns of Jacksonias central line were standing their ground also but they Glandelinians were pressing heavily upon him, and this brave general being fully exposed to the enemys fire, his men and officers forced him to lie down. His line of troops however seventy million strong could not be forced, and the firing made a noise just as if from as many drums, and just as appalling was the murderous fire along general Hobert Howens line. Along the main right wing of Jacksonias army the Glandelinians under general Spruoder Flynn had moved forward to counter attack also, and a fight of demonish fury raged hand to hand when the enemy closed with them. Hundreds of thousands of muskets were used by one side alone against the other as clubs, bayonets clashed against bayonets in a frightful tumult and there was a brilliant display of sabres, and daggers, and here pistols were fired point blank and each enemy sprang furiously at each other clutched in the most frightful death struggles. The fury of this Glandelinian onslaught caused cannon Joices line to waver, the Glandelinians despite the resistance having charged on with increasing fury, swarming among them, yelling with rage, plowing their way through the christian columns, killing hundreds per second. Still on and through part of the whole of Joices line pressed the rebels with terrific fury, the Angelinians fighting savagely hand to hand to drive them back. Even many of the Glandelinians who were Zimmermannians were striving with night and pain to reach general Joice, who was surrounded by a body guard of Angelinians. Jacksonia Evans saw this mighty attack from his place of Observation, and sent general Michaels Valches Entire command of Abyssinkilians to the aid of Joice and these Abyssinkilians soon came into view and rushed to the rescue as quickly as their legs would let them. For a time despite its strength the situation along his line or along his center was extremely dangerous, the Glandelinians over their losses breaking into paroxysms of uncontrollable fury, plowing their way through Jacksonias center and general Violetidina striving to rally his left was wounded in the leg. It was the most surprising and most desperate fight hand to hand ever seen yet. General Michael now arrived with the rest of his columns and the fury of the conflict became still more terrific as those were thrown upon the scene multitudes of Glandelinians, who still outnumbered the christians under Joice, and met them with a storm of fury, and Michael fell mortally wounded. General George Austin took command in his place and restored order in the line. The gray columns however were pressing through a portion of Austins line with such a fury that they were driven into a panic, general Mar My Millers Glandelinian battalions also adding to the carnage, and staggered the christian line. However general Jacksonia sent other divisions under general Robert Rothmann with Granters gathering guns and as these opened fire on the enemy the rebels went down in more frightful numbers.

CHAPTER FIFTY SEVEN
THE CONTINUATION OF THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE.
DARGINS ARMY FACES ANNIHILATION. A HELLISH BATTLE LINE
BETWEEN OPHELIA AND CHAMBERLAIN. THE ASSAULT ON THE
MID-HOLLESTER RIDGE, AND HOW IT TURNED OUT.

IN the meantime generals Roswell, Gustaf Johnston and Jacksonia E Evans had arrived from the town of Osmia and reached the battle field of Gloriaanna or Lucille Jackson at exactly ten thirty. From the Gloriaanna Heights to which these two generals had mounted to take in a survey of the battle, they witnessed all parts of the great line of this tremendous struggle, saw the multitudes of cannons of both sides hammering away as if the world was to depend on it, and saw whole lines of christians and enemy all aligned forty miles in extent to push forward against one another and come back in fragments. Roswell, Gustaf Johnston and Jacksonia Evans had never seen such a battle or such slaughter in all their 11 lives. They also observed that one gun after another of the Angelinians defending Winefred Plains were blowing up, and observed that the generals in command there were having the batteries all withdrawn. They had sent in appeal after appeal for help but it did not come. They observed also that all the slightly wounded had been placed behind the firing lines and ordered to shoot down any man who attempted to flee. And Jack Danes christian army which had been fully thirtythree million strong was only nine hundred thousand strong, and still they were fast melting away. Their front line had entirely disappeared before the terrible fire of the enemy, and every one of their lower rank officers had been killed or wounded. The whole of Conservatory gun, and the Haris Osborne Woods and the Lucille Jackson ridges were thundering volleys and orators and forest fires in scene and only Conventinian Aronburg was holding his own. Roswell, Gustaf Johnston decided to act quick.

He sent one quarter of his army to mass on Johnston, Ruebaum Hanley at Lucille Jackson to force that town at all cost, while seeing general Anniversary massing large troops against general Here Vivianias right he sent the other half of his army to his right the latter relief, while the third he sent to support Dane and Vivianias. Jacksonia Evans was sent to take Gloriaanna. Charles Browns troops arrived to general Vivianias right just in time and the sudden fire of his own troops caused such indescribable carnage and havoc that the enemy could not penetrate the center, and now Vivianias managed to hold his ground with success. Jacksonia Evans by eleven o'clock had moved forward his own massive lines upon the left wing of Ruebaum Hanleys army which stationed across the front of Gloriaanna near the northern bend of the Yellow Brick Road and his whole line was soon also in severe action with a new million cannon like firing of musketry and other explosions, and the smoke along the new line of battle grew so dense that it looked more like a great fire than a battle. The whole of the rebel line along this portion of the Yellow Brick Road was also in a most tumultuous uproar, and never before in all the war did general Jacksonia Evans ever seem himself engaged in such a battle. The columns of the glandelinians and Angelinians combined were now down by the hundred, and the whole left of Jacksonias line was soon rent and broken up by the enemys terrible cannon fire. Seeing this the enemy rushed forward to counter charge and then an indescribable tumult broke out, the madman of the army being unmanageable, and the front of the enemy advancing christian line having its left wing overwhelmed threatened to give way, but they opened fire with horrible effect however. The impact was so great however, that it soon began to yield, and a division of troops under general Francis Jennings was surrounded and cut off from the main body.

New piles of dead and wounded covered the ground, the glandelinians attacking the christians with utmost fury and fresh ranks and brigades were dreadfully torn. Indeed the glandelinians in their counter advance rushed forward like an avalanche avalanche of human beings and scattered general Jennings and his left. His assistant general Violetdinia tried to reinforce Jennings and his whole line, but the advance of the foe could not as yet be checked, two million of the assailants pressing upon the latter left, and yelling with demoniacal fury, and attacking with the most terrible energy. There was only fifty thousand of his one million Angelinians left now, compared to the many millions of assailants. Violetdinias left also was surrounded and infiltrated by the glandelinians. Indeed this new section of the struggle was raging with a fury beyond description. The situation of these christians was more serious than ever, and Violetdinias left being overwhelmed gave way despite the attempts of the officers and the slight by wounded to stop them by threats, beatings and pleads. Elsewhere the glandelinians were swarming forward like a furious cloud burst of human beings, and Violetdinias whole line of three million surviving out of five was being shattered to pieces by the assailants who now plowed their way into the line of christians and never before did there start such a confused mixup of men and flags. Muskets crossed in deadly earnest earnest, swords clashed, pistols blazed facets and the men even fought with fists and wrestled. Hundreds of thousands of these glandelinians themselves had fallen. Andedinas situation was all the more serious. The assailants along his line were swelled by fresh divisions and attacked with irresistible fury, despite the withering fire that tore their advancing columns to pieces, crushed and mangled their front line. Yet the rebels did not waver, and it was incredible that these three brave christian generals survived through such a storm of carnage and Angelinians line of Abyssinkilians was crushed by the rebel pressure.

But now a new fire of shells came from Ricknells and Vancos cannons into their flank and as they began to bend away from it, they received a storm of shells into their other flank (a horse has two flanks). Then the most tremendous volleys of musketry fire came up ripping into their massive columns, six volleys from the front, and from the flank, and then cannon took the place of the shell storm cutting hundreds of swathes as clean as a mower. Infantry and artillery in front of Aldwell allens brigades of coolers which was at the head of the charge were hanging on the precipitous edge with their dragons teeth as it were, and striking their last desperate maddened blows against those yelling plunging maddened purple columns that strove to repulse them with the fury of demons. Using Ricknells battery had only one gun remaining and the general was struck in the chest by the fragment of a shell. Despite his wound he ran the gun forward and cried "I will give them one last shot, and dropped dead with the discharge. General Tealton leaped the works in front of Ricknells line followed by hundreds of thousands of coolers.

"Give to the christian dogs the cold cold steel boys," he shouted as he laid his hand on the gun of a captured battery through the struggling christian line which he had driven back, came two divisions of Winkie Abyssinkilian reserves at a roaring charge and sudden dropped dead, pierced by twenty bullets, while sixty thousand of his men were shot down almost as if in execution. Yet the great force of the Angelinians were compelled to yield, an along Ricknells center as the horse upon horses of the allent infam and coolers pressed themselves over the christian works and planted their battle flags on the parapet or what was supposed to be flags but were mere rags. The Angelinians and the glandelinians fought fiercely hand to hand, battling with the one energy of despair and madness. Ricknell and Vance were mashing all their disengaged forces on the center and the firing became so murderous that the enemys lines badly cut up began to recoil, but slowly.

"Forward" was the word now, and the christians swooped down upon the massive lines who met them like sparrows. Many who were utterly overpowered and reduced to the last stages of furious desperation flung their guns from them and raised their hands in token of surrender. Hundreds of thousands of others fell on the ground to escape the destructive fire while the main column recoiled slowly in long lines the christians no longer pursuing, but looking down upon the rout if you please to mention.

The christian cannonading had now gradually ceased, but inner Myletzes artillery was still thundering occasionally. Then when the firing did finally stop it was succeeded by a stillness apparently as deep as if all the winds, the rush of water if there in any, and other noises had been checked in their furious progress at such a horrid and unusual carnage. It will be a herculean task to gather in all the wounded, and bury the countless dead fallen in this five hours carnage of the Conservatory gun, and all the christian generals who survived these scenes of indescribable carnage were appalled. All the trees bordering Winefred Plains were down in shattered bark and limbs, ten thousand of which lay on top of the mangled dead. The smoke still settled over the scene, and general Meldon Gosson a christian commander was also among those torn to pieces by the shells. Among Baldwin guns lay hundreds of thousands of wounded, and many dead also.

Apparently a sea of blood was everywhere. It was a horrible sight indeed, and it was at all more terrible than the childslayer question had been settled by such titanic horrors. Baldwin was withdrawing his guns, while Fredrickson Parson came up to relieve him. General Vance and Vance received reinforcements also and soon all the christian positions were guarded by more men and guns. General Ricknell also had withdrawn to the outskirts of Winefred Plains with his divisions which was now being at easily reinforced by many more brigades. Hundreds of thousands of men would be needed to gather up the wounded and take them to a place of safety. This part of the battle had lasted five hours, the fighting along the Yellow Brick Road lasting fully an hour and a half. The losses on both sides along this latter part of the battle line on both sides was horrible being 23,456,888 on the christian side in killed and wounded and 36,997,999 on the glandelinian side in killed and wounded making an addition to the fearful losses of the other portions between Vivianias and Ma Hanley. At all points the enemy still held their former positions.

Jack D. a Dane was now fighting alone being isolated for a moment and a momentary advantage of swift and horrible retaliation of tactical disadvantage became as clear as black lines on a piece of white paper. The whole of the Daisy and Fern covered whinifred plain which was ten miles long and one mile broad, because one of the first worse slaughter grounds of the whole battle, a veritable "No man's land." Jack gave Dane and picknells guns utterly outnumbered were disabled, all the battery horses torn of thousands in ambs were killed, and his whole line strove with mortal vehemence against uneven odds in a fierce conflagration of hell's warfare. Tongues of lightning from scores of thousands of bursting shells per minute in a perfect barrage barrage, scattered the hundreds of thousands of dead and wounded and mangled about like worn butter struck with a knife blade. A tremendous roll of smoke from the glandelinian infantry were pressing in on both sides of picknells almost shattered now lines, like a conflagration in a forest, and at points where the smoke drifted away the glandelinian batt le flags fluttered triumphantly while an indescribable tumult of bayonet for human flesh lashed flames in the smoke clouded sunlight, again from under the smoke emerged disjoined sagging lines, broken into bunches, and scattered running figures, and battle flags drooping and trailing. Those who did not die before they found the cover of the stone fences paused to show their teeth and fiery helms once more in desperate resistance to the oncoming gray columns flushed with success, who again amid the volcano of flame and dislodged them, own from the side of the roadway went the reserves their eyes red with the lust for battle. As a river current presses back an ebb tide they regain the plains, but amid a deafening roar of guns, the brave glandelinians surge back over it, while the other reserves help to retake it. Again it was lost and fearful was the firing, whinifred plain was no longer a field of flowers and ferns. It had become an immense morgue. The flowers and ferns were trampled flat with the rush of feet, it was drenched with blood, while the fresh dread lay so thick that any one could walk across it on their bodies, which still played a part in giving cover for the living, there was not the carnage of Oriental or Oriental battles, here in this gigantic rear of murderous struggle, but the courage of the soldiers of Christ. How the glandelinians did yell, roared a great hall of a fighter fought to the death and directed his men until a bullet broke his leg, there seemed no end to the intrepidity of these glandelinians who seemed to feel the guns going to their own way, with the Angelinians it was again a case of heavy mending of breaks, and of patching a patching of weak points before they broke. Every section sent in was instantly engaged, but never heless the enemy was regaining the plains. At one point they were pressing close to the Yellow Brick road and picknells riding back and forth almost too handsomely to be so real and so quick of mind, saw the gray wedge about to pierce his line.

"Up those columns," he shouted. The the Abyssinians sprung from their trenches and threw themselves in a catapult tackle again against the wedges in gray, which staggered under the impact. When their rush was spent all but eleven per cent were down. Nevertheless the glandelinians did force the line at another point.

And by their yell was deafening but every reserve of Christians were rushing against them, and for forward right or left the enemy faced a wall of rifle backs. They were anguished, and Inner Mylitz had hoped to see a heavier force to their side. But picknells left was overwhelmed in the smoky whirlpool, and the flashes of bayonets was a inspiring, a fearful tempest of hell. Lets again spatored against the rocks and ricocheted hot upon the two opposing lines, which were within a stones throw of each other. A The gray line was now reinforced as reserves swept up from Conservatory Run. General August also was on the defensive, and he doubted if he could hold what he had until help could arrive. General parrymore answered his call by hurrying forward a battery and two brigades, which got its baptism of fire in a regular Niagara of carnage and slaughter. General wide, wakened at the head of his columns and their charge increased the appalling carnage, though they forced the Christians back at their own front. Regardless of the danger of attacking the fierce Abyssinians general wide Amke stood up on a high rock as he directed the efforts of his men. The Angelinians sharpshooters in the tree tops, and on or among the high rocks were looking for just such targets and as they declared it is their business to kill. Glandelinian officers, they turned their attention from potting the gunners in order to kill wide Amke.

His men were a little dismayed when they saw him fall, and no wonder, for their lines were already riddled. General Maurice, ostello Bickering rallied his own Christian troops but was killed by a glandelinian sharpshooter, who mortally wounded General Julio Gallo who was with the battery. General Ha set overtook General to take Gallo's last message, and fell dead across his body.

But picknells whole line was now in fierce reaction from the first depression over the loss of their leaders. Open spaces were bullet swept, saplings were cut in two by the thousand by the hail of bullets, trees in so countless numbers were bullet peppered, and lacerated by bursting shells. At close quarters gusts of snorter mashed and mangled many scores of thousands of men. For half an hour more this drama of horror was revealed along picknells and Mance's line, and slowly though fighting stubbornly the left of the Christian line had to yield as heavier Glandelinian reinforcements accumulated their force against it. General Hanson Jennings saw this, and then ten thousand Angelinian guns suddenly let loose a terrific fire but still the Glandelinians were not checked.

Here their stand was more stubborn, and at the first death the commanding officer Mance happened to be confronted by a glandelinian general who came on fiercely, sword in hand and his very revolver in another, and he fired his barrel almost in Mance's face but missed, and seeing the quick sabre thrust at his throat, reversed arms and gave sword and pistol into Mance's hands, and yielded himself as a prisoner. Frederick Mance took him at his word, but could not give him further attention, so passed him over into the custody of a brave sergeant, sergeant at his side whom he gave the sword as a emblem of authority, but kept the pistols with their loaded barrels which he thought might come in handy, indeed which it did. Many divisions were broken, many retreating before the Angelinians, some hastily threw their muskets to the ground even loaded, sunk on their knees threw up their hands calling up out.

"I surrender. We surrender. Don't kill us," and as if the Angelinians wanted to do that, charging right through and over these, the Christians struck the second line of the enemy soon doing their best to stand, but offering little resistance. Still swinging to the right as a great gate on its hinges the Angelinians swept their front clear of the Glandelinians. The Angelinians were taking in prisoners by the hundreds of thousands, but many made their final escape across the Conservatory Run toward the great basaltic picknells ridge or the Mio-Holster and Mario Osborne woods, but beyond on the right, ten divisions had rallied or rendezvoused, and Frederick took to thought of that, most of the fugitives more his men rather than run the gauntlet of general Mance's whole line, had taken to the shelter of the rocks, as they now faced and began storming with fire. It was hazardous to be so far out in the presence of so many baffled but far from beaten veterans of Inner Mylitzes men. A sudden rush on either flank might not only cut off the Christians, but cut in behind them and seize that vital point, which it was their orders and trust to hold. But it was no light task to get the men to stop. They were under the momentum of their deed. They had to be reasoned with, persuaded, but at last they faced about, and marched back to that indicated crest with swelling hearts. Shortly before one thirty the line disposed itself to meet any new assault that might come from the escape and exasperation of the rebel soldiers.

In a few minutes general Inner Mylitzes sending reinforcements caused the attack to be renewed. The cold steel of the bayonets, had not chilled their ardor, and the flaming muskets seemed to live, and the revolution of the retreating mood was not yet over and now a new inferno brooded far and wide along the refreshed hostile lines. One force of Christians had already used up their ammunition, and had continued to meet the enemy musket to musket, and this gave and take soon finished them by reason of the enemy's superior numbers. Fifteen divisions of the Glandelinians continued the onset, and did not regard the posturing demonstrations of the Angelinians as repelling them, and were soon walking over only dead bodies, while a Glandelinian division had come upon the flank of a Abyssinian brigade which had been rolled into a zero figure, and swallowed up in the envelopment. Over the weak stream fields were scenes of most

unapproachable horror. General Jensen of Inner Mylitzes command a ran an unheard of risk when he reeled his men around to crush Mance's flank with the purpose of making his retreat. He deliberately weakened his center center and had fallen mortally wounded while urging his men in the overwhelming rush that crushed itself against Mance's thundering guns, and which soon was his undoing. Of the frightful carnage in whinifred plain I will have to relate in detail. General John Burnish was on his horse in a portion of the Mario Osborne woods receiving and sending messages and turning his head to right and left tube in eagle glances, as he watched his moving and straining lines, and soon was shot through the head by a Glandelinian sharpshooter. One of the best Christian commanders dead, but no one of these men in grim resistance there under this billowing smoke knew of this. Just an instant later general he guard had left the last of his reserves had gone in to the support of that struggling line, when one himself seized the flag. He fell severely wounded and a private took it, and though, certainly wounded still held it in his grasp as he faced the enemy. All of the divisions had nearly all their field and brigade officers down, and many brigades had been decimated steadily. General Henry Archer, general two divisions of other troops of Inner Mylitzes army approaching to crush in his right, and then he saw the ninth corps of the Angelinians come up to face all with the heavier delivered his blow with such a shock that the ninth corps, crushed to fragments under such a storm of bullets could not hold the formation of the battle line along the Yellow Brick road had now broken to a few stragglers with the Glandelinians pressing on both flanks, and seeing that it was all over, he fell back. But he and his superior would be caught as if in a vice. As Jack D. still held the whinifred plains in order, others fled in a panic. As Jack D. still held the whinifred plains near the road, a long line of Glandelinian cannon were being swung into position, to sweep his blazing columns and the breadth of the plain. Hanson Jennings saw that Jack D. and Mance were in a bad situation, and ordered them to fall back to an angle but Mance saw that it was too late to undertake the maneuver, as he being already an hour engaged must fight it out till the end. The overwhelming force of the Glandelinian artillery broke forth in the roar of a simultaneous valley in a support of Inner Mylitzes sudden, coordinated whirlwind infantry attack.

"All they die there under the enemy's feet, and under your eyes!" shouted Hancock, "order like these brokenly about, and from heart to heart struck the stalwart groups holding it together for a stand, and crossed them to the front quicker than any voice, hup or command. These true hearted men but a moment before buffeted back and forth by our superior force, and now breeding for a most dubious task or task, dashed down the death stream height a or slope in the face of the rallied and recovering foe, and hurled him and tore him from above the fallen, as the tiger avenges it wrong, making the road way and the region around a seething inferno. But the formidable Angelinians repulsed the , them, and as the Angelinians hoped they departed once again routed and rolling through the fringe of the forest on Hancock retreating left, now in solid and orderly array, and three times the number of his Christianians, here was no dash, or no yell, no demonstration for effect, but settled purpose and determination. The Angelinians opened on them as best as they could, but the fire was returned, thinning and cutting the Christianians to the quick.

Not a moment was to be lost. Give instant notice of such a defense, and the last roll call would sound for those appearing on the benches were there was nothing to do but to take the offensive. Fred Hansen stepped to the microphone and turned toward him. One word was enough.

the smooth yale toward their main line-up then tended to move them before Hanson's center.

"Don't fill an inch of ground now or all is lost." He cried when an answering volley of hundreds of thousands of musket shots answered the very air and his men went down suddenly by tens thousands of ranks. "It was awful. In that agonizing moment came a caring up. Robertsons' Mainline brigade, gallant Terry O'parks in the lead. Not waiting to load muskets or form in line, they sprang forward into that frightful turmoil. Not by a withering fire that killed O'parks and laid low many of his intrepid officers and whole divisions of men, this splendid army, led by a providence saved Hennas men all in that moment of threatened doom.

Manoah said, "I know him when he sees him again on whatever shore--So too another. In the very deepest of the struggle while the shattered Christian line had pressed the enemy wall held their first point of attack. Frederick Hancock saw through sudden shifts in the smoke, the Angolians colors attacking alone, while the desperate struggle of the enemy to take it all forces. At first General Hancock thought it some optical illusion had imposed upon him, but soon as forms emerged through the drifting smoke the truth came to view plain. The cross fire had cut keenly the center had almost been shot away, only two of the color bearers had been left. And they were fighting to fill the whole mass and in the center stood some one with the colors who to Hancock surprise and fear an Angelina Aronburg or Gertrude Angeline in the uniform of a boy scout. Her color staff was placed in the ground, close to her side, the upper part clapped in her elbow, so holding the flag upright, with pistol and cartridge seized from a fallen soldier at her side, and she was defending her sacred trust in the manner of the "Gongs of Chivalry". It was a stirring picture, its importance still more stirring. "That color must be saved and that order too," said Hancock.

He sent first to his division on the right, but they could not spare a man as they were fighting all the fighting they needed. He then called to Jack and sent him first to close that gap somewhere if no man could be drawn from no other neighboring companies or divisions to draw back the salient angle, and contract the center, the firing down there at this moment was so hot and insidious, that Nance thought it was impossible for Jack to get there alive, and he did patch up immediately after him Sergeant general Jenton whom Nance had made his special officer with the same instructions.

It was a foreboding portent indeed. The enemy had already destroyed Isabella left, turned his whole line, and Hance left, the whistled plain was like a smoking crater, the Great Conservatory Run was a molten sea of smoke, and a force of Mic-Hollatinians was charging upon the advancing batteries near the main field of battle and smoke, where the dead and wounded lay as thick as the flowers and ferns themselves, while the flanking force was pressing past the base of the unoccupied position all rolling toward his lines in his tumultuous waves. It was a stirring, appalling sight here a whole battery of shot and shell, cutting ragged channels through the varied divotons, flinging hundreds of thousands of men, and thousands of horses like driftwood aside, there fearful almost preternatural rifle volleys at close range, with reeling shock, hundreds of thousands of haws to toss in air, muskets dropped with death's quick relax, or clutched with death's quick convulsive energy, men falling by great multitudes as if before the scythes, others with revolvers, proud and rally there a little group kneeling where a favorite officer slain, his intense spirit shattering the fiery steel, pressing headlong with empty saddles, to the van, here a defiant division broken, shattered, captured, or survivors were crawling among the rocks for shelter from the terrible cross fire, where here there is no rear. But all the advancing, all the frenzied force, victors and vanquished, each scarcely knowing which, surging and forming toward Hance's positions, death, r around, behind and before, and shrieking madness everywhere, the thunder of artillery, and crash of iron that had all the while been roaring over Hance's position stopped short. Hance understood this too. The storming waves of Mic-Hollatinians which had swept past Isabella lines had got up the base of the long rise of ground, which his men were on, a lumber race and reach of their own guns. They were close upon Hance's lines among the rocks unseen, because so near. In a moment more came a most tremendous roll of musketry sounding like a hundred billion drums, and the tremendous storm of fire struck the exposed right center of Hance's line. It was promptly answered, regular and renewed again and again, and then it reached Hance's central lines still extending into a furious hurricane of firing. Ten brigades of Tamer Hylates divisions of Mic-Hollatinians and a garrisoned and attacked reaching Hance's right, and while Tamer Hylates' great corps joined and crowded, in but gradually coming to their shon advance. Soon many brigades were in Hance's front who had now all they could do to stand. Fred Hance's attention was called, now here, now here. As he advanced to his right he saw Jack Dane there with intense poise and look. He said with a voice of awe and as if translating tables of the eternal law: "General Mic-Hollatinian Hunderman had us placed here on the whole christian right of instead of the whole left grand division, and he wants us to hold the ground here at all costs or the battle is lost." In the thick of the fight and the smoke major general Henry Vincent a bright officer near Fredrick Hance's center ran up to the two generals and said: "General Hance, arrest him over a noise on in my front behind these engaging us." In a moment Fredrick and Hance springing forward, mounted a great rock in the midst of his line and was soon able to resolve the queer expression into a positive knowledge. Thick multitudes in grey were pushing up along the smooth slope between the position, in a direction to gain Fredrick Hance's rear, there was no mistaking this. If they could hold the attention of the Angolians by a hot fight in front while they got in force on that exposed flank it would be bad for the whole line of six million men, and the whole defense. Now were coming, and Fred and Hance could not know, and they were rather too busy to send out a reconnaissance. If a strong force should gain his rear, the whole line would be caught as if by a mighty shears blade and be crushed and cut. What could follow back and Fredrick could realize.

"This must not be," said Fredrick. "Our orders were to hold this ground, and he to be literally interpreted. Our front has to hold at all costs and our rear must be covered."

"Best thing must be done, quickly and coolly," said general Hance. "Our situation is most appalling."

General Fredrick Hance called upon all his officers, and told them of his tactics of keeping the front fire at its hottest, without special regard to its need, or immediate effect, and as at the same time as they found the opportunity, to take side steps to the right coming gradually in one rank, file closers and all. Then Fredrick Hance took the Angolians' red colors with their guard and placed them and the extreme center of his line where great boulders gave token and support, thus bending back at a left angle the whole body, gained ground right way and made twice the original front and they were not so long in doing it. Under such a heavy fire it was a difficult movement to execute requiring coolness, as well as hot heat. Of rare quality were his men and officers, who made their to generals Jack Dane and Fredrick Hance admire them for what they did in this desperate crisis.

"So as an important element let our thoughts turn to what was going on to the left of Hance's line. When general Hance's Jennings saw Hance's lines start for the abandoned position, looking still intently down he saw large divisions of Tamer Hylates breaking past Isabella line amid a volcano of flame and din and sweep straight for the unoccupied position on the long rise of ground. He felt sure this position was lost but decided to save it if possible.

CHAPTER FIFTY SIX.

THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE ALONG GENERAL HUNDERMAN'S LINE. THE MAIN STORY OF THE THEFT OF THE CONSERVATORY RUN.

A 12. this while a continuous burst of artillery from the Mic-Hollatinian and Marie Osborne Woods way in front of the Isabella picket ridge told that the greatest battle of the war was on in earnest. A crash of musketry followed sound ing now like a battle in the infernal regions.

"To the left," ordered Hance. "Go to the left at utmost speed. We must check Tamer Hylates so."

Now to the left 21,000,000 Angolians, Abyssinians and Abissinians pushed, seven brigades of Bombardiers, nearest to their landing, advancing at the double quick, straight to the support of Isabella. In their energy the Angolians did not seek the main roads, and did not mind the roughness of the ground, thorn hedges, stone walls, and swept along the big girl knoll and Ye, Yellow Brick road in perfect waves. As they drew nearer the scene of strife, the sky seemed ablaze. Hance saw, amid the deafening uproar which shook the ground like an earth quake. They soon observed that at Isabella slowly retreating divisions were not where they thought they were, but had been moved back to the main point of the Yellow Brick or big girl knoll road where they were trying to make a stand. The fighting was more desperate already. General Hance pressing along Isabella's rear first got a glimpse of Hunderman's divisions along Conservatory Run Creek and surrounding corps fast arriving on the Isabella picket ridge and that a havoc had been terrible.

They passed on to the lower grounds where millions of heads were standing as bright as golden grain were ravaged by the most deadliest fire that had ever faced, and the yellow brick road was paved with dead and wounded.

Here Fredrick Hance had momentary a glimpse of Isabella's left in front of St. Michaels creek and the fearful struggle of the center with general Hylates' attacking troops earning beyond. Here general Hance and Jack Hane halted their own commands awaiting the first and second corps on to the roaring and thundering Marie Osborne Woods. In another moment a stiff officer from general Isabella rushed up with the purpose of firing general Hylates' division, his brother or descendant in Ardenburg to beg them to send at least a few divisions to at least gain a position unoccupied by Christian troops near the yellow Brick Road before Tamer Hylates' surging tidal waves should overwhelm it. Other supplicants were to the air calling for aid every where. General Hance, cool, soldierly and self-reliant, hearing this in extra out rinky for that abandoned position waited word from no superior, but taking the responsibility upon himself ordered his men to turn and push for that abandoned work at all possible speed, and dashed ahead to at once have back to place his divisions. He ran broke to the right and the rear, and took the double quick, rushing over a rude log bridge over the river, leading to the Yellow Brick road and prepared the position. Jack Hane to test a cunning sent word of a half cry of his later to three roll shot into a portion of the Marie Osborne Woods in his vicinity.

The whir of the shells, overhead brought out the glitter of countless musket barrels in the early afternoon sunlight, and in a few moments more a fiercer attack fell upon general Hance's left lashed down the whistled plain into a seething cauldron, and leaving free a large force of Mic-Hollatinians to sweep past the main road for the Yellow Brick road or near the unoccupied position. They would make short work in the taking of the position on the Isabella's head. Hance heard the yell, and as Hance's Jennings did like Isabella in his call for the rescue. Hance's men mounted the Yellow Hill, Federal batteries had him in full view and turned his whole force upon his path to sweep the heights free of the Angolians, till their gray line now straining toward them could take them by foot high or hand. Countless shells again and again burst overhead and brought down tree tops as fast as a cyclone does. As the hissing fragments fell or glanced along the shelving banks, and launched splinters of rocks, burning brand h driven men to mutiny their terror. Gold shot swept above their heads their compressed burning breath driving men breath like lead to the bottom of their breasts. As Hance's men neared the summit of this high rise of ground along side the Yellow Brick road the shots so raked the crest, that they had to keep low blow it to save their heads, though this did not avert the visits of flying tree tops, and splinters of rocks and iron.

Fred Hance's men looked toward the great distant Isabella picket ridge a frowning far above them, not a gun shot away and not raising grave thoughts of what might happen if the enemy should gain a foot hold of the positions near the yellow brick road even if impracticable for artillery lines had enough of that as it was for the tremendous cannonade from across Conservatory Run was still pounding the crest of this unoccupied position, happily as yet not striking Hance's lines, which it would have inflicted or inflamed if it got the range.

The other divisions of Hance's army were forming on his extreme right, when it he thought it would be profitable to utilize these few minutes to go to the clear space on the right of his division to take a look of the aspects of things in the Conservatory Run below, and the direction of the advancing army on his front.

, with their pale largest brigades reduced into heaps of mangled and bleeding, and now they were under a still more murderous fire of ten thousand cannon under general Haines' direction and other generals. Three hundred thousand landelinians were compelled to surrender not being able to endure this any longer, and a deed which many Zimmemannian generals boasted they would never allow their men to do. The main body of the center however pressed on, yelling like demons and moved straight on his Hollester II Hindernine front, who when within thirty yards were received simultaneously by a most annihilating fire which withered the very first wave in gray, and a besides moving down tens of thousands of columns of gray out from the second wave simultaneously. However the landelinians responded as fiercely and fired with well directed effect, their own succeeding lines storming with a fire equally as destructive. Everywhere there was a regular swish of battle flags in a long line. General Min-Hollester or Hindernine received Beppo Evans' advance with the same fire all along his own line, and indeed the destructive effects of this very curtain of artillery and masonry were immediately aggravated by such a tempest storm of grape and canister that the whole gray line facing it withered away. A part of Beppo Evans' survivors at this became panic stricken, and broke back in great confusion, many of them suddenly flinging down their arms and accepting mercy at the hands of their enemies. General priting was killed or blown to pieces by the bursting of a score of shells round him almost simultaneously and general Cooper Picknell also on the landelinian side was wounded by the same shells.

In spite of this most dreadful artillery fire which was now tearing down their columns in such frightful numbers, Beppo Evans' survivors continued on with irrepressible fury. When the enemy still poured on there was suddenly such a tumult of yelling and cries as to serve to drive the swiftest currents of general Hindernine's blood from its bounding course into the fountains of his heart. He savages or even any kind of ghosts could outlive such yelling. It seemed for near a minute as if all the demons and tortures tortured souls of hell were pouring into the air and battling field all about them, and were venting their savage fears and hujays and rags and the like in the most terrible sounds. These cries came from the advancing landelinians, and it fairly filled the air with a deafening din that was very unearthly and seemed supernatural. The very din was more than a terrific, and there also came millions of bright flashes and simultaneous reports of landelinian rifles which blazed out in the same deafening roar as before, as they reached the works, now moving down whole swarms of the Christians, and the flash of so many millions of musket and volley was quick and close between the two armies. Even at this moment the yelling increased with redoubled fury, and hundreds of thousands, nay millions of the shrieking hujays, pressed over the works, amid the outburst of the wildest yelling that ever arose that now came from the depth of the woods and undulated in dying cadences as the firing became general.

The Angelinians of his Hollester or Hindernine's divisions were being forced to yield as the landelinians pressed over the works in a perfect main of men and planted their battle flags on the parapets. The struggle was now the most desperate hand to hand fight of the war both sides fighting with all the strength and reckless courage of so many arms. The whole of Hindernine's line was swung back like a huge gate and the enemy were in possession of his batteries.

"All right," said general Haines, with a salute, and off he dashed. He soon found for a fact, that he could not reach general Benedict's line, for the way was impassable for reason of charging landelinian troops right in the way he wished to go, and here the roar of the struggle sounded as if the world was blowing asunder and here the enemy was aiming for fair playing regular leap frog with the Christians. But fortunately general Benedict was nearer than he had realized for suddenly he came galloping up from another quarter.

"Bicknell is infiltrated by landelinian troops and forced to withdraw as he was outflanked by overwhelming numbers," said Frederick Haines excitedly. "We need the aid of your best guns if you have any to spare, and all the men you can bring up, as his Hollester Hindernine wishes you to succor our main line by pounding Beppo Evans' whole wave of assault with might and gain, to turn general Henryson's federals landelinians from Picknell." "Certainly," said Benedict as saluting. "Go and rouse all my commanders, so that the whole line can go into action. Concentration Aronburg is moving his main troops to support the battle."

Frederick was off like a flash. In fifteen minutes many of the generals were already roused, and their own batteries began to blare away, and for a few minutes general Benedict listened to the titanic cannonading which from its roar seemed to split the earth, and also the million cannon like crash from masonry and explosions, then issued orders by telegraph for all the reserve batteries to be massed all along the line to be brought into action, and within another half hour it seemed as if his own line had broken out in an inferno of hell, and now there was such a

loud thundering roar of artillery that millions of explosions seemed to be crashing all along the line. In a continuous roar the Conservatory gun, the fields of the Deacon and Ferns, the great Bicknellian plains, the his Hollester and Marie Osborne Woods and all along the whole Christian line all seemed swept as if by a world conflagration, and the row hundred thousand cannons of heavy calibre and other material all along a line of thirty miles in extent poured a perfect hurricane of destruction on the still advancing landelinian columns, and the losses of Beppo Evans' men became so horrible that at Hanley who viewed the assault was amazed.

Tempest, upon tempest, of shot, shell, grapeshot, and shrapnell now fell with such deadly effect that many hundreds of thousands of more men and horses singly were dreadfully cut up or blown to pieces, cascades on the Christian side filled with ammunition exploded by landelinian shells from the Lucille Picknell ridge, and other war material were shattered to pieces, while a gathering rain of shot and shell now fell so thick in and round the Christian batteries that nearly every one of the gunners seemed to be killed or wounded for several minutes, thousands of the greatest numbers of horses apparently in a safe place were killed overturned up and the guns silenced. The sudden exploding roar of guns from Lucille Picknell ridge shook the earth. For an hour during the assaults over the fields and plains and into the woods the main sections of landelinian batteries on Lucille Picknell ridge had been silent despite the terrible scene but they had not been able to fire for fear of destroying their own comrades, but as soon as the Christian batteries were playing heavy havoc upon Beppo Evans' assaulting columns, the whole line of batteries up above broke into sudden action making a noise as if the summit of the ridge had been blown up into the air by some great eruption, and the infernal uproar adding to that of the Christian cannon was as frightful as if a thousand volcanoes

had been blown in the air. And indeed Hanley had been pressing 87,000,000 men to silence the Christian guns their line of charge in surges of waves extending for over forty miles and had advanced in the grandest array ever seen. "Forward!" was the order every time the soldiers of some division started to fall or all the Christian commanders were now galloping up to their lines to take full charge of their infantry to help repel the enemy. "Forward on the double quick," they ordered. "Then turning to general Haines general Henry Hargreave said: "Send a quick warning to general Concentration Aronburg on the two given Princes of the violence of this great landelinian attack. The rebels have got to be checked if possible."

General Haines was off in a flash. In the meantime general his Hollester Hindernine discovered the fury of the landelinian attack, noticing that the thickest of the waves inclined toward the center. The Christian guns were still hammering away upon the advancing landelinian column, but now the Lucille Picknell ridge was supporting the landelinian line with a frightful artillery storm which with the tempest of shells and high explosives carried all before it. The Christian losses already were something awful. Hindernine in desperation sent ten thousand engineers to place gigantic mines in the way of the assaulting columns. The landelinian columns were rushing exactly into the very jaws of death, but their firm and stordy step was not effected in the least, and in the face of the fire of the two hundred and fifty guns, and torrents of missiles from the infantry the right surge of the rebel wave of attack crashed upon the line and moved like a tore torrent among the guns. The infantry met them with savage fury but were driven back with the loss of a million in a few minutes in killed wounded and prisoners. Still on pressed the landelinians on the centre until the first of the advancing columns were in front of Richard Hindernine's divisions whose line seemed to fairly explode

into one simultaneous roar as they poured in a sudden fire with all their arms, and each fearful and most terrible volley succeeded each other in endless succession, and the two tremble waves in gray were frightfully torn to fragments,

Special attention was giving by german line of batteries to repel the terrific charging columns but the glandelinian assault could not be stopped, and the attack only increased in fury. The firing of the batteries was incessant, and it was as heavy a fire as ever poured upon an assaulting column, the whole gray line was actually shattered but the assault still continued, and the rebels attacked with the most tremendous fury, with blood curdling yells, and though now subjected to a most galling fire from the christian infantry which was indeed indescribably severe, none of the divisions faltered, and a color bearer in waving his flag amid the dreadful carnage stern fell riddled by bullets. General Hindernine's runner who led the assault at the left of the line suffered such heavy losses that he was obliged to retire from the christian front.

General Conscientious Armbrust had in the meantime been awakened to the realization by this terrific cannonading, and ten minutes later his own batteries were one long line of flame when absolutely evenly in command. Cannon opened on the center of the advancing rebel column and all the long lines of christian positions where the christian batteries were in action seemed in eruption. The din was still more deafening, shot shells, cannon balls, and gang-gang shells mingled with grape shot poured now like a snow storm among the reckless assaulting glandelinian troops. The glandelinians now more fearfully exposed vainly took shelter of all kinds of objects but many hundreds of thousands were

heavily cut up and killed. The tremendous storm of fire smothered all the rebel columns that dared to face it, blew up whole lines of men, and a long line or waves of men thirty miles in extent who were torn to pieces by the fearful shell fire, brigades, divisions, and corps and battalions were crushed and mangled, and now the whole christian line seemed to be riven by this tremendous cannonade.

At 11,000 cannon were now in action, and the awful reverberating drum-drum reports of all these big guns fairly shook the heavens and earth, and a hundred feet into the air rose the smoke clouds, from on burst long high explosives which crashed among the gray coats moving down again perfect columns, ending a fearful unceasing roar in their oversplitting explosions. Indeed the din of the frightful cannonade was more than deafening, and many great guns were great craters in the ground beside the works, when they blew up from overhauling. The cannonading was fast assuming the most fearful force as many more guns were steadily being brought into action. A night's work of such enormity that a great explosion occurred somewhere, and the whole christian line of batteries was filled in smoke and shots of flame.

By the roar of so many big guns the distant hills seemed to be convulsed as if by an earth quake, and yet no the unequal cannonade increased on in force it seemed as if the ground, the trees, and the heavens and earth were vibrating from the concussion. Indeed the fierce glandelinian assault directed by Man'ey but led in person by Goppo Rums was more terrific than any other other charge yet, and on some of the long waves, with apparent irresistible force though the air about seemed to be so disorganized at every step with seemingly more direct the forces they still came on, while with the most tremendous fury the right and center advanced, despite the fact that the murderous storm of shot, shell, grape and so on, mowed them down in scores of millions. On they came nearer, and nearer, and as at all moments of the reserve batteries opened it caused cannon that became indescribably terrific. The surviving glandelinian columns came on with formation unbroken and soon the center passed the christian line. On came the other waves on the left and right despite the fresh murderous fire poured upon them by the Angolitan sharpshooters, while now christian got hitting guns first silent now did their best to play down the glandelinian columns, and by how the artillery did near as nearly two hundred and fifty thousand cannon were now trained upon the glandelinians and though the first three waves in gray were shattered to fragments, and fell back, the others continued to press on still determined to carry the one battery at all costs.

All of the christian artillery that could be brought to a bore were now in action, and reports came that general Henry Pickens's battery was almost annihilated and he was slightly wounded.

"Order him to withdraw to a safer ground," said general Mic-Hollister Hindernine; "This is too terrible, worse than any I have ever seen or heard in my life. And at all on the way come."

General Hance dashed off to give the Richmond the order, then saw general Richard Hindernine's columns of christian infantry coming hastily back and their ran a wild up stream of yells in the direction of the air abandoned works.

"The glandelinian assault is impossible to stand before along my own front, and I have lost too many of my men and my batteries are captured," he said. "I can't even pick them up and beat with bare or risk annihilation as a greater gray army of men is moving to over lap his lines."

Then general Geoffrey Hance mysteriously riding up with his staff.

"Isn't this assault awful," said Hance. "And I never heard such a din."

"It certainly is," answered Geoffrey. "Mic-Hollister Hindernine sent us to tell you not to go to Pickens's lines, as he has already withdrawn before an overwhelming assault. But he told us to tell you to find general Benedictus and arose him to the danger."

General Benedictus commander in chief of the christian batteries watched the display of the christian columns as they retreated across the fields in constant confusion, and when the last passed beyond to the rear, and the hoisting yelling gray columns appeared through the storm clouds of battle he shouted to some of the officers to signal this retreat to all commanders to begin firing. This was done and all the general knew for a few minutes that he found himself lying flat on the ground, the concussion of so many guns having sent him flat. The roar was deafening, and whole swarms of the glandelinians melted away in a horrible chaos of destruction. Most of the shells from the glandelinian batteries which answered this fire falling intact, did not explode their fuses going out near rolling about like foot balls and bounding along the ground but the shots of the christian gunners was murderous. One of the chief leaders of the rebels was unhurt though he was hoisted bodily into the air by the concussion of a shell that exploded near him. A sergeant general was killed by name of Frank Clouds, and general Jackson was prostrated with a broken leg and had to be carried away from the region of battle. The roar of cannon along the christian line was louder, and louder, and soon as more and more cannons blared forth the artillery fire became terrific, and whole d masses of the advancing rebel columns seemed to be destroyed by the action of a hundred thousand cannon which seemed to rain a shower of explosives upon the glandelinians.

Soon one of general Fredrickson's reserve batteries opened on Pickens's line of advancing glandelinians which was speedily followed by the fire of Baldwin's guns, and then Jennings and Maurice's batteries took part and smothered the frightful cannonading to the most deafening warfare of the day. Never before did the rebel commanders see the air and fields and plains covered by so many explosions raining at once fragments in such a manner as to destroy whole brigades divisions and destroy brigades and they were almost stunned by the din but the word was still the same "forward."

The glandelinians now opened with all their available pieces on "Four" batteries advancing columns followed by others which let loose with more than fury, and it became impossible for many hundreds of thousands of glandelinians to move forward under such a horrible fire, and thousands of them had been fairly ground to earth by the explosions of so many shells. The open surface between the opposing lines offered no shelter whatever for horse or man in the plain perpendicular in scores of thousands per minute, shattered all the trees to earth, and blowing gun carriages to a sort of pieces. The christian batteries pounded away to reduce them, to tear the advancing columns in gray to pieces, their hundreds of thousands of projectiles plowing the glandelinian columns and tearing wide lanes in them, and tearing the elements of men into the air as if they were feathers. Christian advancing columns were also targets of these guns, and it was soon that it was the problem of the glandelinian gunners to check the rebels, or annihilate them, one or the other.

Little did the advancing glands in glandelinians realize that the christian batteries were one long chain of cannon barring all approaches across from the extensive field of grass and trees and from the various thicket woods, and when the artillery reserves stationed between and behind the main lines were soon in full action the noise was something terrible but still the advancing glandelinians could not be stopped or even reduced, as their numbers were too great for the front, and though nearly a million had been slain, the survivors had now reached half way across the fields, and passed the thundering batteries, and the advanced guard of these now swept upon the christian batteries in grand array, and though meeting a most destructive withering they still could not be stopped.

But to general Mic-Hollister's glandelinians it was no longer of forcing ahead but of getting out of the deadly ambuscade into which they had run but as a part of the plan began to withdraw they ran into a number of other masked and fortified batteries that awaited at the ground. The way of retreat was back across the thicket. In the most thickly strewn with grass and corn and this was suddenly swept at all points by a most destructive withering fire from the main christian line. The other glandelinians pressed on despite the annihilation of so many of their brigades in this wide inferno. Then ten rifle and mortar batteries on the right of the christian line of guns took part taking for a target the left wing of the retreating columns, and then caused these rebels to scramble back toward their main line with haste, but the officers of the main columns managed to stem the confusion and poured in a terrible withering fire from behind trees and rocks upon the christian batteries pressing after them, that at once the whole line became a scene of confusion.

He saw of glands in glandelinians that he had yet been among them but general Mic-Hollister riding all under the Angolitan guns, attempted with all his might to rally his own rebels which had been driven into confusion, and had just checked about followed by about thirty three thousand men and swept on to silence the two fatal christian guns.

All the christian batteries pounded away at them while also the infantry thinned out his line at every deafening volley of millions of musketry. The glandelinians poured over the big plain, but their leader fell shot through the head, hundreds of thousands of his men falling at once, but the others managed to reform, recovered their formation and continued the desperate assault but in vain.

Already the whole town of Hara and Hannon Jennings alone was 74,552,000 in killed or wounded in the battle of the Conservatory run along, the other generals had lost twice that many more elsewhere in the same place, while the losses in attempting to force Hannon Jennings back, and the assault on Garrison 4300 made the whole loss already amount up to 97,654,324 in killed and wounded on the Christian side alone. The rebel loss all over just now, not in the Conservatory run alone, but the whole line of battle including the Christian side, was 47,428,332, in killed and wounded, and prisoners about ten million. A still more loss indeed compared to that of the "Anti Nationalists."

In the meantime while the "Anti Nationalist" forces were starting the withdrawal an officer was seen coming at a halting gait, and the Christian officers paused an instant, wondering what the excitement was. A startled look was on his face and as he drew near he cried out: "The whole line is moving forward to our crash out our whole line, and hundreds of thousands are pouring across the flowery fields. I am giving way having lost more than three quarters of his men, and he is seriously wounded trying to rally them and John Manley is approaching with a vast army from the direction of Lucille Jackson and Jerusalem. Only for an instant did the officers listen, and whatever they had been doing, they ceased, and jumping on a number of horses galloped for the nearest signal station to sound the alarm and arouse concentration. "Forward before it was too late."

"Notify general Hindenburg and Vonburg," cried one of the officers as they galloped toward Richard Hindenburg headquarters. "I'll go and report to the two German emperors."

As the officers reached the Hindenburg headquarters, ten officers present ran toward the stairs once swiftly descending to the rebel helms to meet the excited officers who had dismounted. As they were they were barely ahead of the attack, who dashed up from the lower platform, at a charge, shouting and making for a general Hindenburg headquarters. The Christian general arrived nearly every second, and was met by the excitement, Hindenburg came out his hand in a handshake, while now telephones were ringing at every general headquarters.

"What is the matter?" demanded Hindenburg. "Why is all this excitement? What is up now?"

"We are being worried," hinted one of the officers. "The whole of our army is almost destroyed, Hindenburg is horribly wounded, and the Christian army is also and if something is not done the battle will be lost altogether for John Manley is coming to the rescue of his brother. It is up to you general Hindenburg to stop the advance of the enemy, to stop the rout and confusion of our armies one or the other. You alone are the only one who can do this. The officers were saying general Hindenburg, making forward ever it would be lost. The highest officers at the rank of the great general who was in a high rank went to German headquarters and one of the others immediately said:

"Our army is being terribly crushed and cut up by the headwinds. In the mountains under the name of Hannon and even I have seen that news. It is a fight for the enemy under Baldwin at Lucille. John has been again been captured by the Christian army under Pappa Evans and with them in their hands. General Hindenburg is being forced to crush your front twenty seven brigades of Hannon. The line have been destroyed, his right wing is annihilated, his center have only a quarter left, besides his left which is crushed to fragments, and now he is being pushed back and also Pappa Evans is to be annihilated. He must be done to stop their advance before it is too late."

"I'll do what I can," Hindenburg said in a hoarse voice, "but first of all concentrate your batteries, and when the flow of panic stricken troops pass and when the enemy shows himself stop his advance if you have to blow up every gun to do so. The air advance must be stopped at all cost go and do the work."

The chief of artillery at the backward flow of the Christians which had stopped their flight, when the Christians had managed to carry the charge works had abandoned their fire, and also when the other commanders at Hindenburg bidding raised their own guns all was quiet.

In the mountain Violet and her sisters who had been leaving the vicinity of Dorothy Gale had just reached Hannon. Violet and her eight Christian armies, when they had the ruffled sound of heavy firing and grew suspicious and alarmed believing that they were nearing the same battle again they had just left, but as there were from the sound a large number of cannon in position they listened and wondered. "Something is all right at the town of Lucille Jackson," said Violet, "and it is already half past eleven. Cannon seem to be in action by hundreds of thousands, and seem to be too severe a noise for the battle we left this morning early."

Violet and her sisters asked one of the officers when they were riding with him. "You know what direct you take the terrible noise was coming from." "You are too far south to hear any other battle," said the officer with a queer look. "You had better go any further north without staying with your uncle's army if you are wise girls. There is a horrible struggle raging north of here somewhere near Jerusalem or Conservatory, and between Hannon Manley and your two brothers, a battle which seems to be shaking all the world, and the region is impassable." "So comes it in short interview."

"To the rescue," yelled one of the officers. "Forward, don't let the question of 'od back you forward.' Hannon Jennings still grasped the flag and general Hindenburg ran forward, and he himself grasped the flag and waved it. He himself opening himself to the enemy, to rally his panic stricken columns.

"Come on you cowards!" he yelled waving the happy red yellow, and purple striped flag frantically and continually. "If you fall back now this battle will be lost."

The Christians seemed to realize this, and Hannon Jennings sending reinforcements they began to rally, and stood like a wall themselves, and then Hannon Jennings managed to get to his feet, and was helped over to the line by two men, and had his wound dressed. The wound proved to be painful but slight. His own line in many big columns, of deployed brigades had retired slowly, but the enemy was following at the same rate, keeping up a terrific display of bayonets. The contest was still as bloody everywhere everywhere and the Christians trying to swarm over the works, met the same dead deadly and silent so continuous fire of musketry and artillery, which however again came on with redoubled violence, and the Christians were so badly shattered that again they were for a time so demoralized. The whole line suffered fearful loss the struggle along his line being intense.

Hindenburg now had charged with tremendous fury in two long lines six miles long, but the attack on the right had been repulsed with the destruction of whole divisions, and encountering an inflicting withering fire the survivors only drew a back. Hindenburg left wing under general Walter Martin was bound to recapture the works at all cost, and a portion of this rebel line charged a battery of one thousand three hundred and eighty cannon, which sent streams of shells hurrying among their waves with incredible rapidity. General Pappa Evans was killed, and Pappa Evans wounded, and hundreds of thousands were mowed down, but the survivors still rushed to the assault with the same fury the other wing did and made a continuous and most desperate effort to carry his position on the edge of the Hannon's German works, but it was impossible to do so without flanking the Christians, and Hindenburg's losses from the trenches in his front, and from the withering curtain of artillery fire from the main position that he had and tore his biggest columns to pieces was frightful and incalculable. The center of his big Hindenburg columns still holding fast and steady poured in a fire so hot and deadly, as that of the Christians, and yet general Hindenburg was another one on the Hindenburg side killed, and his divisions of six million men were shattered and forced to give way, and general Jarvis striving to rally them also fell mortally wounded. Hannon Jennings and his forces began to follow, and on and on they now surged, with great noise and fury, and began to advance swarms fully all along the line. The battle raging brigades and divisions had time to barricade themselves behind high piles of mules, fallen trees, and men made of dead bodies, and a frightful noise was the Christians' rifle men fired with the utmost steadiness, and amazing fury stopping and crushing down the front attack, and slaying nearly a million men, but whole divisions millions strong, went far west of them on occupying the deadly fire of the rear range guns, but Thomas Watkins of Hindenburg's ninth corps, who later in the day was killed by a rebel shot from one of his own men, had managed to throw upon the Christian Christians, twenty large brigades, while the Hindenburg long range guns fired so many thousands of shells per minute into the rebel camp, including now, the great Hindenburg and destruction.

Some of the long hostile line of Hannon's shattered to fragments, broke back in confusion, and though Hannon and Federal columns reached the oncoming human waves with the most dreadful fury ever seen in actual warfare, they for a time could not check the assault, and would have been forced to give way, had not one of the Christian columns being exposed to the full fire of the rebel musketry, and cannon recoiled, which made a break in the Christian line.

Hindenburg seeing this break rallied his columns rapidly then recoiling, and pulled back his own positions a second time, shattered and broken now. It was already twelve o'clock, and now the first along general Hannon Jennings center began to attack, his men having run out of ammunition, and to the Christians this portion of the battle seemed lost, for the Christians were recovering, and having all the time made fierce concentration, and now sending now upon the Christian line at all points, but lost or not, Hannon Jennings was bound to save his Christians from a total rout, and pushing on all his reserves across the fields he strove with the one energy of desperate despair to rally the others, and succeeded in halting some of the other columns, who remained their formation, and prepared to repel the counter assault of the army, and as the Christians came on wildly the Christians poured in a final fire which swept down all of the Hindenburg regiments by the thousand, but with a terrifying yells the survivors recklessly and madly continued to press on, and general Hannon Jennings falling mortally wounded, the Christians broke finally into a disorderly retreat, and as the storm of Hindenburg bayonets, the survivors broke into a terrible panic, and whole multitudes were seen fleeing, and the confusion was as if the eyes of all were upon them and the end of the world was coming.

General Hannon was now in apprehension for his whole line of forty three million had been reduced to less than nine million, and his whole surviving line was giving way before the torrential advance of the mighty Hindenburg host. They had never known the Hindenburg to be so terrible as they were now. They proved to be the fiercest fighters in the whole Hindenburg army.

[illegible]

In the meantime, graves of officers were going on for Lower Hyletas himself. General Richardson killed though severely wounded and captured four thousand galling gun and opened fire on the demoralized line of prisoners, while Ballou though also wounded still potent advanced, all his brigade in opening fire now, the very air was still clouded with smoke, the screaming and screaming shells from other a battery had moved down columns after columns of christians, seventy thousand christians falling every minute, and so many columns had been coming to the aid of the glorification, that parts of the captured trenches and even batteries, had been recaptured, though every one of the christian columns did well, nevertheless the whole christian line was rolled up and displaced. General Raymond Shollie was killed on the glorification side, his division of one hundred thousand men were annihilated, and though other portions of the gray line were mowed after yielding their work, the christians along this point had pressed on in superior numbers, but no longer had they approached to within three hundred yards of the rallied line, when all of a sudden there was a blinding sheet of flame from two miles of the enemy line, and the whole christian line along this point dropped and lay in heaps and windrow and piles every where along the enemy front. General Walter Hennington was charged and killed with grief when he saw nearly the whole of his line melting away, and the survivors retreating in a demoralized condition, and as the enemy pressed forward with a defiant yell, he seized a flag from a dead poor color bearer, and swung it to the breeze, but he sank to the ground with a bullet wound in the thigh.

For half an hour more silence followed this bloody persistent assault had raged along the whole line and though a large portion of Lower Myittha went on had been forced back with a staggering defeat, the main divisions supported by Shomvana came on, and now General left and right stretched along a portion of the front, the onrush of the battalions of the 1st and 2nd divisions was now very slow, just an general forward in a quiet and slow overland movement. The valley firing along this line was just as fierce and terrible as elsewhere, and Arundin seemed to be withering fire of minutes had to weak shelter in going toward Hantson. In the Joke Hantson's lines or left, under general Tenny Shantone.

to his surprise he saw a large division of gladiolins on his flank, a large portion of them lying prostrate on the ground, and their casualties in the same position firing at each other, but the other portion of the rebel column was in precipitate flight, pursued by a portion of Bonifacio men leaving their dead and wounded in various numbers where they had fallen.

Marcelino Bonifacio came to your rescue in time and gladiolins, twin as the revolutionaries proved to be, turned the retreat into a rout.

Michael seeing the man to think, says Fernando was unsuccessful for three hours because upon Benicaz division, and later he also moved his main force. Fernando, his artillerist, refused to fight with a crumbling salvo, and soon a still bloodier fight began to play his entire 1 km, but his divisions were too terribly shaken by the empty sound of fire that he could not push his entire line forward as before and his right being exposed to an overwhelming fire began to give way, and soon retreated across a portion of the whole platoon, and toward the Lucillo his men retreated.

fighting with the "barbarians of Germany, and now again the carnage comes still more horrible than the ghastliest fall of dead and wounded like snow from flakes in a blizzard. Through the glass windows, windows and windows panes hard press as by erased torrents of ghastliness and Gargoyles, and also giving eye before their frenzied attack, and riding up to general Falden said:

"Look here, beside a good place to take shelter in the house."

Benjamin is not prepared.

"It is a dangerous business," said, "I will give you a good trade and you turn the other way."

The year of the American firestorm the thunder of our cannons and exploding shells and guns resounded through the air like the bursting of a thousand volcanoes along the battle line, and Baldwin batteries pouring one hundred and sixty shots per second checked the advance of the enemy moving against Hanson Junction, had destroyed the rebel column under general Callahan, repelling them successfully, and with trifling loss.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

"Oh is that so," said Paulignac, "if the greatest part of my force will be there this minute. They were already sent before you arrived. My artillery is just starting to advance."

At the moment the attacking glimmlinian cohorts had surged above the trench and were being held under Wodrooff, and now that the were unaccountably and settled glimmlinian battle flags planted on them. Wodrooff dismounted was about to order a retreat, when from the rear and on ground a little above, came the sudden exploding thunder of one thousand seven hundred big fresh guns, then bursting from the trench in large groups and in great numbers, the first rush of the enemy then started from both sides in murderous and daring runs of mobility which settled into a storm of sound that seemed to smother the glimmlinian terrible upon laid up for several minutes, and yet continued, and so Hansen fell upon up

Here Virianna and the two other Princesses had their heads full. The Gauldians along their front under Pappo, Pappo and Iwan, Mysterio, and Sam-Gauldian pneumonia were also advancing and attacking their two whole front simultaneously, the onslaught being just as furious and as desperate, and seven major generals, great Goodwill, Joe George Bracklin, Eva no Genders, James Stone-man, William Gensford, August Schroeder, and Abner Mc-Hollesster were a mortally wounded, while fourteen lieutenant majors, a general, Robert Jennings, Joseph Hensley, and Costelloe, and

General Hennes Remond was forced to make a vigorous assault forcing General Long Mykine into a back with twelve men when a fraction of Chennamund 4 Indians came to his assistance and securing the offensive into the most frightful efforts to drive General Hennes Remond back, but the people here were so exhausted that they commenced attack with great loss especially in the driving assault upon General Remond's battery which after climbing with fire all the time of the attack has been down remnants of ammunition by the score.

[illegible]

for 10 min to 1000 Hz ground as ground.

[illegible][illegible]

"Go tell Penitenti to hasten his driving, or go all in lost."
"All right general," said Gammon and as Woodruff took his place he went off at a gallop. As he surveyed the field Woodruff already observed that again ever the million Angelinos had been reduced to one million nine hundred thousand, that the enemy were in possession of the fields and the miller and Harjo would again die and that the few remaining million of Angelinos did not arise in those there would be none of Gammon men left left for the enemy to quarter.

Gammon has soon reached Penitenti but he delayed only long enough to assure one thousand seven hundred A his headquarters and commander guns.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

CHAPTER FIFTY FIVE.

1. The first of these is the fact that the Government has not yet decided whether it will accept the offer of the United States to purchase the surplus stocks of the Government.

1. 1971-1972 1973-1974 1975-1976 1977-1978 1979-1980 1981-1982 1983-1984 1985-1986 1987-1988 1989-1990 1991-1992 1993-1994 1995-1996 1997-1998 1999-2000 2001-2002 2003-2004 2005-2006 2007-2008 2009-2010 2011-2012 2013-2014 2015-2016 2017-2018 2019-2020 2021-2022 2023-2024 2025-2026 2027-2028 2029-2030 2031-2032 2033-2034 2035-2036 2037-2038 2039-2040 2041-2042 2043-2044 2045-2046 2047-2048 2049-2050 2051-2052 2053-2054 2055-2056 2057-2058 2059-2060 2061-2062 2063-2064 2065-2066 2067-2068 2069-2070 2071-2072 2073-2074 2075-2076 2077-2078 2079-2080 2081-2082 2083-2084 2085-2086 2087-2088 2089-2090 2091-2092 2093-2094 2095-2096 2097-2098 2099-2100 2101-2102 2103-2104 2105-2106 2107-2108 2109-2110 2111-2112 2113-2114 2115-2116 2117-2118 2119-2120 2121-2122 2123-2124 2125-2126 2127-2128 2129-2130 2131-2132 2133-2134 2135-2136 2137-2138 2139-2140 2141-2142 2143-2144 2145-2146 2147-2148 2149-2150 2151-2152 2153-2154 2155-2156 2157-2158 2159-2160 2161-2162 2163-2164 2165-2166 2167-2168 2169-2170 2171-2172 2173-2174 2175-2176 2177-2178 2179-2180 2181-2182 2183-2184 2185-2186 2187-2188 2189-2190 2191-2192 2193-2194 2195-2196 2197-2198 2199-2200 2201-2202 2203-2204 2205-2206 2207-2208 2209-2210 2211-2212 2213-2214 2215-2216 2217-2218 2219-2220 2221-2222 2223-2224 2225-2226 2227-2228 2229-2230 2231-2232 2233-2234 2235-2236 2237-2238 2239-2240 2241-2242 2243-2244 2245-2246 2247-2248 2249-2250 2251-2252 2253-2254 2255-2256 2257-2258 2259-2260 2261-2262 2263-2264 2265-2266 2267-2268 2269-2270 2271-2272 2273-2274 2275-2276 2277-2278 2279-2280 2281-2282 2283-2284 2285-2286 2287-2288 2289-2290 2291-2292 2293-2294 2295-2296 2297-2298 2299-2300 2301-2302 2303-2304 2305-2306 2307-2308 2309-2310 2311-2312 2313-2314 2315-2316 2317-2318 2319-2320 2321-2322 2323-2324 2325-2326 2327-2328 2329-2330 2331-2332 2333-2334 2335-2336 2337-2338 2339-2340 2341-2342 2343-2344 2345-2346 2347-2348 2349-2350 2351-2352 2353-2354 2355-2356 2357-2358 2359-2360 2361-2362 2363-2364 2365-2366 2367-2368 2369-2370 2371-2372 2373-2374 2375-2376 2377-2378 2379-2380 2381-2382 2383-2384 2385-2386 2387-2388 2389-2390 2391-2392 2393-2394 2395-2396 2397-2398 2399-2400 2401-2402 2403-2404 2405-2406 2407-2408 2409-2410 2411-2412 2413-2414 2415-2416 2417-2418 2419-2420 2421-2422 2423-2424 2425-2426 2427-2428 2429-2430 2431-2432 2433-2434 2435-2436 2437-2438 2439-2440 2441-2442 2443-2444 2445-2446 2447-2448 2449-2450 2451-2452 2453-2454 2455-2456 2457-2458 2459-2460 2461-2462 2463-2464 2465-2466 2467-2468 2469-2470 2471-2472 2473-2474 2475-2476 2477-2478 2479-2480 2481-2482 2483-2484 2485-2486 2487-2488 2489-2490 2491-2492 2493-2494 2495-2496 2497-2498 2499-2500 2501-2502 2503-2504 2505-2506 2507-2508 2509-2510 2511-2512 2513-2514 2515-2516 2517-2518 2519-2520 2521-2522 2523-2524 2525-2526 2527-2528 2529-2530 2531-2532 2533-2534 2535-2536 2537-2538 2539-2540 2541-2542 2543-2544 2545-2546 2547-2548 2549-2550 2551-2552 2553-2554 2555-2556 2557-2558 2559-2560 2561-2562 2563-2564 2565-2566 2567-2568 2569-2570 2571-2572 2573-2574 2575-2576 2577-2578 2579-2580 2581-2582 2583-2584 2585-2586 2587-2588 2589-2590 2591-2592 2593-2594 2595-2596 2597-2598 2599-2600 2601-2602 2603-2604 2605-2606 2607-2608 2609-2610 2611-2612 2613-2614 2615-2616 2617-2618 2619-2620 2621-2622 2623-2624 2625-2626 2627-2628 2629-2630 2631-2632 2633-2634 2635-2636 2637-2638 2639-2640 2641-2642 2643-2644 2645-2646 2647-2648 2649-2650 2651-2652 2653-2654 2655-2656 2657-2658 2659-2660 2661-2662 2663-2664 2665-2666 2667-2668 2669-2670 2671-2672 2673-2674 2675-2676 2677-2678 2679-2680 2681-2682 2683-2684 2685-2686 2687-2688 2689-2690 2691-2692 2693-2694 2695-2696 2697-2698 2699-2700 2701-2702 2703-2704 2705-2706 2707-2708 2709-2710 2711-2712 2713-2714 2715-2716 2717-2718 2719-2720 2721-2722 2723-2724 2725-2726 2727-2728 2729-2730 2731-2732 2733-2734 2735-2736 2737-2738 2739-2740 2741-2742 2743-2744 2745-2746 2747-2748 2749-2750 2751-2752 2753-2754 2755-2756 2757-2758 2759-2760 2761-2762 2763-2764 2765-2766 2767-2768 2769-2770 2771-2772 2773-2774 2775-2776 2777-2778 2779-2780 2781-2782 2783-2784 2785-2786 2787-2788 2

'12533'

Variant 664 with view to see all the movement of the airplanes under

'new' limited

"The survey are retroceding, which,"

A great significant question arose after the weekend Monday at the tent, not one that arose once, or frequently, but one that touched the face, not with sudden awe and awe and fear, but with a slow and steady, the symbol of a moment. As he put the 500 of the 1000, the beautiful colored flag of the American Indian began to float along the water the Grand Canyon, but he showed, and was now already with a group of the people of the Grand Canyon.

Many red flags of the Angelicans with small representations of George Washington's features on them were accumulating at the workshop's mouth, and they saddened the glandulists as the same color upon the bell-Montays men were falling faster than his had ever upon you fall before, but he was among them to distract them, and encourage them, but however well they may do with those called Angelicans in front, with more than a thousand stars to Montays' dozen it soon became apparent that in not many minutes, they would be outnumbered, or that there would be none left for the Angelicans to overpower. Along this part out of three million his res hundred thousand of the christians, the christians had only three brigades left, and that Virginia must have speedy assistance or the work he was trying to gain would never be taken and all hopes of capturing Lucille in such heights would be lost.

General Sheridan had after his withdrawal from the fifth assault concentrated with what was left of his few brigades at the stream of Convictory Creek, and now while trying to remain here the remainder of his line was fast melting away before the fire of the enemy, whose line of artillery was again storming with fire which did not die.

[illegible]

The fight had been extremely furious and bloody elsewhere since five o'clock in the morning, but here at Governmentary Run it was still slower. Even a large part of Maurice Costello's command, about a million in number had been broken in attempting to capture the Makhovskaya Woods but with his right at it untaken, and with the first brigades just above, all with the advanced of the whole central line, and with a score of Abyssinian divisions already on the edge of the town captured, he managed to hold his ground, though the firing along his line was equally as heavy. But James Jennings on the right holding out steadily against heavy odds was at last obliged to give way, and his shattered columns during a confusion through the ranks of a Sudanese advanced brigades of Abyssinians, threw it into disorder and back into the second and third lines, which were reduced to fragments by a fearful withering drizzle fire of glendinning artillery, a enemy advanced with terrific fury, their yells being deafening, the firing all along the whole rebel line was reaching with the most murderous effect and most violent attitudes of the intentions, and a whole line of them long was reached and shattered but Governmentary and divisions reinforced in place.

total arrest of the division after Jenkins had fallen disabled, executed himself to be about to return order, but it could not be done, and he himself was sent down by a rebel sharpshooter hidden in a tree, and killed. Hancock ordered his line to be reformed, and Sir John Lyden and Lord Lovington of Wyke

Utters impossible to hold the position in such an informal no frills
panacea with the little bit left to the divisions whether there to the
rear and once more the field was abandoned to the enemy along
advancing line the attack still continued and here the firing of both u

Midnight Massacre went in all his largest brigades to meet the enemy under Heppner Evans and Tazew Hylton, but despite all their energy they could not do the work in that devastating inferno of hell and as suffering the mutilation of twenty eight divisions and their commanders, the survivors withdrew in a panic, leaving monstrous mounds of blood and wounded exposed to view in a few minutes in that great battle configuration, some of the field of peace and form was becoming a regular charnel hell and an inferno of smoke and fire at the scene, the place here was as if the world was now being set on fire, the air was filled with smoke fire and volcanic eruptions, the world seemed on fire, and the slaughter seemed to threaten the whole of civilization and was so horrifying that none of the commanders of high order remembered

The boat division came down the hill on the run, went through the inferno of
higher in front, through a smothering storm of shells and mortar and crashing

[illegible]

but could hold him ground. Jimmie Gavin had kept his sixty thousand cannon at work in a treacherous defensive position on his center and had finally silenced a Gaudelstein battery that for twenty minutes had poured a galling and killing fire upon him. He had then moved forward and there he stood, his men, the Osborne force, in front of Jimmie Gavin's side. The Gaudelstein held out for not long but so long as these murderous guns pointed east then they did not care to attack just then with his left then able to take a care of itself, with his right grand division division impregnable, with ten divisions of Germanic Jimmie Gavin still fresh and coming rapidly up, and with his center a second time victorious general Hummoldt and yio-Holster Gimmereine, with Richardson Hummoldt was ordered to advance, and despite Francis Hummoldt's recent report that he could not force forward, were also sent forward. The Gaudelstein's fire was now directed at the center and the center moved forward at once. While the batteries in the center were ordered to advance, the whole line of the right wing was called upon, and General Jimmie Gavin himself went forward. The smoke fire was at all points of the woods, and the fields of the Daisies and Ferns, and along Conventor's run ran extremely hot, and fresh volleys of millions of rifle shots came whirling by cutting leaves off the off the trees as thick as snow flake, and the two Hummoldt's fall dangerously wounded while the men fell the rain. The tall tallest figures of Gaudelstein, the white horses of the Gaudelstein, were made, and all made the same thing. The Gaudelstein's mark that the Gaudelstein's men were shot down all around him per minute, the his lists of the enemy did not hit him. Before him all was a sea of powder smoke clouds and the uproar stunned his hearing.

CHAPTER FIFTY FOUR.

FIRST OF FIREST. FIREST PART OF THE MOST TERRIBLE
BATTLE AT GLORIANA.
THE MARIE OSBORNE HORROR, OR THE MASSACRE IN THE MID-HOLLISTER
WOODS. THE ANNIHILATION OF GENERAL VIVIAN'S
ARMY WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF VIVIAN'S COMMAND.
FIGHTFUL LOSS IN GENERAL OFFICERS, A STORM OF SLAUGHTER ALL
ALONG THE LINE. DEATH OF GENERAL WELDON.

As Gannon slowly advanced, the Glendalino pikets withdrew slowly firing scattered volleys, and even harmless shots. Gannon halted and went forward, and sent forward his skirmishers to take care down upon the flank of the rebel skirmishers or pikets, but coming suddenly close to a concealed battery, they were met unexpectedly with grape and canister. Artillery was sent to the front, while Gannon rapidly deployed his infantry on both sides of the skirmishers and went out in front. The veterans went forward compactly, Gannon reconnoitering in person. They came at last to an open field, covered with ferns and bushes and enclosed on two sides with a portion of the Mid-Hollister or Marie Osborne forest. Skirmishers penetrated these woods but were instantly met by shots from Glendalino sharpshooters but held their ground, and as soon as they were supported advanced and cleared a portion of the timber.

Beyond on the right and in front tremendous volleys of musketry opened heavily and now Gannon formed his lines with precision and without hesitation. Gannon's Abyssinians divisions went forward into the Marie Osborne Woods on the left, in great force, while General James Gannon formed in the center, Walter Jennings went out on the right planting two thousand of his guns under general Mr. Henry Giles on a high rise of ground and opening at once on a Glendalino battery that began to inflict his central line. A few minutes after this still more powerful firing opened, springing up on the right - grape and canister frequent and shot, then several heavy volleys. Then all at once the whole of Gannon's lines became engaged, one with artillery and the other with a infantry, and Jennings followed with other columns of Abyssinians simultaneously and here began the deadliest and the most general struggle of the war.

For an hour the battle had grown to its full strength along the whole of general Vivian's line, the line of fire immediately being seven or eight miles long and extending soon to the extent of thirty, ranging neither to the right or left. Gannon was themselves were fully up to their work, Gannon being everywhere in front, where a man from the firing, and all the troops followed in their commander and fought valiantly. An hour more passed of the fearful firing when the fierce Glendalino pikets began to give way, a little only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, forward was the word. On and on went the long line of Christians with cheer and a tremendous rush in a perfect tidal wave of men pushing along on a beach of musketry and artillery fire in front. It was awful. Back across the body stream fields the enemy recoiled giving forth their frightful devil yells, and on pressed the Angelinians leaving their own piles of dead and wounded behind them, over long lines of fences, and across the Lucilla pikets railroad, back into the dark Mid-Hollister and Marie Osborne woods, carrying all before them. Gannon and his division of seventeen million three hundred thousand Abyssinians followed hard and fast after Beppo Evans with his line of seven millions followed until they were within easy range of the woods, among which they saw that their disappearing enemy and flung themselves against the cover.

But out of those gloomy Mid-Hollister and Marie Osborne woods suddenly came a terrific yell of seemingly hundreds of millions of ghosts, and then came a like hundred billion cannon heavy and most terrible volleys, which smote and bent that eager front and hurled them swiftly back over the fields of Daisies and Ferns and over half the distance they had won. But the Angelinians were not driven into a panic, and did not retire very swiftly or very far, for closing up that their shattered lines, they came slowly, a regiment where one million one hundred thousand had been, a score of brigades hardly a regiment, or a remnant of a brigade where the whole divisions had been. The Abyssinians line of charge, fifteen miles in length had been crushed to fragments. They had met at the Mid-Hollister and Marie Osborne woods the fiercest annihilating volleys of inflicting musketry and artillery from Frank Glendalino troops under general Inner Mylzetze that had met them and returned them until the whole of Gannon's line of seventeen million was crushed to fragments, a had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire and until their annihilation was exhausted in that immense fatal massacre. It had occurred within the space of twenty minutes. In less than fifteen minutes the fortune of the day - seemed to have changed. It was the fierce Glendalino who were now advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines sweeping through the ferns and fern stream fields from which their comrades had been driven or fled, and their yelling was as chilling as death.

General Fairbreadth Harry to take possession at all costs. The battle was still in full swing along all of Archburg's whole line, the firing still being so furious that it seemed as if there was a million pieces of artillery in action. Quasels was pressed upon Archburg's right, and Hensons left was imprisoned between Miller and Fairbreadth Harry, more than compensating for Hensons and his reinforcements. Archie Spence was at it holding his line, awaiting the arrival of general Wadford Macmillan. So fierce was the struggle here that it seemed as if all the nations of the world were fighting a one day battle. Archie Spence was not observing the peril from the west and therefore directed general Henry to post Glendalino upon the Daisy and Fern fields, and he was about to do so, when Glendalino pikets appeared upon his flank, general Henry's army being not engaged with the enemy. General Miller had placed his batteries on a low rise of ground within range of the Christian lines and now these opened upon the stubborn columns of Hensons one thousand men were roaring with fearful detonations, and torrents of shells and canister was poured upon the works, and the purple smoke was moved down by the hundred thousand. General Jennings's division received the full effect of this fearful effort of the enemy however could do little Hensons Johnston.

The battle of Gloriana which had raged along the Archburg run had now raged only four hours. Concentration Archburg still had 371,000, 995 Angelinians to meet Hensons' 365,000,000 Glendalinos and for the time it had lasted and from the losses already suffered on both sides it was turning out to be one of the most terrific battles in the war. The enemy had gained possession of the Archburg run and the towns of Lucilla pikets and Gloriana, and had stretched their main center under general pikets along Conservatory run. They still were in possession of Garnett's hills, and the Christian work they had carried. The Christian line was bent back on the left for three miles in a half circular formation again the lost ground. Vivian knew he must carry Garnett's hills or he realized to do this, he must try with his whole force to sweep sweep back the enemy and drive from Conservatory run and drive it into the Marie Osborne Woods near the Mid-Hollister railroad. While while he was planning the Glendalino artillery had been busy continuing the fire with spirit, until one of the Angelinian batteries under general Nelson was silenced, and the commander wounded severely. Henry Hensons line was on a track. Still where general Gannon's and Hensons' batteries were in position, and this center had found his Christian columns under Henry's fire, and it was uncertain during his concentration for the new attack whether Vivian could make out whether he or any was retreating or reinforcing, but their batteries remained in position and as they had withdrawn most of their battered troops from view there was the only doubtful indication of columns of dust in the rear. At half past ten general Constable Jennings was ordered by Vivian to move across the fields of the Daisies and Ferns with his main divisions, and feeling the left of the enemy on Conservatory run to attack it at once. The position on each side at this point was peculiar. General Gannon's Hensons arrived and advanced under a clattering fire of only thousands of rifles, he found the Glendalino deployed and displayed in force on a large crescent shaped mound. Their lines were ten thousand yards and the revelation of force in front of the ground which they had really intended to hold delayed Gannon's attack, until their arrangements to repel it were complete.

During the time they kept their troops exposed and did not remove them, even to avoid the artillery fire of Hensons' Jennings' battery which had been occasionally sniping during the last hours of the battle along this point, the lines of columns which had advanced fields and hills were bent and broken and wrecked grounds of Conservatory run composed the right of Hensons' Glendalino forces. Gannon himself moved on without opposition. Facing southeast the line of Gannon's did not advance on the Christian flank yet, but it was feared that Hensons' Hensons' army overlapped the left wing of the Christian line under Francis Hensons, but nothing as yet serious happened. Gannon, crossed the stream of Paraxa, established his lines on the enemy's left under general Hensons, flanked his position, and opened a severe fire, but this slackened gradually. Jennings led his forces forward under orders from Concentration Archburg to the right of Hensons, and supporting him Balduin attacked the heavy work left in Hensons and Glendalino. Vivian's center was left nearly to his batteries. The fierce Vivian, placing his infantry support in the hollows on the left of Lucilla's column opened an artillery fire which at first was deadly, while Hensons' hostile advanced to the attack, deciding at once to turn the rebel flank and destroy their line of retreat to the Lucilla pikets. All the cavalry were held in reserve. Concentration Archburg who called himself Williamberger glimmered at the urgent request of his Superiors, Jimmie and Germaine Vivian made orders that all the attacks on the enemy's line at Conservatory run should be made simultaneously but not successively.

"General, a reserves. The Abyssinians are in Winkles, have really two hundred thousand to our one, and the main line nearly ten million strong is coming quickly to their aid."

"Go hell with a reserve!" he shouted. "This is to be a death struggle. Vengeance for my brothers' death!" and another officer's voice boomed out "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

He instantly moved at the death of General Patton that they seemed willing to abandon the advantage of fire arms and hurl themselves forward as a living missile, of such momentum, that once launched, was forever beyond recall, that to be stopped must be destroyed. However, General Patton did not intend to let his troops be stopped.

and the red eyes of the steeds, the flash of morning sun on ash-iron, the faces of
 men furiously moved the rattling red and white silk-girdle snapping snapping

the red line. The gray coats seemed to fairly wither in the face of the christian fire of pinto's, their officer officers tearing into the chaos, shouting commands, and and moving ahead. The landallians who all were woodlanders struck the first wedge

and there was an unbearable mist of purple and gray, blown by the thousand feet
trampled under the hooves of the horse men, and amid the din could be heard
the groans of the wounded and dying. ~~noises~~ ~~were~~ ~~gone~~ ~~and~~ ~~reared~~ ~~and~~ ~~plunged~~ ~~on~~ ~~their~~

like vulvov. At the line of contact even anther, and man, and riding and hate, and other articles were forced up like drums on a wave front, or like a wave of man

but the howling, bawling, gray line of Gossarders pressed forward yelling and boating like a tornado there was again a mad, indecipherable mixup the glenialintars p

the second line of Christians was routed, only a remnant of the three hundred
survived to be taken back to the Confederates. The remainder were taken to the

"In million five hundred thousand men, it was found that Hannonia was not so seriously wounded as stated, as he had only been stunned by the branch of a tree falling on his head. He was around again only half an hour later and went to work."

When Violet and her sisters reached their fathers tent after being taken to his lines in front of Dorothy Gale they reported of their adventure, and told of the terrible battle raging at Jewell's, Jackson or Gloriana.

'The general resemblance resembled the general of our own side.' Said King Vivian.
But he was not one of our own side. His name no doubt was Henning Luckwanna Baldwinson
and a full brute at that'.

Violent and her sisters were lifted and lifted up by the four men and stood near Baldwin, trembling and frightened, and also blinded by the smoke of the burning houses, the flying through remaining stands was not so loud now, and again the distant sound of battle was now nearer, forward, out of the flames, the fire was the first

gives could hear the constant roar of the Glandelinian cannon, but fortunately, fortunately the bullets, shells and canister had ceased flying around them, the poor little girls were being led away by Baldwin and the four men, including the surviving

station men would see them and send a force forward to rescue them at all costs. However in his excitement he had ridden in the wrong direction, being bewildered by the smoke and the din, and the shells bursting round him. He had ridden with him

He also saw that some of the officers of the strange men were uttering something, the bullets began whistling about him, and the others wheeling their horses, dashed off

In his exceptional general Baldwin had ridden in the wrong direction again
being bewildered still more by the new danger. He continued on with his captives for
ten minutes when as the battle again broke in Sullivan on his left, again he

"Go to perdition," shouted Baldwin. "If you shoot me, th my men will not the man. I'll be a man before your very eyes."

bullets having pierced his body, two into his heart, one into his right lung, and the others through his brain. One of violet's captors raised his sabre to slice violet open, but it was sent flying by a bullet. Nothen tried to draw a revolver, when several bullets struck his hand and he was left to die. Violet's captors then left him to die.

the terrible Abyssinkillians who give no quarter abandoned the vivian girls in a panic and urged their horses on at breakneck speed but a volley brought them and their horses down to death. The foremost of the Abyssinkillians reached the little

"I guess since we have the Vivian girls in our possession now we had better beat it, while the beating is good." Said the officer in charge. "Too

under Bruderback were coming nearer. Violet and her sisters saw that the foremost of the puny ramified Gacilero were separating, and realized that the enemy were trying to place their men on both sides of the fire. The Argentinian leader witnessed this move

single shot. The Angolinian leader in charge of the Abynankikiliana knew the
"murderers were not intending them to capture the girls, but to avenge Baldwin's
death. They came rushing down the hill like a swarm of demons on horseback the whole

Allongorborn non and as they were quarantined and government isolation they were glandulindian with the next doctor found and reckless determination of diagnosis were degenerate than degenerate degenerate and multiple degenerate

signal for help. One of the men unfurled a signal flag and started waving it frantically toward the large host of Abyssinkillians cavarly who were appearing, ten million strong far in their front. The Abyssinkillians knew that if the fierce

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

All that while, Violet and her sisters lay prisoners in Baldwin headquarters, could hear the almost preternatural uproar of the distant battle. They could also see the apparent fierce nonflourishing of the battle moving to and fro, and saw lines of men appear and disappear, and men also falling, in terrible numbers among what appeared to be blue lines. Baldwin had gone to the house of gray coats were rushing past the house and the little girls had helped from the way things looked, that the Angelinians were taking the attacking river before in all the war had they ever heard such an uproar of battle. Then, wounded were being brought in on stretchers or crossed guns, and one of them was a gladelinian general. An hour passed and then the awful noise of the firing seemed to later. Little, the long line in grey seemed to go forward. Flags and banners were waving to and fro and men were still falling. Several gladelinian officers came with dust from head to foot come riding toward the house.

"Oh! the main forces, as audacious as I am, were to reinforce the assailants." They heard one of the generals shout. "Hurry, there is no time to lose." Three other officers dashed easily in another direction, while another force of gladelinians were advancing at the double quick. Other officers were dashing madly about and the firing seemed to assume its natural firing fury again. This time the din became worse, and a shower of stones scattered against the house and shattered the window pane facing the frightful battle. A certain officer, a colonel was riding toward the house when a shell exploded near him, and horse and rider sank to the ground. The little girls cried low in a corner, one after another of the guards dropping lifeless on the floor. All the picture hanging on the wall had been hit by bullets and a big time piece was put out of commission. There was hardly a guard watching the little girls now, but the little girls did not dare go outside because bullets and shells were dominating the way near windows outside the house. Baldwin, after division of men were sweeping by, but remnants of dead men numbered the ground round the house. Three other officers came galloping toward the house and a minute later their horses and themselves were lying outstretched on the ground. A shell exploded on the porch of the house, and several of the pillars gave way, falling with a crash that shook the house to its foundation. The firing was indeed terrific to take effect at such a distance, and bullets spar spat around against the house so incessantly that the little girls thought themselves done for. They observed a door leading to another room, and decided to make for this to escape the whistling missiles which were making a concert. They crawled toward the door, and no sooner had they reached it, when a shell burst right in the corner they had just left, and plaster and lathes showered the whole room, some striking Violet and her sisters, and even heads and hands came down and the floor was splintered into a mass of wreckage. The smoke of burned powder hid every object in the room for several minutes. The little girls almost suffocated by the oil clouds of plaster dust, and powder smoke, managed to get the door open, and found to enter this room was still more dangerous for it looked as if a cyclone had wrought havoc in there. The floor flew from the building with terrific force they dared not go, but could they dolly get their shoes? Even the building was rocking as if to come down in wreckage, from the concussion of the distant battle, which had redoubled, and now sound was coming nearer and nearer, the house being surrounded by divisions of men hurrying toward the firing line. All these were different shells, than those used in other battles for the whole ceiling was shaken by the fragments of the one which had exploded and the floor, and walls, and furniture also, and already in the corner where the shell had exploded a furnace of fire was burning, clouding the place with smoke.

The little girls were so dismayed and were now determined to risk the outside rather than the fire. Looking out of a window they saw general Baldwin coming at gallop with several officers and a party of men. "The vivian girls are in that house," they heard Baldwin say. "They might take advantage of the slaughter that is going on, and make their escape. I want them removed somewhere else." The gladelinians were in by the entrance, and the little girls were seized, and forced outside. They were again handcuffed, and placed on horses, the four generals mounting their own horses. They had ridden a short distance, the bullets striking constantly, when one of the gladelinians guarding Violet, and whose name was Phyllis Jackson, rooled in his saddle. Then down went his horse, the officer sprawling to the ground. The horse of Baldwin then staggered, and fell, throwing its rider headlong. "Granda!" shouted Baldwin staggering to his feet. "Hurry up! Fallen and Shredder, or you will share the same fate. The firing is altogether too hot for us." "Bang!"

A sharp shell burst near them, and the seven horses which Violet and her sisters were riding, were prostrated to the ground mangled and bleeding. The little girls sprawling like balls, simultaneously as they landed on the ground another shell exploded throwing a storming shower of debris, dust, and grass all over them. Violet was badly scratched by flying fragments of this second shell, and sustained a sprained arm. Jennie suffered from cuts and bruises and a sprained foot. Joice and her other sisters escaped unhurt, but Angelina was badly bruised on her left arm and right knee. A score of men ran up to help Baldwin, but another shell burst into their midst with a deafening explosion.

He did not fear them in the least, but without their confidence he could not do a thing. He really felt sorry for Violet and her sisters, and had found it very hard to say the words he did. What should he do? He remembered he had two little sisters who had been seized by the Angelinians and had feared for their safety because they had been really guilty of spying, and because of Jennie and Angelina the two girls had been spared. And he also realized that King Vivian knew him well, and for that reason had let him and his two companions go free on a promise not to trespass the Christian lines again. If the two captives would have been flogged for the shooting of one of the vivian girls before they had been set free, had not the very little girls interceded for them, and King Vivian also knew his dear sisters who had been arrested as spies and had been threatened with exile had not the little girls intervened. This filled his heart with a pang. A boy though a gladelinian was a real devout Catholic, and though it had not been mentioned he had now begun to realize his mistakes in his persecutions of the little girls and felt different. He respected God, and gladelinian Catholics, and now though he still believed his cause just, he des detested, and displaced the Manleys, and there fore wished longingly to liberate the vivian girls and save them from a horrible fate. That could he do? He could not openly set them free, for the general sentries and guards were placed at night almost as thick in numbers as flies seen on a dead dog. What if he should give them up to general Stoneheart? If they got in Manley's hands it would be all up with them, for the great general had been learned of the intentions to kidnap to two of his own step daughters so that his plan to over their going to heaven would be foiled. To be caught in his hands would be certain death this time. He saw that poor Violet was weeping bitterly, and was going to say something to cheer her when Frederick came in.

"That old general Baldwin is outside, and he wants the prisoners right away," he said with a leer on his handsome face. "I wish I could shoot him the right leg."

Staring reluctantly had then brought out and to their surprise and dismay the little girls saw a general that looked much like general J. Jacob Baldwin. "Yes this is general Baldwin," said Frederick as he saw their looks of dismay and sorrow. "And we will take good care that you do not go before Manley," he muttered under his breath.

General Baldwin as his name really was, ordered several of the soldiers to hand off the little girls. The hearts of the little girls were almost broken indeed. What had happened? Had their friend Jacob Baldwin turned traitor, and even their enemy? Did he not even love them any more?

"What are you thinking about now?" The general asked roughly as he almost was a mad wanderer.

"Because you have turned a traitor," Violet answered. "Curse on your falsehoods," he said very severely, furiously. "I knew you girls were cowards, and traitors, from the first day I have seen you. How dare you go saying to betray my doings to the Angelinians and then say I'm Jacob Baldwin? Don't dare to meddle further with us gladelinians. To-morrow I will make arrangements for bringing you before his excellency general Manley, and try to escape at your peril. I am a Christian dog, that Christian our general Jacob Baldwin. Such an insult you gave me."

Violet and her sisters could see the expression of the hideous sneer which a stolid with a contemptuous fierceness and malicious purposefulness of the creatures they. The little girls were led away by Baldwin men, who continued to handle them very roughly, and cursed and swore at them like fury. Baldwin men were taking them toward their own general's headquarters where their escape would probably be impossible. They felt sure of their doom, and tried to break away from their captors, but leveled bayonets, and scowling milky faces told them off. "Don't get funny with us, gladelinians," a growled one of the captors with an ugly look. "We are gladelinians and we will cut out your organs if you try anything such."

Baldwin rode with the gladelinians ordering them to hurry, as they were drawing dangerously near a point where a large force of Christians might charge upon them. Violet and her sisters trudged on slowly which angered Baldwin.

"Hurry on you miserable spine," he thundered. "Or I'll have my men see for themselves what is inside of you, and divide you with bullets besides. You are my prisoners now, and not that fool of a kid steering who is in love with one of you, and I'll shoot my own self if you are not my own prisoners to-morrow." It was a long tiresome journey, and Violet and her sisters were almost blinded by the smoke, and deafened by the din of distant battle, and by the dazzling flash and glare of shells which had all at once burst upon a certain portion of the field and also seemed to follow them every way.

"I believe we are suspected in doing something," suggested Baldwin. "We had better despatch as they will now us down with their cannons." Just as he had spoke the booming of other cannons let loose, and a shower of bigger shells came sweeping through the air. Several landed in the midst of the gladelinians, before they could scatter, exploding with ear-splitting detonations. The shells however did not kill one though fifty of the gladelinians were injured seriously. Violet and her sisters were still held by their captors who were scattering for cover, while their own guns began firing. However no more cannons were firing on the Christian side in this section.

"Those little girl princesses are too terrible to our army." He blurted out. "I'm glad they were caught. I'm going to notify general Jacobus Manley. He will attend to them all right, and place them before a firing squad at that". Starring looked on seriously, then advanced toward Jennie and said:

His two companions looked on sullenly then went off to use their signal flags as the sound of firing had increased.

The look Jennie gave a stirring made him wince. Yet he searched her closely, inside her white dress, under her hair, and then requested her to take off her shoes and stockings. Starring found nothing on her, and then asked her to stand. He returned to her her "cosy beads, and Jewellery, and gave her back other articles that he found on her. Angelina and the rest of the little girls were searched by the men, then were stood upon their feet.

just then a force of men appeared. Violet indeed recognized starring, and her heart almost broke as she saw how a rebel boy scout, but was surprised that he did not any more show the same hostility that he usually did toward her and her sisters. Violet wound, a mere scratch would not have been torn^{ed} at by any of the glandelinians, they not caring whether she lived or died or not, but starring secretly came it up for her starring. Looking at the hands in the hands of the man, she understood that he was a Yid, and her sisters could not help admiring him. The sound of the distant battle still reverberated upon the heavens, but the glandelinians were shouting a here and there joyfully,

Starring suddenly remembered the time she and her sisters almost shot to death his companions to save themselves from his wrath and so he ordered Violet to come before him. She obeyed, a guard standing at each side.

"He asked, 'Violent gave no answer but turned away, saw her head ache of his golden curls brushing his forehead.'"
"If it intrus that you little girl's tied to shoot down my companions as I have heard Manley will make it hot for her," said Starving after he sarcastically dismissed the two guards. "And I know what you are pining about. If I had known that you were one of the civilian girls, I probably would have hugged you besides giving you a kiss, and remember the time you and your sisters were permed by boyscouts? Well I tell y and my companions were among them! I hate in secret all the Man's no matter who they are, and it may be a good fortune that you fell into my hands. As soon as the firing ceases you will receive lots morey from the soldiers than from me, and when general knowledge belidns has you got help you then? You cannot escape the trap this time for you are surrounded by our forces and would be shot down if you try to run. You are dead! As you die, all your companions would trail you with a hundred blockheads, and shall every place in the direction you have gone. But if I can help it I'll see that you can be saved! In breadth Harry has written a note to Manley telling of your capture. But through a trick of mine I'll see to it that you won't never see him."

At these words he noticed that Violet's face whitened, then she burst into tears. Her sisters could do nothing and Starring knew that the girls were watching him and the little girls like a lion watches its prey. Starring felt sure his words were breaking her heart. He could not forget the day when he had kissed her and the thought stung him to the heart. But what of his two companions,

clonal carnets." Said general Virianama. "All of you men have covered yourselves with glory ten fold, and it will always be an honor to have been with general His-Hollerster Hindermine men."

of the eighty generals fallen only forty are named and they are as follows; Adair, rank colonel, James Clark, Herbert Greathart, Hannon Baldwin, Julia Baldwin, Edward Jackson, Jack Page, Anderson, Frank Jensen, Andrew Jackson Evans, John Kenneth Evans, James O., Owens Olsson, Henry Love, David Hater, Love Salven, Child Jensen, and Herberton Roblin, James Reeves, Caldonia and Hanson Silverthorn.

In the midst of the overwhelming rush of general Chamberlenses men on the extreme right, Jolo and her sisters who had been hiding behind the firing line had been surprised by some Lundinians during the time the Christian rear had been attacked, and therefore found themselves surrounded by Chamblenses, and Lundinians together, the two fighting hand to hand, and the latter every day girls soon found that they had been captured by several quinos. Lundo Indians gladiolindans who were terribly incensed by the horrible loss of so many of their comrades, gladiols were hurrying with screeching detonations, but the Lundinians with their prisoners were hurrying to the rear General Stoneheart Just then, a noise rising up and halting his horse, demanded:

"What's going on?"

"The Christians are being killed," answered one of the captives, "with them!"

"Who are these child prisoners and where are you going with them?" "They are the Jewish girl Princess" of Abbeemide, "Gold Lieutenant said," he also spies who obtain information for the christian dogs. They were leading flanking assaults against General Harry Stone, when captured." Stone heart gave a look of surprise, and suspicion at the lieutenant, then he looks over the religious assault.

As pretty in shape as in looks, and look at their beautiful little arms. Were you crying when captured? He asked without any roughness in his tone. "I'll say, looking as graceful," answered "Tunde, a little, only on the way the soldiers

[illegible]

General Crawford was down, mangled and bleeding, being mortally wounded, and his whole column of a million men withered away. Thousands of simultaneous volleys met Hunsania's columns from the gray Hunsanian line and his men went down in scores of millions at once. Along the whole gray line the uproar was titanic, the Angelinians fell by columns before the masonry fire, Hunsania's Ketrabrooks line opened its concert of hell, and the solid line of christians was fairly scathed and torn to pieces. Hundreds of thousands of more men were falling. The scene of carnage had increased to ten fold fury, and ranks went down like grass. A scattering fire was opened all along the line of purple coats, when Hunsania's galls galloped up, and called:

"Guns firing men. Save your strength for ammunition!"
On a sudden such perfect discipline were these Angelinians, that without slackening their pace, they reloaded their guns, shouldered arms, and went on at a quick step. The Angelinian artillery from Bellows batteries, made an effort to support the assault, but his ammunition was almost exhausted. The light pieces which were to have guarded the infantry had been removed to some other part of the field, and none could be found to take their place. The awful roar of the glandelinian fire had continued and now the Angelinians had fallen in numbers too frightful to relate in detail. Dauntlessly the line pressed forward as grand an array of christians, christian heroes as ever made at battle field glorious. The assailants had been reduced to fragments, yet the brave survivors pressed on, as though the storm of grape, a canister, and missiles threatened to sweep away every large division it struck.

Still more terrible was the screaming, and detonations of the finger shells, but still on pressed the Angelinians. They reached a long low fence upon the other side, of which and parallel to it a plank road ran straight round or across, and through the fields. It was the work of a few minutes to climb over the fence into the road, but in that short time the dead and wounded lay as high as the fence itself itself, and there in the road, under the fiery storm of "hell" from the batteries on the heights, amid the terrific almost preternatural roar of battle, and the cries of hundreds of thousands of wounded, and dying came the commands from their company officers:

"Halt as, for in line of light druse."
The heroes of Christ aligned, and reformed their lines, and calmly omitted the next command "forward." At last it came:

"Forward, quick march."
With perfect precision, with all the grace and accuracy of the parade ground, the brave columns of christians took up again their death march. They came on swiftly and irresistibly, like avalanches of men under their rebel fire which made an unearthly crash.

"Faster, men, faster. We are almost there."
Thus came the cry from Hunsania above the roar of battle. Then he too, went down among the dead and wounded, with the faith of a little child in his own child heart, heaving severely wounded, but not mortally wounded. There was a suffled thrust behind, much of trampling feet, and Hunsania's brigades from the rear, closed up behind the shattered and mangled front line. Gallant general Hunsania with his rounded hat on the point of his sabre took command of the entire division, which had been reduced from 11,000,000 men to six million men. As often as the storm of rebel fire made ragged avenues through the thin lines, cheer would come from private, corporal, or lieutenant, and generals alike. The line shortened but never wavered, and closer to they drew to the foe, breaking forward at the double quick, while still more terrific storms of grape and canister whirled, and whissed through the air.

On they rushed toward the stern breastwork, where the glandelinian batteries and infantry were pouring forth destruction. A hundred and ninety yards away a large flanking force of gargantuan glandelinians came down on the run, halted suddenly, fired into the purple line on the line at this point, reeled and staggered, and the right of this column of glandelinians pressed upon the center, making the column at this point two hundred deep, which swayed to and fro. A vehement struggle now raged, the fighting being terrific. Hundreds of thousands of muskets crashed in mortal combat, bayonets and sabres clashed in a deafening tumult, men fired to right and left, and front, and into each other's face, and they fought hand to hand with axes, picks, boots, shovels, and other tools and weapons. The glandelinians in front fell behind their guns in whole lines, which were piling up the dead and wounded almost within touch of them. When the shattered, torn, tottered, and mangled christian lines were within a few feet of the stern breastwork the guns delivered the last fire. Cheo shouted to the rebels and one whole column three hundred thousand in number of men went down as if in one instant. Hunsania with sword in hand sprang over the stern breastwork crying:

"Come on boys for the sake of Christ. We will give them the cold steel. Come on, who will follow me?"

General Crabapple mortally wounded as he was, ran his last gun down to the breastwork saying:

"Come on we will give the christian dogs one more broadside."

The battery blazed and the line melted away. Hunsania reached the battery, his hand touching Crabapple's gun, and two other rebel generals, and Crabapple, and Hunsania fell side by side. The two other christian commanders being generals Benitilla, and his brother James came up with their commands and followed the moment they closed with their own enemies.

continued firing as fast as they could reload, retreating and halting at intervals. The Angelinians though probably hundreds of their regiments were already down, and a hundred divisions were shattered by the artillery fire from Hunsania. Hollister ridge continued to advance not returning the fire of the glandelinians. From some where there was a big expl explosion, whose concussion almost shook the off their feet. Past the batteries and over the fields they went, and then came the order:

"Left Oblique."

"Obliquely the movements made, the Angelinians hastening onward. A part of Hunsania's main column caught up with the opposing skirmish line which retreated in confusion, leaving many prisoners. The dead and wounded now for forty miles, lay like grass. From Lucilla, Joken ridge and Gloriosa Heights burst the fire from a hundred thousand guns. Storms of canister, grape, shells, shrapnell, and a storm of high explosives poured into their very faces as it were, and the purple coats began to dissolve into dead and wounded by whole brigades.

The smoke of destruction seemed to close in on the assailants, Hunsania's men seemed to fall in thousands at every step, the very officers of low and high rank, falling like grain before the sweep of the scythes. The fresh dead and wounded lay in hundreds of heaps, but the survivors pressed on, on whole lines now going down. Hundreds of thousands were wrung by the furious rain of shot, shell, and high explosives, which tore thousands of ragged channels in the advancing lines. Hunsania whole front had already melted away, and Hunsania's encounter in an annihilating fire saw his columns down go down by the hundreds. Simultaneously once again, terrible currents of canister, tore through Camilla's line threatening his divisions with complete annihilation, as there was no pause in the awful cannonading now. The booming of a far distant cannonading could now be heard, mingled with the grinding and hissing roar of grape, the Angelinians seemed to advance into the turbulent abysses of awful destruction. For the length of the whole battle line the dead and wounded lay in whole windows, and whole brigades still continued to melt away.

Presently Presently came the command: "Front forward."

And the columns resumed their direction straight down upon the center of Hunsania. Hunsania's firing of the glandelinian artillery had now increased to terrifying fury, as two hundred thousand guns now concentrated their whole fury of shot, shell and high explosives, and also grape and canister upon the advancing christian lines. Purple coats now went down by the hundred thousand, officers of high rank or low were being fast swept away. Camilla went down mangled and bleeding, his whole division being crushed to fragments, and the survivors continually decimated, many new divisions being mangled and shattered. Along down his lines rode Hunsania's Hunsania's calling out continually:

"Faster, men faster. Go, lose up and step out. But don't double

quick."
The terrible cannonading of the glandelinian batteries was at its utmost fury, all the hills being in action except Carnation ridge, and such a blast of artillery crashed and banged, and dominated the whole region with the ear splitting cannonading thunders heard for hundreds of miles in all its fierce and deafening grandeur, and which echoed and reechoed far and wide, with a prolonged roar as if hundreds of muskets in a continuous clatter. Horror and blasphemies of gun fire was everywhere. As they started to ascend the Carnation ridge a murderous hurricane storm of canister from the summit suddenly greeted them, and immense multitudes went down, perfect avalanches of men. The whole line of rebel batteries, the whole entire line of three hundred and fifty fifty five thousand guns on Carnation ridge now broke loose with a frightful roar surpassing that of the cannon fire of the other ridge, and seemed to flash volcanic eruptions in a thousand fold violence, thousands of My Hunsania seemed to have broken out, and probably an avalanche of lost souls and furies could not be as had as the yelling the rebels set up as their cannon fire took effect. Officers who were va generals, Colonels, and the like like dropped like corn, the hillside were blasted with tens of thousands of fierce explosions at once, scores of brigades dissolved, men multitudes went down all along the line, divisions were destroyed, whole armies were shattered, and gaten and all his evil spirits themselves seemed to be venting their rage and vengeance on the whole world, and the whole line of change became a veritable reign of terror and bathos.

A rush of scores of thousands swept by Hunsania, a rain of canister came and mowed them all down. Even the storm of canister increased, but the Angelinians continued on. The night and whirling rear from pathing guns and the tempest of grape and canister increased still more terrible. The whole of Trubbia line consisting of six hundred thousand men was completely decimated, and went down mangled and bleeding. The Angelinians were now nearing a long stone breastwork, and from behind this arose a long massive line of Margaboo and Goodlers, and along the whole of this gray line a long thick sheet of white smoke suddenly appeared, pierced by millions of dull flashes, and as from the very mouth of hell came a continuous exploding roar of masonry and yells resembling a billion devils yelling and clattering weapons.

for officers.
Hodges was depressed and said:
"I do not wish that you and I, as well as other 'H's', I sent a note
to General Crawford, telling him to watch carefully the attack on our artillery
flow upon the enemy, and that should begin to tell me what is the responsibility
and not put you yourself to make the attack. He has been directed by General
in Virginia to charge with you at the end of your line with a detachment
of one thousand eleven pit ponies, and ten thousand eleven pound batteries, I
front him on, and after that, I handed a note from Crawford which read:

"General Mc-Kellenter Hindering;
If you are coming, come at once, or I cannot give you proper support, for the enemy artillery fire is not slackening at all! At least ten thousand cannon are still firing from Mc-Kellenter Ridge itself."

General Henden held out his hand and bowed his head in ascent, but did not say anything. Hilmerdine himself galloped off with a foreboding, of evil in his heart and a feeling that he would be the first death on a bunch of the little braves.

"I will not go too long," said Crawford. "I would give the opiating army, the to adjust itself and there is very little ammunition will be left to replenish under any condition."

under any credit line.¹¹

To the left of the column behind the first division when the American and Russian columns met, the chief of the Russian column, an "uncle" general (no-politester) led the troops, mounted on his spirited horse, paler, gracier, and courageous as a gl'night of khavirya's (his) hair which was long and black floated backwards in the wind as he rode down the slope of death. (The Russian general was greatly surprised to see his friend Panamira riding at the head of his own column on horseback and at the little of his hair in the saddle, that he might direct the assault in person, in hopes that it might be a successful.) (The Russian general joined him and rode with him a short distance when they wished each other good bye, and good luck, and said a farewell only to meet again at the crisis a of this great courage, he (the Russian general) pressed on in majestic order, like moving walls of purple coated soldiers, all the regular Russian battalions, and the flags waving over them, and at the head of each regiment, waved the national flag.

[illegible]

"Yes General, I believe it is accurate but all right, if they have discovered that you have an excellent opportunity to make a movement round to the left of General Bradley's army, and maneuver his line into the trap."

"But I'm going to carry Manley's center." Answered General

"I am not a soldier since I was eighteen years old and I have been with soldiers ever since fighting in the wars of 1898-1902, 1917-1918, and 1941-1945 as well as now and what soldiers should do could do." His opinion that no ten million men over against the little number of the average conscripted men from the Lucille Meigs Heights, Caranville, Ridge, and Mid-Hollister would blow them all up.

General Division did not say anything more b t rode to General St a Status's div
division instantly:

General Said Status: "I nearly reached the crest while out scouting yesterday. But *one* Gauldianian are as stubborn as my anles discovered."

"Do you think you could go there now and carry it?" General dya nanna asked.

"No General I think not. I don't think any attacking column no matter how large, could face the that chain of batteries from Nic-Holleston Ridge and live."

"Do you know a general like Landellinos who has had all these four weeks of this edge of lucid in taken a 'intrigue' and reform?"

At this moment, no important movement was evidently taking place opposite General

ridge, and placing great number of 105 mm batteries into position. General
 (continued) made to see several firebills along with it. It is long a short distance

away in the rear. General Ivannikov did not feel like he collected a but only tried to
miss low. General Ivannikov did not feel like he collected a but only tried to

Then General Ividiananna felt that he could not make any delay or let the attack suffer by any conclusion on his part, and that General

delay or let the attack suffer by any indecision on his part, and that General
 Grant might know his intention he wrote him only this;

"General when our artillery five is at its best. I shall order

"General when our artillery fire is at its best, I shall order Cassilla to charge."

General Vivianauwa then asked General Renion to give the order for the charge, when the 2nd Heavy Fire seemed to take effect.

Andon answered: "All right general." It is not so hard to go to the enemy's line as it looks; I was nearly there with my rifle idea during the fighting at Nicotri when the two Italian line seemed to take effect.

Knobel's main trouble is to stay there. The whole Glandelinian force seems to be there in a bunch."

It was no quarter to nine. The solemn silence which had reigned over the field in this region, and only broken faintly by the noise of battle at the other quarter

A few minutes passed and then the Australian artillery again sent its ominous

A few minutes passed and then the Angelinian artillery again sent its ominous message thundering through the Conservatory valley and echoing and resounding from all those mountain sides as if all those ranges of hills were new volcanoes.

in sudden and violent eruption while the clouds of smoke still lingered over the plain, the whole line on Blinn's heights became silent, there was a titter near

plain, the whole line on Morrianna Heights became ablaze, there was a titan roar, and every hill armed with christian artillery sounded suddenly like a thousand worlds blowing to pieces. It was the heaviest cannonading ever heard during the war.

worlds blowing to pieces. It was the heaviest cannonading ever heard during the war, and the explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that the roar was as continuous as from the severest artillery fire from a million gun-batteries. After batteries opened

as from the severest artillery fire from a million men. Battery after battery opened in a crashing thunderous carsplitting roar, and it was evident that the din already shook the country side for three hundred miles at once. It was more

already she shook the country side for three hundred miles at once--it was worse than the combined cannonading for seven weeks in all the battles there, and as the christian guns got tired and all impatient for ten minutes on the job--

ridges no one replying. But Carnation ridge was the first to reply and three hundred and thirty three thousand five hundred and sixty two were selected in one simultaneous

and thirty three thousand five hundred and sixty two guns exploded in one simultaneous discharge as it flashed forth reply. The detonations was like some mighty volcano blowing up into the air, and as the batteries of big-caliber guns, the

blowing up into the air, and as the batteries of Mic-holleston ridge and the others, except Lucille's picked men joined in in answer, the din became terrific, numbing in sound, and even the Christians like myself began almost to

rivalling in fierce grandeur the christian line remained steady, although it was exposed to the murderous fire which passed over the artillery, and struck the infantry with deadly effect. To have any more on the side of the christians was

infantry with terrible effect. It bore down trees on the side of the christian position positions like a tornado. Indeed, also from the air general ylivanna realized that the muslims had been attacking with the same force from the south.

that Manley's batteries were responding with the most titanic fury for indeed the whole of "C" - Cameron, McHollister and White poss ridges resembled as many volca noes

tearing themselves asunder and engulfing themselves into the earth, also terrific was the clamor.

(A NIGGAR STOLE ME HEN)

[illegible]

Domestic detachments of Ance linians were thrown forward to support their

was Henry Barker, sergeant-major of a heavy machine gunned by General William Wilcox and Michael Swartz's battalion of infantry.

The air under us racketed, volleys over described now came ripping into the gray columns and dreadful howls of pain filled all long from Spindlers right added, then came propelling, moving the graycasts down in lines like long, low, glacial lines under forest rounded the sun, the general we vapors divisions were in fearful peril, a few being overtaken and annihilated, the glacial lines column along the left which was three million strong became less, hardly reduced that they were compelled to give way, but the center and right of the Gittenslips and Grawlsongs kept up the fierce attack with the frenzy of despair.

- "Give them the cold steel boys" he shouted.

the movement of the advancing glandular tissue was not checked while through the

the 10th 1941 was just reaching the fields. And it was already ten o'clock.

the splinter of broken trees, rot shells and grape-shot picked their way up to a of them
thousands of Angeltins were taking up the sides of Cantoria ridge,
the glendelins were under Baldwin's fire took following closely. A large division of
glendelins under general Hecolins had broken up general Hecolins' line.

Angeltins, arising upon their rear with some violence, throwing them into
confusion and then into a complete panic. Most of the Angeltins had already
already reached the summit of Eastern ridge where the rebel body having been sent
by a Connecticut Artillery was concentrating under general Cowan and preparing
to meet the assault of the rebels. The ridge being occupied by new batteries, was
now covered with five thousand guns but still they were still in a fierce
outburst of a eleven million muskets broke loose from the infantry line. The
gaping force of the hundreds of thousands of the rebels was pitiful, but
the survivors continued to charge up the ridge. The Angeltins' columns alone were
swarming to the defense and to cover their retreating comrades, their long line of
an incessant and faithful report as they continued to fire with the booming
five million muskets. The ridge displayed the fierce combat. The carnage had increased
steadily and the thousands of glendelins under Gola General and general Tarn
was also shattered scores of other columns being annihilated. At the sides of the
ridge was littered with the dead and wounded. Yet the glendelins were now swarming
up to the summit of the ridge, and as they came down a column of
there was a stupendous deafening roar of artillery that seemed to reach the
very heavens. The whole first line of the army, the main portion pressed over
the summit. Before the Angeltins could get a glimpse of the rear of the new wave of
the rebels' force was now swarming to the summit, rolling and writhing upon the
ground, but the glendelins now returned as fierce a storm. A column of the christian
works was about buried in the dead and wounded of their own side.

Twenty five glendelin generals lay prostrate before
the christian works being August Hantion, Frank Grant, Andrew Tracy, James
Hudson, Hanson Gilmore, Kato Ridden, Sir Sturgis, John, Francis Ganderberry,
Morgan Sturgis, Thomas Phelan, Frank Blackheart, Henry Hilo, Philson Gowan,
Frank Stoddard, Clarence Hagan, James Boro, Henry Hecolins, John Hecolins,
Frank Hecolins, Richard Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins, Hecolins,
James Federal, Zoe Hino, Frank Kendall, Armando Hecolins, Herbert Governor all
who were now mortally wounded.

All these officers of the glendelins had not time to face the fierce storm of
fire. The glendelins had been advancing upon the christian center, where
the firing was a massacre on the right. The very air was bedewed with the
upward and the very earth was covered with the dead and wounded, the wro
wreaths of smoke shutting out the faithful scenes of carnage for several minutes. A
About three quart of the glendelins along the center had been mowed down,
the christian fire swooping away every man of them. At the divisions
of general Hecolins, and Hecolins' column alone aimed the terrible fire and they
rushed up on the christian position followed by the division of general Aur
Anderson. As the christian fire ceased on them, their two generals
fell dead, then Hecolins' division came up and taking the lead urged him on
to carry the works but he also fell mortally wounded. But despite all this the
christians were causing the enemy, the Angeltins' commanders realized
they were being overpowered. The dreadful firing, a mass of the
words the surviving glendelins were reaching, the words only to dissolve into
fragments. But up came the rest of Hecolins' divisions and a portion of the
christian line became terrified and panic stricken, and not to able to meet the
oncoming avalanche of gray coats retreated. The victorious glendelins advanced
in the shape of a whole swooping over the works, using down a whole brigade of the
retreating christians.

Left wing of the christian line held stubbornly, the noise of their
cannon almost drowning the millions of glendelins. The Angeltins however
were being surrounded their own line being torn into huge gaps. General
Boro's division also seemed to be engulfed in a vortex of destruction. Yet
surrounded as they were the Angeltins fought with the fury of desperation.
The whole assaulting line seemed engulfed in the furious carnage, but the
surviving columns rushed over the summit only to dissolve away.

The uproar of the dreadful battle
had increased, and now general Hecolins' glendelins reaching the summit fell up
upon the stubborn christian line. The rebels left under general Hecolins.
Hecolins was killed, and as he fell the entire mass of gutterslips under general
Adelapp Carlo Case, crumpled upon the other Angeltins' division under general
Hecolins' division who made the most serious resistance ever seen. It was useless.
Those glendelins had lost more than three quarters of their men in this mass
assault, and surrounding the Angeltins as they did, their assault was failure.

But at the christian center the glendelins were still attacking with
a murderous fury, and with apparent sledge hammer force. There seemed to be a regular
intoxicating rush of men headlong to a speedy result without the slightest
moment to think.

The uproar of the dreadful battle
had increased, and now general Hecolins' glendelins reaching the summit fell up
upon the stubborn christian line. The rebels left under general Hecolins.
Hecolins was killed, and as he fell the entire mass of gutterslips under general
Adelapp Carlo Case, crumpled upon the other Angeltins' division under general
Hecolins' division who made the most serious resistance ever seen. It was useless.
Those glendelins had lost more than three quarters of their men in this mass
assault, and surrounding the Angeltins as they did, their assault was failure.

But at the christian center the glendelins were still attacking with
a murderous fury, and with apparent sledge hammer force. There seemed to be a regular
intoxicating rush of men headlong to a speedy result without the slightest
moment to think.

The whole of the gray line was wreathed in smoke as they resumed the formation of the
battle line. A firing was now more intense of late. The whole of the whole
battle line started at the very heavens in the direction of the glendelin
batteries. On Gola General's ridge seemed to be rent by a most deafening roar with
an stupendous reverberating evidence of musket volleys. A million long at once and extend
ing along the whole line in fearful streams of fire burst out of a long general
glendelin line in gray, and as now later on opened up a shell from a christian
battery hit general Hecolins' horse and the horse was killed. As the general arose
to urge on his men he himself fell mortally wounded. Now indeed the very uproar of
hell seemed to be going on but the christians continued to advance. Simultaneously
from another quarter a deafening roar of cannon and rattling of musketry broke out,
then firing crashed along Allenberg's line and several large divisions of christ
ians in the advance were instantly cut and torn to pieces, and the survivors being
terrified, they broke into confusion. A whole of the left wing of glendelins
glendelins was surrounded in smoke, and this line of men were soon fast firing
so furiously that away the smoke was spread far and wide.

The whole of glendelins' christian line was still advancing swiftly,
though not the men seemed to drop in avalanches of dead and wounded, and at last the
last of the purple columns under general Hecolins reached the long gray line
under general Hecolins' line.

Up to this the purple line had been inactive. Then all at once along his works
there appeared a stupendous stream of gun flashes which undulated to and fro,
followed simultaneously by a continuous and ear-splitting exploding roar resembling
again a million cannon continually blowing to pieces, when the same firing spread to
other lines like the movement of a lengthy wave. A writhing cloud of smoke from
the thousands of extensive withering volleys obscured everything for a while, and when
it lifted, the nearest the lower line firing started a appalling scene was exposed
to view. Only one third of Hecolins' division of thirty three million men was seen
retreating, and the rest were seen lying down on the ground dead and wounded,
Hecolins' line among the killed. Spruders' main line however continued to advance
into the fierce carnage of the war's mightiest battle, and general Hecolins
christian division coming on Spruders' right moved upon Gola glendelins
whose forces also opened a simultaneous blast of withering fire all along the
line.

Every Angeltins column, even by hundreds, within range don't dissolved like snow
banks. General solid lines being fairly crumpled to fragments, he himself lost his
leg, and every where all along the rest of spruders' line columns of men fell so
steadily that greater confusion ensued. The appalling uproar of the firing now
echoed still further in ear-splitting evidence. General Archibald who took command
in the danger place was surprised at the boldness, and recklessness of the
christian attack. The Angeltins who survived the slaughter were being even
nearer and nearer and now general Hecolins, and Hecolins' line were
arrived with all their men, and eighteen hundred pieces of artillery. The carnage
was now increased. In fact, the great artillery side adding to the
frightful carnage. A whole of the christian line was now being
for eighteen miles along this portion of the battle line there were now
ear-splitting detonations of thousands of cannon and exploding shells. And the whole
front of general Spruders' right wing division was shattered and torn, but
the survivors at the command of their officers held their fire. They came rushing up
the slight rise of ground in yet again great avalanches of men spread into dead
and wounded. Even now a new battle of musketry broke out to the further right. Of the
large divisions of Angeltins and Angeltins' line under general Hecolins.

Only as reached the rebel line under Hecolins' line front line opened upon
the Angeltins like a mass of blood. Then upon came the whole of the remain
der of spruders' line and they both sides dissolved into a cloud of smoke, while
now from somewhere else further on there came a roar that made the whole line of
batteries fairly tremble. The terrible carnage was even increased with a redoubled
fury, leaving the nightmarish of which no one can describe.

It suddenly slackened. What was the meaning of it? The generals of both sides
soon saw the smoke clearing away, and the Angeltins were wavering at all points.
Hundreds of the purple columns having been shot down, the survivors retiring in
utmost confusion, the great coats rushing headlong over their own works and crashing
upon the retiring Angeltins with the fury of avalanches of fiends from hell.
Spruders' had been twice repulsed with the loss of two quarters of his two fresh
columns, and along both lines of pursuers and pursued volumes of white smoke
still issued, and new showers of bullets screaming like a tempest mowed the
purple coats and gray coats down like leaves from the trees in a hurricane.

But now the firing again showed signs of abating. And for the
length of eighteen miles desolation was everywhere and the ground was encumbered
anew by the sea of fresh dead and wounded. This fierce resistance of Archibald's
divisions showed the beautiful courage of the glendelins, and fate was favoring
them for their daring. Many to thousands of gaps were torn in the rebel lines
by Baldwin's christian batteries and general Hecolins' division was shivered by a
rain of shells, and the positions of Baldwin's batteries again roared like a titanic
series of eruptions from a thousand volcanoes, and Hecolins' division also received a
clever curtain of artillery fire from Hecolins' ridge, and grape and chain
shot from Hecolins' battery. Hundreds of thousands of fresh glendelins were
crushed and mowed. The glendelins under general Hecolins were also checked by
the shell shells from Baldwin's christian batteries and many of his men grouped under

Along the other part a grape shot division was still advancing, resembling vast multitudes in the formation. Many other companies had advanced to their very annihilation under the appalling fire of the glendolins, but on came the main line of assailants, though again the fire along the grape line soared like a million cannon shaking the very ground with such force as to send many off their feet. Going down the street terrific tempests of bullets, streams of shells and canister was poured upon the Angelinians in redoubled quantities, many wedges of columns dissolving. The Angelinians under general Moon Millan advancing upon general Allenborgers centre met a tempest of grape shot and a storm of gong-gong shells but on rushed the survivors with piercing yell. Millan was killed, and Shrid Shripie Film took his place.

"Come on boys!" He cried, and fell head down. However Spruender took command, and the Angelinians continued to rush on with the most indescribable fury coming over the works, then Spruender fell riddled by bullets, his men going down in hundreds of thousands at one volley. Spruender though wounded was able to retain command, and his line almost crushed, groined and fell back with the utmost haste, before the counter advancing army of the glendolins who had repulsed them. A greater scene of confusion arose than the former, and worse than any general ever witnessed before, not followed the whole left wing of Spruenders army had been annihilated, and his main line had been completely cut to pieces. They moved in a regular human current, panic stricken and routed many being in almost retrograde motion.

The officers made the most desperate attempt to rally the Angelinians but fell one by one. The other two wings of Spruenders army however did not retire in such confusion and their lines stirred with a withering fire as they slowly retired. Several columns even rallied and repelled the advancing glendolins but an avalanche of bullets from the rebels swept them down as snowflakes fall in the wildest blizzard. Even several more lines of cannon under Baldwin seemed to become like blazing fire from their fierce broadsides, and the survivors were scattered like chaff. Hundreds of thousands of the Angelinians were terror stricken, thinking of nothing but escape, and flight. The pursuing glendolins meeting no gun except from Baldwin's cannon swept on unchecked, and large numbers of wheat and cornfields extending for miles became crammed with purple and red gravecoats as both poured on in human torrents. General Bismarcks division of Angelinians and Ahys Ahysinkilians, their leader having fallen long ago closely pursued by heavy columns of the fierce Zimmernians, who were advancing from another direction, had in desperation made a stand to the last, the scene being more appalling to them over. They had been hotly pursued by an overwhelming force of fierce Zimmernians in their rear, and a force of Decollers had rushed on them from swinging around in their front, and so in attempting to retreat in another way they fought with the madness of despair, thousands even throwing away their muskets, and using their pistols, daggers, or even fighting with fists and at once, and never before in the war was there ever such terrible outcries heard. Blood curdling shrieks rent the air, screams of pain, yells of rage, and screams of terror. The main portions of Spruenders division retreated more rapidly now, without the protection of Baldwin's batteries which he could have afforded them, but if he had kept them in action with the rebels mingled with the Angelinians he would have fired on his own comrades. The enemy counter advanced and now at its utmost carried at this very moment the whole advance of assailants again a second time to be threatened with annihilation. Though the firing was not so continuous now the smoke was still so thick that nothing could be seen at the distance of fifty feet at some places.

A thousand panic stricken men swept by Spruender who was trying with the help of his officers to halt his main divisions, to make a desperate stand. The pursuing enemy was now within full range of Baldwin's batteries, and shells and grape began to pour through the rebel lines not intermingled with the Christians by tens of thousands of shots per minute. Along some of Spruenders lines also the firing was beginning to slacken, the showers of bullets becoming less terrific. The enemy however was halting his advance at some points for two thousand guns of the galling type were pouring whirling hose torrents of grape and canister upon them. Several of their immense columns had been spreading with the purpose to overwhelm Spruender but bewildered by Baldwin's gun fire they also halted. General Fals Palas division still advanced against the Christians however being on Allenborgers right, these soldiers yelling like demons, but a sharp fire of grape was poured into their very faces, and with the death of general Fals they retired in confusion. Portions of Spruenders line had rallied and a storming fire broke out anew along this portion.

Allenborgers fell severely wounded and general Henry Watolinia took his place but he too was killed. Seeing that reinforcements again was coming for Spruender and that Allenberger was wounded the glendolins themselves were thrown into confusion and they began to retire. General Haddon Costello was being sent by Manley to reinforce Allenberger and also Spruender was being reinforced and Spruender having rallied his columns, sent all those wounded to the rear and pressed forward gradually to make a third assault.

117

Small and big farm houses and barn houses and wheatfields had been burned away by fires caused by the explosion of shells, which had crashed to frequent every glendolin surge that encountered it, and yet though columns after columns had been cut to pieces, and the survivors retiring in confusion, and panic, the rest of the sixty million had kept up the fierce attacks with unabated fury until nearly every division had been frightfully decimated. General Haddon Haddon who had recovered from the stunning received from a cannon balls wind had given orders to his officers not to allow their men to give way and as the lines had held firm the slaughter had been as ghastly as any where else on the field. Never did the glendolins as yet succeed in this first most tremendous onslaught of the battle to carry their Christian works, and wherever they had broken the Christian line it was only a mere sever and which was as easily repaired as a break in a boarded fence. Large divisions of glendolins had been frustrated at every point. The firing along this whole section was beginning to slacken considerably though the continued roar of battle could be heard at another quarter, which gave warning that the whole struggle was on in fullway.

Several of Allenborgers divisions which had not with the most terrible slaughter during the advance of the foe when they were victorious, were now marching to the rear. Ever and anon, the sound of a fresh and more furious clattering of made Allenberger's his preparations, as he knew that Spruenders army now receiving reinforcements sent to him by general Haddon Haddon the only Christian commander here was now preparing to counter advance. Along general Castings line all was silent, many of his exhausted and wounded men hurrying to the rear, all swathed in blood. Landagons the Angelinians under Spruender were the first to move forward to follow up the advantage they had gained. Along such an advance, intensely long line of battle the firing broke out gradually once more, and soon became in full array again added by a still more stupendous thunder of artillery all along the line, which seemed to stamp all who heard it. The Angelinians having been reinforced reinforced came again rushing on with the most stupendous fury and now again Castings batteries let a loose their rain of hail, eight thousand, eight hundred and fifty also guns opening again upon the Angelinians with deadly effect. Spruenders advance also was magnificent, and the horns blew a fire of Castings batteries could not check it, and the advancing brigades under general Thompson Haddon encountered the same terrible torrent of shells, grape and canister, and as they lost their comrades by lines, they halted and fell back swiftly, unable to stand it. General Shripie Film's purple columns still were striking fiercely through the wheat and corn fields which became like an inferno his divisions coming to vanish into the very jaws of perdition. Then came from Baldwin's batteries a frightful storm of shell fire in response of Castings gun fire and the shells fell among his line of guns but the guns were not silenced. Fresh and and rolled in in great widrows among the guns, and the showers of shells and shrapnel also crashed among the narrow lines of infantry causing along the whole line terrible destruction, and making great confusion. Yet more and more of the glendolin divisions were being reformed, and Ludolph Millers batteries being drawn into position stormed away in response to Baldwin's batteries, the one commanding resembling a new warfare of tit titans.

A second struggle of the battle was now in full array. Alexander Haddon's artillery was also brought up and those were opened upon the advancing Christians with terrifying effect, and general Knoblauch's divisions about ten, with the death of their commander, were terribly reduced, and retired in confusion, while glendolins and Haddon were slightly wounded. A column of fourteen million nine hundred thousand Angelinians under general Randall lost three quarters of its number with the wounding of their general, and general Meagers division of eleven million three hundred thousand men met a searching fire, and Meager fell mortally wounded, his men also reduced to less than three quarters, and being in terrible confusion.

Generals Hubert Tuttle and Grifield glug were placing large columns of glendolins under general Guckler, and generals Warden and Haddon Churchmen across the path of the Christian advance, and an immense force of Gargoyllians and Haddon's under Henry Kranda in large orchards and groves, and at this point the impetuous advance of the Nationals was checked, the fire of Churchmen's divisions disconcerting the Angelinians, and the sudden collision into which they had come was doubly terrible, and they also retired in confusion, but not without killing the six glendolin generals.

Hundreds of thousands of glendolins hurried toward the men forcing the Christians to retreat rapidly. Every one of these twenty glendolin divisions however lost every one of their chief generals. Those fallen were as follows: General Francis Good will killed, general Herbert Brooklin, Zander Genders, Anklaton Stoner Stoneman, Alexander Gandford, Gale Schroeder, Abner Mc-Holleston Jackson, Donald Hanson, Gormac Gicknell, James Ballings, and Robert Jennings all being killed. General Hendro Henley was mortally wounded, and also were the other nineteen as follows, Caldwell Cammonia, Cammonia Holden, Stanek Crawford, Homic Gicknell, Urner Baylone, Mc-Holleston Burger, G. George Costello, Carl Costello, Frank Stanley, Stanleyton Evans, Otteman Haudish, Keller Johnston, George Condue, Haddon Crow, Abner Howe, Zimmernian Pedro, Augustina at St. Clair, and Stanklin Petro. All these entirely were from other divisions beside the twenty.

The whole column of glandelinians was now retiring in confusion which became a stampede. Hundreds of thousands of the glandelinians bearing behind them the ear-splitting crash of masonry close behind them fled in a mad panic, breaking in a fearful stampede beyond recovering and which could not be checked, the glandelinians even trampling rocks rockless over their own fallen, while showers of shells added by torrents of canister and high explosives on continually crashed among them mowing them down in big columns. Even trees were crushed, bushes were splintered by the blast of destruction, which spread far and wide. A series of mighty roars broke out along two lines of new batteries which increased at the panic, the dead lying in scores of thousands of fresh soldiers. Over the wheat fields and across, and down roads and through woods the enormous crowds of graycoats vomited itself forth amid bloodcurdling yells, and shrieks. Many officers dreading that this kind of a retreat would mean disaster in its worse form tried to rally them, but officers of all ranks fell by hundreds, though no generals were counted as yet among them. Many other guns other guns were turned upon the retreating glandelinians who had lost one hundred and fifty thousand more. Many divisions of glandelinians shattered and mangled under Major general Hume rushed into a gully for cover from the annihilating fire, but a large force of Angolians descended upon them, and took them all prisoners, except the general who succeeded in escaping.

General Spruider's main columns rushed forward from the works to check the panic, cries resounding from a hill above Spruider fell severely wounded. "Help for Allenberger and Johnston Manley," one one shouted. "Their troops are being routed and destroyed."

"Fall back slowly, and with solid lines," ordered Allenberger to the main line which had still continued the attack as he saw Spruider's columns coming. "Do not repel the counter advance of the Federals at all costs or we will be cut to pieces and driven into the same hopeless confusion, like Manley's divisions are."

In fact Allenberger saw the danger just in time. For heavy christian reinforcements had occupied Castor's ridge and that Spruider would probably crush his front and over lap his whole line for a fact. Then all would be lost, and terrible results would follow.

"We must retire or Spruider will overlap us," he said. "We don't want to be annihilated like the old ones. See how they are firing. They are coming to turn the very world into a storm of blood and fire."

"But if we retire, general Antonio Leganes Abasco's division will be destroyed and then what then?" asked general Juarez Galin.

"I know but if we continue our defense here in this battle conflagration the purple columns under Spruider will overlap our flank. Mark at the storming christian batteries. Not a moment is to be lost."

In fifteen minutes Allenberger's divisions in a tatters were retiring across the half burned wheat fields. Several officers threatened to resign because Allenberger was withdrawing his men but this did not stop him and he only told them they should do what ever they wished.

"Retire if you want to," he said. "I'm going to retreat, and that is all there is to it."

His last shattered divisions hastened onward. The advance of Spruider's forces was fiercer and terrific. The glandelinian batteries played on them with telling effect but they could not be stopped. Several of the purple columns the length of four miles were torn tottered and bleeding but amid the ear-splitting detonation of shells all around them, above them, and behind them, they came on. Allenberger was overwhelmed with doubt and horror. A great catastrophe disaster was threatening so fierce was Spruider's advance. It was an awful hour indeed. New batteries opened fire from the left pouring terrible volleys of shrapnell and grape, but the Angolians caught up with Allenberger's rear guard and crushed it. Many more divisions of christians had been shattered and mangled by the rebel cannon fire, but the main division rushed on. One division of the Angolians mingled with general Henry Lee's division and they were engulfed in a deadly carnage. The two rebel generals, Lee Horta himself and Horta Estabrook being killed. The dead and wounded of both sides along this new line of struggle soon lay so thick that they almost concealed the ground. Large divisions of glandelinians under general Humber were pushed from John Manley's right to Allenberger's help and general Humber's battered batteries were brought up on the center and opened into the very faces of the Angolians. Many new columns of the christians were cut to pieces and the survivors hunk back at this new fire, and this gave Allenberger time to rally his men. Allenberger's men were rapidly drawn to cover and placed behind Humber's new line of batteries which had so dreadfully heaped up the dead bodies in purple. Allenberger's men were now rapidly reforming, but two of his brigades having failed to escape were being surrounded. These glandelinians sought in despair to press back their furious assailants amid the maelstrom of carnage, the Angolians surrounded them in overwhelming numbers hundreds of thousands of the glandelinians falling in heaps the survivors vainly endeavoring to escape the massacre by cutting advances in the solid purple lines but the brigades were so terribly reduced, that they had to throw down their arms and surrender, their two generals Rodington Forward and Henry Gallison being killed.

mangled predecessors in the gory sea below. The shouts of the felled and infuriated bloodier survivors, the groans of the scores of hundreds of thousands of dead or wounded I mean, the yells and entreaties of the dying, and the shrieks of the battle maddened of survivors arose above the din of cannon. The christian officers even lighted the shells and threw them over the parapet of the high works, and the artillery men followed their example. One glandelinian before the repulse came climbed the parapet, and planted the glandelinian flag on the summit, but the glandelinian shout that greeted its appearance, had scarcely left the lips that framed it, when man and flag were in the ditch below riddled by balls. Another glandelinian repeated the feat, and joined his comrades in death. A third essayed to bear off the flag, and was cloven with an arrow. One man entered an embrasure, and was blown to fragments, two more were cut down in another but not one crossed the works.

The dead and wounded were left in the field in a perfect plain of fall on many miles long and the ghastly horrors were rendered sickening by the vain vain cries of hundreds of thousands for water and help. In full view from the embrasures the ground was covered with the widows of dead and dying. Thousands we heaped up in the ditch before the long line of earthy bastions, scores of thousands in another place, almost in reach of those who thought their late foes would have willingly heeded their anguish shrieks for water. But yet none dared go to their assistances for the fire of the glandelinian batteries would now down every thing exposed to it.

Indeed the battle of Gloriana or Lucille's pickens was the bloodiest battle of the war. Hancock's division right wing which stretched along the drumming gun was also engaged simultaneously. And all the while for two hours the fierce contest was continued, and the right grand division of the right wing was broken, the center driven in, and destruction was a holding wide its jaws to crush the christian wing to a few remnants, or remnants. Hancock's gallant left wing however was reserved the last inglorious honor of turning back the tide of adverse victory. For two horrible hours while Manley was ascending his already victorious and exultant columns and hurling them as successfully upon Hancock's columns in a sea of fire and horror, and with dare devil reckless desperation that in the moment of expected triumph lavished great oceans of blood and ages of life to win the final victory, the divisions under general John Philip Starring held its ground from first to last, amid a blinding volcano of flame and fire for the length of forty miles, and amid all the tumult of confusion around, that seemed so if the end of the world was approaching, and the deluge of demerit and death pouring upon them, completely run over by more than ten divisions of bloodier and Grawley's, that had been shattered to fragments by the shock, their right and front still held as firm as a rock like a very breakwater against the sweeping tide of ruin and Abasco's typhoon, seas of mighty surges of grantees, and horrid explosions mighty enough to shake the very interior of the earth as well as the surface and the heavens, saw the monstrous walls of the enemy stagger, recoil and break up like a snow in water, and break twenty times within short a pistol range of its bayonets and flags from the horrible massacre. On the fields of gloriana and close to Lucille's pickens town the whole glandelinian division under general Humber Manley was baptized in blood, fire and slaughter, a thousand fold horrifying with three eye quarters of his sixteen million seven hundred and eighty nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine glandelinians lying dead, and bleeding on the ground in front of Lucille's pickens they fought over, Manley withdrew the mangled and torn column in unspeakable horror and refused to take any more part in the "Massacre of Humanity".

General James Francis Vivianus had big divisions did not arrived on the scene until this horror had spent itself somewhat. Then he received a fierce attack from general Spruider's glandelinians. Along the whole of his line as this horrid carnage was repeated sheets of flame and horror in had steadily burst forth with the roar of a trillion cannon, the foe nevertheless having charged desperately on the christian line. Then he succumbed to much swift swift and fatal volleys the enemy had coolly calculated on an opponent, connection, to load and run on only to see all their front columns fall to the last man, and still the livid lightnings was not checked. Fatal men could not face such sweeping fire, and backwards the survivors had rushed impetuously and the ground was held, and the way remaining open along some portions. But before the withdrawal despite the slaughter some of the mangled columns had rushed on with unabated volubility and burst through the closed line of the christians with an irresistibility equalled only by demon and one of the most terrific storms of shot, shell, and grape and whistling bullets that had ever burst upon a moving column, without checking them. The Angolians however were successful in holding their ground.

But now go to go back to general Michael Hancock's force. On the right a slight blunder had caused a portion of his line to be hurled back upon the center and there had been danger of the enemy carrying all before him, and then sweep round to the plains leading to Lucille's pickens, the only outlet to general Hancock's beleaguered division but fortunately the "Hollister" go "Rae" division was hurled upon the victory flushed glandelinians, and Manley was horrified for the first time in his life and was glad to withdraw the mangled divisions and dread the certain end. The terrible cannon fire of both sides had seemed about to tear the battle field to shreds, while all the din could never be imagined.

Yet the Angelinites advanced with a fury that was deafening, and though the first line was torn to long pieces, the Angelinites did not halt. General Ripston's division encountered a ferocious annihilating fire, and the survivors were forced to halt, but they returned a stinging fire of their own from a under cover. The other members of Spruener's line continued and increased the fury of their attack, and now a new torrent of shells added from general "Flowers" batteries, the firing along the whole of Allenburgers line was using its most blasting fury, but still the Christian columns reached the works, and threw them on upon the "Rebels". With the fury of demons the Angelinites strove to scale the works but the "Rebels" kept up the resistance the dead and wounded Angelinites lying in rows where they had fallen. Many companies which exposed themselves rolled away, and hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands of Angelinites under general Horstmann poured over the works on the extreme left in their vehement effort to annihilate the rebels, and along this point the "Rebels" under general "Plains" portion tried in vain to check the onslaughts who extreme right of the gray line stood as firm as a wall of rocks, but they were also being reduced to a frightful number, and the survivors of the rebels stuck to their guns just as stubbornly, nowing down great masses of their assailants, but the survivors only mingled with them in a hand to hand struggle. This part of the rebel line seemed to be the danger of a road in the path of a sweeping ay alone as they found a feeble barrier before the waves of purple coats, who threatened to carry all before them.

Yet the apparently victorious Angelinites held with unshakable dignity that overwhelming numbers of reinforcements of Snodder's "Rebels" were rushing swiftly to Allenburgers aid. Many of the captured guns were being around on the reinforcements but they could not be stopped, the cannon roar roaring in terrible detonations which was echoed back by the sharper and heavier detonations of general Spoke's Spoken's heavy guns as they lined their terrifically forth with the most intolerable roar the very earth continually shaking from the concussion of the cannon, and the carpeting of earth and uproar seemed to be omnipotent.

Heavy columns of Snodders swept forward with the fury of a frenzied multitude surging up to the very works like a surging tidal wave and no longer did the general Snodders Angelinites think of victory, for the enemy with high and universal yells came over with fixed bayonets. Michael Hanson's Abyssinian line was on the left of Spruener's main line and as he too became engaged the battle was terrific, and yet the onslaught of the enemy was inconceivably terrific in the extreme.

In the no reaction general given-mans main line of Abyssinians was also becoming engaged, but the general was a doubtful if the battle would be victorious for him or not. The furious onslaught had been made against given-mans right which had been driven back twice, but the rebels had rolled, and the "Rebels" division under general Hansen's division advanced full ward a Christian brigade which was forced to retire toward Gesta's Bridge near a building where a lodge had been constructed. These "Rebels" were near enough they naturally ceased firing, and began abusing, and cursing and a waving at the Abyssinians, calling them the most outlandish names, while others dared the Angelinites to come forward and fight. All of these "Rebels" who thus abused them were suddenly fired upon and slain. The vigor and persistence of the conflict along given-mans line was evidently also showing something more serious behind, and such shows the feeling of all the brave soldiers within the fully active Christian lines under given-mans who listened to the unceasing and continuous crash of musketry and cannon. Several times the enemy in full force had dashed up against the left wing of given-mans position as if in confident bravado and finally drove a large force of Angelinites whose heads were hidden in black hoods from the advanced rifle pits, but amid the dreadful carnage the hooded and change robed "Rebels" turned and fled their assailants and regained the works, driving the "Rebels" back with half their number at first. Then an avalanche of men hurled upon the disputed rifle pits, the Christians were again forced back and covered by the Angelinites guns. Two stinging divisions of immense size were also enabled to approach within one hundred yards of the Christian cannon. The Christian troops fell in on the left, and the "Rebels" storming forces advanced directly upon the works. Then came a scene of carnage and blood curdling horror which had no parallel in the annals of warfare. Big guns of 12 inch or 16 inch caliber, and Cadmus was not one third as terrible. Stunned for a moment by the curtain of canister, lead, grape and shells poured upon them by the batteries, and long lines of musketry the "Rebels" became hesitated, but on they came again in millions upon millions of fierce Snodder's soldiers. Again and again the deadly tempest of missiles shattered and mangled their torn and extensive columns each miles long. Their march was over shadows of dead and wounded comrades their length of charge. Yet still the survivors faltered not, but onward still onward whole lines twenty miles long stretched over miles, stretched from stump to stump and fell and died and dying. Yet still on over their millions of prostrate bodies marched and pushed the dead horses of that forlorn hope. At last the works were reached, and the slaughter became butchery as if on a wager of death against mortality. General "Plains" and given-mans many batteries of guns went down the whole half of the annihilating lines as the tempest does the corn. The earth was reached with oceans of blood, men waded in blood, and butchery, a scene more horrible than all the child butcherings of the war combined and struggled up the scarp, and slithering in blood fell back to join their

At this point a night of cannon fire broke loose from the assault which locality. Instantly filled the air with a new death-dealing wave of shells, and the Christian columns were cut to pieces upon a space that was swept by a terrible rain of shells, but the "Rebels" and canister, protected spaces were difficult to ascend, hundreds of shells were cut to pieces by the heat of these shells, those were prepared by the storm of bullets and poured at by burning shells, while at other quarters terrible gusts of canister and grape rained, and smothered whole masses of human beings, that got in the way. General given-mans were the first to reach the summit, consisting of 200 scores of thousands of regiments, but half of these regiments were wiped out, and a great gap was torn in the assaulting line, and there fore their impetuous advance was checked, general given-mans falling wounded, and his columns reduced to a mere fragment, therefore they retreated. General "Plains" Angelinites had simultaneously advanced upon another portion of the hill, a rush here, a rush there, from the cover of rocks and trees, slithering in the lead of their fallen comrades, advancing with the ferocity and courage of demons. When three, that three million three hundred thousand "Rebels" suddenly let loose their hell in earnest, and out of a vast trade of shot of smoke went the storm of infernal shells, grape and canister among these Christian lines. These lines massive columns of regiments were run into view on the summit and stormed with a withering fire, but on came the Angelinites though their whole line was up placed through and through by the merciless artillery fire which kept up an unceasing roar. An exact occasion, after cessation of the "Rebels" blew up and also one cannon after another from being overheated, the Christian yell broke forth in exultation along the whole line of assault.

The Angelinites advanced like a monstrous wave of destruction, and their foremost ranks rushed like an enormous multitude seeking their deaths. The Angelinites however reached the summit and had to bend over the breastworks they lacked. "Rebels" guns were surrounded, and fought desperately, with hand pikes, ramrods, bayonets, and even stones, and even stones. The "Rebels" officers have been signalled for help. General Johnston's division was still on the march, and he could spare general Earl Cook's brigade he ordered them on to Chamberlain's Ridge. They had not far to go, but as Chamberlain turned the angle at Chamberlain's Hill, Cook's Brigade turned it at Chamberlain's Ridge. The Angelinites who went into action here with eleven million seven hundred thousand men, had now only eight million remaining. This division then retreated, but the Angelinites had not fallen back at every point. They had not failed altogether, though their gate was swung a little further. Another portion of the forces had gained a lodgement on Gesta's Hill, where for four hours since five o'clock in the morning until eight a simultaneous drama of horror had proceeded among rocks, and trees, and slowly, stubbornly, the "Rebels" assailants had to yield as reinforcements drawn from General Michael Hanson's center had accumulated themselves against them, and so Gesta's Hill which had been captured was retained. The whole entire storm of war seemed to envelope the ground, wounded, and the voiceless dead, and the blackening blood clots in the woods, fields and on the roads. In fact at all points the battle had already raged for four hours and already general Michael Hanson had almost nine million men killed out of his forty six million and nineteen million down wounded. Michael had seventeen million men left. Michael Hanson had been pushed back four miles and his line was badly coming out of shape from distance centers.

After the capture, and during the fifteen minutes lull three thousand "Rebels" guns rapidly concentrated upon the summit of Lewis Richman hill and the massed upon Gesta's Hill, and soon along this whole line of artillery there broke a new and most frightful roar which shook the whole ridge and surrounding country, and right among the Angelinites on Gesta's ridge poured a terrible curtain fire of artillery, and the tempest of thousands of shells, canister, high explosives and grape caused heart rending carnage. Torrents of hissing grape was added to the horrible storm of destruction, and the Angelinites again went down in the most frightful numbers.

It was indeed the most frightful slaughter that has ever yet been seen in the whole war, and all this for the possession of Angelina's Hill. Thousands of poor horses were dreadfully torn and mangled behind their battery batteries and as most of all the captured guns were disabled the Angelinites were unable to answer the rain of shot and shell from the "Rebels". Batteries became fearful and as the guns were in full play both positions looked like two volcanoes in eruptions. The concussion of the artillery fire shook the very ground below the hills like an earthquake, and the Angelinites strove to answer as their infantry columns were mowed down. The Christian generals were front stricken and tried themselves to get some cannon into action but the rain of different missiles poured among them fast and furious, and threatened them with annihilation, and they were compelled to retreat in haste. One ammunition wagon after another blew up, caissons exploded by the hundreds, all infernal inflammable stuff on the ridges caught on fire, trees blazed up and foliage of all descriptions caught afire. So general Frank Spruener seeing that his Angelinites were unable to answer ordered his infantry to charge Allenburgers line with the intention of drawing the terrible "Rebels" artillery fire to another point. So general Antonio Hansen advanced his columns down the hill side and they rushed forward to storm Allenburgers line, and with swift and intolerable fury the Christian columns pressed upon a whole rebel line sacred except for the tonnage of flame and the nearest Christian columns were destroyed.

in disorder, some in order, and others in pain. The Angelinos now came rushing upon a brigade of Lelandians who were still in formation and there was a mixture of gray and purple in a pandemonium that was beyond comprehension.

"Give up your rifles you rebels. The jig is up. Reb surrender. We have got you."

A flood of purple and red coats engulfed the struggling crowds of grays and took a big toll of prisoners. Major General Swell of Johnston separated from his shattered divisions escaped by hiding under a load of wood. More big columns of grays were advancing now to Fritzen's aid and these being under general Johnston, arriving at nine o'clock rushed upon Michael Hanson's advancing troops with such incredible ferocity, that the Christian forces were compelled to halt; then the left fell back, but the rest stood. Hanson was held at bay however by the new force of nine million Lelandians, but now general Antonio, and Tony Phillip both brothers and John Johnston Jackson, following Michael Hanson, came up with their forces of Abyssinians, Angelinos, and Abbeinians, and rushed instantaneously with incredible fury and violence upon Johnston's main line of counter-advance, and they would have either carried all before them, or annihilated general Johnston's whole line, one or the other, had they not faced a wall of fire and cannon fire from other portions of the Lelandian front. Jack Anderson's purple line rushed on continually however until annihilated, and general Anderson's division encountered a murderous fire as they advanced over the whole stretch of the Florida Zoua gun, and they seemed to melt away in swarms of millions, and though both their commanders fell severely wounded they nevertheless pressed on unchecked. Even enormous columns under general Zoo had gotten into Michael Hanson's aid, and Johnston's line now outnumbered staggered through the crushing inferno, and Johnston being dangerously and probably mortally wounded was borne from the field, and general Johnston had to take command and made great efforts to retain positions, but in terrific surges the Angelinos continued to advance and the whole extreme left grand division of Johnston's army was cut to pieces and swept back with the whole line badly wrecked. Johnston and general Anderson were killed. General Burns pierced Johnston's line along the right, and already seventy regiments and two brigades, and one division of Johnston's command were almost annihilated. The yelling of the victorious Angelinos was heard far and wide. One portion of Johnston's reserve divisions still held and attempted to counter charge, but forward to right or left they faced an annihilating fire. General Anderson's battalions on Hanson's extreme right, worked their way through a nest of blazing works and gullies, which seemed to have broken out into eruption all surrounded by thick woods, and emerged at the base of Sacramento Hill from which they received no fire.

Sacramento Hill would be theirs for twenty minutes climbing. General Hanson thinking that he was turning general Johnston's left completely concentrated all his motive artillery upon Johnston's stubborn lines and began a titanic din now which shook the ground for three hundred miles with a violence to throw down all the hills in the neighborhood, and which it did. Hanson's officers already imagined that they saw their way from Sacramento hills inflicting millions of defensive lines and now there was more than defiance in the yell of the other section of the still advancing Christians under general Mc-Gentle.

The note among the Angelinos was now of victory. On the summit of Sacramento Hill were a number of child slave places. The terrified children, frightened by the din of battle elsewhere, saw the columns of purple coats coming from Sacramento lanes led by many generals, and the hill was only occupied by Lelandians, night men and small rifle men. And the Angelinos knew it. They wanted to get possession of it before they knew it, but were not to do so that hour. General Hattbreath Harry the hero of Cedarvale had ascended to the summit of the hill to look over the field of carnage, the terrified children being removed by the general. General saw the smoky mirage in which general Heldon Joseph Johnston was being overwhelmed, then suddenly he saw the flash of bayonets of a big force coming from Sacramento lanes straight for the hill. The tactical situation flashed vividly in his mind as it dawned with lightning strokes. General Hattbreath Harry saw that there was only one way to help general Johnston now, that there was only one way to save the Lelandian army from having its main right bent back until it was in the same position as Johnston's army, and that was to save Sacramento Hill.

General Hattbreath Harry knew that he had no time to wait consent of Hattley, neither time for anything but action. He sprinted down from the crest with the hand-loom: last of a man going for the fire alarm box when his house is on fire. Not far away general Harry's purple divisions of Hattley's partially defeated corps were forming for a counter charge to relieve the pressure on Johnston's right. General Hattley was the first to reach Harry.

"For the sake of country and home take your troops and defend Sacramento Hill!" shouted Hattbreath Harry coming up. "The Angelinos are advancing in overwhelming numbers to take it, and if they succeed Johnston, and our whole line will be annihilated or captured."

Barney looking that way saw the danger. No matter if Harry did not have any authority from Hattley, no matter if Harry had been ordered to go elsewhere, he understood the explanation in a flash and acted in the next.

Johnston took into confusion and on the Angelinos poured over the wall between 500,000 a survivors retreated despite Hattley's desperate attempt to rally them. Then he fell mortally wounded. The Angelinos followed with utmost precipitation, and on they pressed the battle line of another section of the field the horrid scene which was revealed exceeded any description. Hardly anything could be heard except the shriek of the countless fallen, and sighs and groans of the wounded. The appalling carnage of the battle thundered and the roar of battle confusion hundreds of thousands were already been killed or wounded and the wounded were brought from the fields in multitudes, and heinous indeed was it all to behold. No one could help. Take a step without treading on the dead wounded, and dying. Along the whole stretch of the same wall facing the famous town of Lucille Jackson, and Anderson, hundreds of broken gun carriages lay, and many horses, including one quarter of the enormous army who were crushed under them. Three hundred thousand of the wounded Angelinos who had fallen in that counter charge lay close to the same wall on both sides, some having broken backs, crushed arms and legs. The greater number of the dead had broken necks, mangled bodies, or crushed skulls, and vast holes in their bodies, and their entrails protruding. Thousands more of the dead Angelinos who had fallen killed by bullets lay buried on top of one another. The sight was fearful, but there was one yet more terrible the largest proportion of general Fritzen's army, being dead or dying behind the works. Their loss was already 955,000.

This is the scene that the counter charging Christians met as they pressed on. General Bruce Lelandians had been immediately thrown to Jordan's aid, but they though they formed in a strong line got caught in bad ground, and before under or facing irresistible pressure, this whole division soon crumbled to fragments and also forced to fall back. At Harrison's railroad crossing general Reynolds' Lelandians having been sent forward met a portion of the advancing Christian troops under general Haggins and unaccountable and fearful as this vortex of killing was the Angelinos count continued the assault the battle again raging with renewed ferocity.

The left wing of the Christian tide wave under general Hattley and Hattley pressed upon general Bruce Lelandians. Kindred's army spreading and extending his front in a threatening manner and the firing made a noise now like a forest fire. Fifteen color bearers had already fallen and when general Bruce himself gripped a bit, and swung it to the breeze he fell dead, and when general Hattley saw Phelan also took it next he also fell being mortally wounded, though still having it in his grasp who faced the Christians who were surrounding his forces. Johnston and just pastillo, and Kenneth came to the aid of general Fritzen's army, and the fire rallying renewed the appalling fire upon the Angelinos, fifteen brigades, and two divisions having all their main commanders down now, ten brigades and three divisions had been almost demolished, and the whole field along this part of the line of the Lucille Jackson battle and even Fairy valley were involved in the most frightful carnage. The officer generals downed by on the side of the foe whose first names were withheld were, Cornwell, Gerard, and soldiers who were killed, while the others were either mortally wounded being Sabot, Colledge, Marshall, Compagnie, Huntington, French, Faidon, Santa Anna Aronburg, Gormer, Heldon, Grogan, Johnston, Grogan, Mc-Gentle, Hattbreath, Hattbreath, Hattbreath, and Hattbreath. These were of the fifteen divisions, and the two others of the two divisions and fifteen brigades also. General Gordon was also killed. The Angelinos under general Hattley kindred's army were now held at bay but as yet could not be driven back. General Fritzen's army saw five divisions of general Hattley's divisions of Abyssinians of kindred's army left approaching to crush in his right. As he had five thousand cannon at hand he opened them upon Hattley's assailants, but could not check them despite the demolishing done. He then drew up general Evans' forces to face Hattley's whole main massive line and so fierce became the combat that it seemed as if the whole world was on a rampage. General Evans' whole front ran out to fragments but the Lelandians strove to maintain their lines, but several divisions of his men under general Hattley were caught in an heavy inflame from a new body of suddenly arriving Angelinos under general Fritzen's army, and with the death of their leader they wavered. On rushed Hattley's Angelinos. Simultaneously general Michael Hanson's main columns pressing on also delivered a blow with such a violent and inconceivable shock that Evans or Fritzen's army and Evans could not any longer hold.

From the pressure of the Christian attack, the formation of the fiery battle line was breaking to the same shape of an immense and lengthy angle shaped conflagration of masonry and curtain of artillery fire and the din was appalling. Fritzen's front lines had disappeared entirely for the distance of a mile an unheard of destruction of lives, and nature itself seemed on the verge of ruin.

Another portion of the Angelinos column pressed upon general Fritzen's left flank like an avalanche of demons, and now his left being broken into many small fragments he did all he could to prevent the Angelinos from pressing on any further, and though at last he managed to rally some of his demolished columns as they could not hold. Even the whole Christian right, and the entire line of advance was in a defensive, tumultuous uproar, many many more Lelandian brigades and masses of companies having been frightful decimated, the whole line being hard pressed on both rear and front, and Fritzen's army that he must fall back altogether to avoid annihilation. Many of his disorganized divisions were already retreating.

only again to blaze terrifically forth with an intolerable glare, fiercer, and fiercer and mightier spread the horrid carnage. The enemy, are winning. No winn enemy are winning. "Reinforcements on all sides. The christian general knowing the dangers of the kind of a general assault decided to order a general retreat and in a few hours all of the christian columns were passing swiftly across the woodlands in the greatest confusion, while the roar of some sudden big explosion in the distance was so terrific that they could not guide their steps without much difficulty on account of the trembling of the ground. Already so dense was the reeking atmosphere that Evans could hardly see the little girls at times. Yet on they hastened with the confused troops. Alas, whither? They could not hardly see a step before them, and when they had gotten to the rear it was nearly two hours before the confused troops had been rallied by fresh troops, general Hanson and Robert Sanders having been wounded. This indeed was a new catastrophe, which added to the horrors made by the raging battle.

"Gracious but this is terrible." Gasped Violet as she took general Evans by the hand. "This is an awful hour indeed and we are losing." A hot gusty roar of musketry was sounding to their right with a tenfold vehemence while sudden blazes of light from distant cannons darted and quivered among the clouds of smoke like lightnings. Amid all the other horrors general Pandoras line was already struck by the advancing line of Glandelinian troops with which had come upon them without much warning. For all day long the battle had made a frightful and terrible noise and how it was wilder, the Glandelinians had finally succeeded in carrying every one of the intrenchments, and one of the fiercest of the seats of Glandelinians in an enormous column poured upon the whole line of Pandoras line stationed near Soe Zar. Indeed Evans who witnessed the horrible onslaught, and its results was horrified by the terrible scenes. The awful onslaught continued fast and the imperiled christian christians groaned for breath as they fought with the fury and energy of despair, and many swore and cursed as they saw how rapidly the Glandelinians were progressing. It was evident the Glandelinians were really winning the battle. Meanwhile all the rest of the christian works had been completely cleared of their defenders, which had been damaged in many directions. Pale haggard faces could be seen through the thick haze of smoke. The christian retreating christians many millions of them in monstrous waves and lines hurried on in total rout the roar of yells among the victorious enemy being almost supernatural. The rough reinforcements of the reserve reserves general Pandora had succeeded in holding his lines until the end of the battle but as the main line had given way he was forced to retreat toward the end of the night. Again when so apparently near victory and almost crushing the foe time and again in many battles, the Angelinians had to suffer another disastrous defeat here at Arousburg, N. The foe lost 125,709,532. in killed and wounded as far as could be estimated but probably was immensely greater.

The christian loss in killed and wounded was believed to be 89,076,310. It was evident however that the battle would rage another day. The christian forces engaged were only under Viviananna, and Constantinian Arousburg and Hannonia Chostonia and other commanders with big armies were approaching. In their retreat Viviananna's army had recoiled toward Conservatory Run near the yellow brick road between Glorianna and Lucille Jackson, and the enemy was taking up their positions on the Carnation and other ridges known as the Lucille Jackson ridge and other places. On account of the danger that the battle would be more severe on the morrow general Viviananna sent Violet and her sisters under a strong escort to Angel Angolinia Agathia, and asked them to see if their fathers and Uncles armies were there, and if so to send them forward to his relief before the enemy overtook everything.

General Henry Nester Sped off then he reeled and fell with a shot in his head while general Anality and Colopne fell immediately afterward mortally wounded. Scores of more divisions had now rushed in upon Eldonia and they themselves and all the conflagration of musketry and cannon could not check the enemies onslaught. The enemy was even pouring over and across the Sandford co. roads along the main portion of Arminies creek threatening to hem the brave fighters between two fires and Hanson Sanders pausing to rest noticed the change. "Great scot" fellows retreat before it is too late. "He yelled suddenly; "We are going to be so outflanked by the enemy."

A frightful stunning roar of musketry broke out at this moment and all that could be seen out of their works and were now pursued instead of of standing their ground.

"Cut across the river" quick. "Shouted Robert Sanders; "It is your only chance."

The roar and crash of the battle was increasing every moment thick thunderheads of smokesweeping across the plains from the terrific terrific shell burst the men indeed making for the river and across just in time while their main batteries had broken loose in a loud universal roar.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters were still in the vicinity drinking in the delicious odors of the flowers of the country, (This happening at the same afternoon of the battle) which were added by the strong perfume of the fields of flowers when they were all surprised and amazed to notice that the apparent thunderheads of smoke had become very near and threatening while in the distance of the horizon the scene was hidden in dense clouds of white smoke reminding them of the appearance of steam rising gently raising the lid of a kettle. The very air which was so sweet before was gradually becoming smoky with a thick fog filled with the noxious odor of burnt powder hiding everything from view at a distance of a thousand feet.

The meadows were filled with excited crowds or lines of soldiers armies of them coming tearing through the beautiful lanes screaming and shouting something as they went that Violet and her sisters could not make out. In a very few minutes several run up to the little girls;

"The enemy is advancing in terrible fury." One of them shouted. Jack Evans going out to find was what was up vaguely gathered stupendous news indeed. Which was that Pandoras christian line was threatened with annihilation. Terrifying waves of Glandelinians had crossed the Pandoras lines all along the right of way carrying all before them. Here and there could now be heard terrific salvos of explosions and all through the fog of smoke which was gathering came a red glare of musketry, while a storm of shells and high explosives began to fall among the Glandelinian columns seen far in the distance the cannon making a hiss as of miriads of quenched fire brands while great pillars of smoke as of small volcanic eruptions rose to a great height. There was a continual dull strange roar in the far distance in the distance among the two sanguined streams of shattered Glandelinian columns which was sweeping toward the plains at the rate of a mile or more in half an hour.

Immense clouds of smoke in the form of millions of convolutions extended from the horizon a certain height to the sky mingled with white and blue and seemingly green clouds. Above the whole battle field the clouds of smoke hung like a pall and continued to spread. Long flares of musketry seemed to be shooting through the thick wreaths of clouds along the advancing Glandelinian front making the sight more fearful the cannonading thunders of this battle line could be heard for nearly three hundred miles. Adding to all this Mercutian and hundreds of other Galverinian cities and towns had reported that the noise of the battle was heard plainly even there and even Norma and Joan many miles further away had been severely shaken from the concussion.

The detonations of the cannons had been terrific. In deed Violet and her sisters watching the approach of the foe had held with ineffable dismay and awe frightful lines of Free Masons extending across the plains within their sight. These Glandelinian columns came rolling over the plains rapidly amid the dreadful carnage while showers of shells fell everywhere. Though hared by the strong christian lines the advancing Glandelinian columns had cut a way through the eastern line and it seemed as if Pandoras lines were doomed. The flashes of musketry shifted and swayed sometimes being first brightly and then of dull and dying red

"It must have been terrible," said Violet.

"Yes. It was at that moment when a soldier came running toward his rear making a short cut across the meadows, followed by scores of panic-stricken soldiers until the meadows had been swarming with them all in a regular pandemonium of confusion. Baldwin had felt queer, and wondered what in the deuce was up not seeing the approach of the enemy as yet and though a few minutes had passed and the last of the swarm had passed out of sight he had then wondered what the reason was that so many of his officers had went off leading large columns of men and had found out when he was almost deafened by awful crashes of musketry."

FULL PREDICTION OF THE BATTLE LINE WHICH VIVIANIA SAW THAT SWERVED TO ANOTHER QUARTER AND ITS AWFUL RESULTS.

It had been at that time when a veritable volcano of battles flame and din had been advancing on Pandora the cannonading at this point having set whole seas of prostrated trees into splintered wreckage and the large Glandelinian column having moved in a general northwestern direction had soon formed an advancing ocean of death and destruction for hours many solid christian columns had tried in vain to check this serious Glandelinian advance but in vain.

Fearing that this withering storm of battle line was advancing to strike Pandoras front Hanson and Robert Sanders had thrown heavy columns upon these regions and thousands were literally overcome by the smoke of the battle itself. To the right of the town of Audora an immense battle line was also moving forward making a junction with the other the very scene becoming like a tremendous inferno.

It was the worse kind of a battle that Hanson or Robert Sanders had ever seen and many thousands of men who had been doing their thrilling work were driven from the works by the fury of the onslaught in a single moment and the Glandelinian assailants yelled roared and screamed like a hurricane.

Along the front where general Robert and Hanson Sanders had been commanding the men in a frenzy the battle had then become fiendishly hot and thick masses of Glandelinians on all sides literally melted away the whole christian line of musketry became like a literal mass of flames and many of the officers seeing that there was danger of annihilation had ordered their divisions back from the danger point.

To Hanson such a blaze of musketry and cannon struck more or less dread as he well knew this assault would win the battle for the Glandelinians entirely if not checked.

Hanson and other officers frantically roared commands as several scores of fresh divisions came up to help in the thrilling work. These went to it with a will and at that moment another score came. These too columns did all they could but still on came the Glandelinians. Hanson had also concentrated heavy forces toward the Erminie creek breasting the furious onslaught of the Glandelinian's only to be brought up sharply by a wall of storming cannon. Realizing how hopeless it would be to go further the Angelinian columns began their bloody work here mowing down the assailants as they fast as they could fire the clouds of smoke becoming almost suffocating. "Ho you lads with the gathling guns, put them into position over here," shouted one of the generals; "We got to force the enemy back if we can."

General August Augustus Plum was soon concentrating many machine gun upon this spot but even before a gun could be fired the artillery men began to drop as fast as those of the infantry firing line itself and even one of the leaders was caught by his plum as he fell back with a mortal wound in his breast.

"Your mo. You are mortally wounded General Jennie van Hanson," said Gus but the man did not answer. He was dead. More and more men were coming in to the rescue and even during the battle many of the soldiers made furious assaults on blazing shrubbery and then General Waster and Waldon Pike reeled with mortal wounds. "More divisions are coming," called general Hanson Sanders through the smoke haze; "Send general Henry Waster with a message for them to come around to Waldonia Run and see to work in checking the enemy there."

A smoking forest had been burned and yet there were two more still burning. Clothing was scarce in nearly all of Marley's armies and Abbieannian herself had sent ships to blockade all Glandelinian seaports and destroy all Glandelinian ships that dared leave to send provisions into Calverinia. To insure Angelinians progress the Abbieannians were determined to keep all Glandelinian ships away from Calverinian shores and supply Angelinia herself as far as she was able with men and provisions.

CONCLUSION . WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

2nd Evening
The next day after the frightful carnage at Aronburge run general Viviania had noticed that Violet's hair had now a golden tinge which he had never observed before. Her hair was more glossy and he wondered what had wrought the change. Many a time when busy examining plans he could hear the sweet voices of the Vivian girls, talking to some general, or caroling like birds, or pushing out in merry laughter throughout the live long day. What was most wonderful to him he never saw them quarrel with any of the ruder boyscouts of among themselves nor had a single one of the little mortals gone apart in a corner to sulk.

General Viviania had that day set in his tent to examine a note he was writing to general Vivian when he saw the prettiest of children reclining among the profusion of flowers and foliage not yet ruined by the terrible struggle. The day was pleasantly warm, the atmosphere bright and the sky without a cloud though yellowish a little. He stole over quietly to where they lay to see if they were awake or asleep. They were not asleep however and one of them arose at his approach. In fact general Viviania was startled at her remarkable dazzling beauty, but nevertheless he sat down by her.

Violet crept near, and nearer to him and noticing it she knew what she was about and had her in his arms before she realized it. He showered her with kisses then said;

"Don't you remember when you first met Evans?"
"Yes indeed," said Violet; "I even saw him to day when our armies were dominated near Ophelia. I'm glad that such a battle is over though there had been some firing to day. I wish all these cruel conflicts were over. I'm even wishing that I and my sisters had not went in the armies at all and I don't see how we can stand such scenes, but then I believe it was from our experiences at Calverine and Andream. I don't see how they could dare butcher children in such a horrible way as they do. That is what probably brought on the war;" And Violet spoke with a bitter tone indeed.

"I wouldn't think of such things now," said general Viviania cheerfully; "I may soon be all over now and thinking of them only makes you sad."
"I know," said Violet; "But I can't help thinking of it. Men sometimes I see those horrors in my dreams, and visions and I doubt if child slavery will be ever crushed."

"Why?" asked general Viviania.
"Because Glandelinia seems so strong to be beaten. Glandelinia is mighty to day powerful. And general do you know who really started the great battle yesterday?"

"General John Vanley did," said general Viviania.
"Do you know the cause of the battle?" She asked; "I heard that it had some reason for starting with such sudden violence but no one ever discovered and I'm puzzled."

"It had a serious cause," said general Viviania; "General Zimmermann told me that Hindernia was concentrating heavy forces toward Vivian Wickey and first trained his heavy gunnery on them then launched a fearful onslaught. However the range was too near and the shrapnell fell among general Hindernia's batteries. General Vivian Baldwin at the very beginning of the battle had received an order from Zimmermann to withdraw his batteries to a safer place but the messenger was killed by the storming fire and so Baldwin had the time of his life to save his artillery."

It had been more horrible sight than anything I ever saw and the whole battle slaughter as it had swerved to another location would have had the appearance of the worst forest fires heat four men with all the flame of smoke from muskets and cannons and the roar had been something tremendous and though far away as this action had been I had been almost stunned by the terrible sound.

General VIVIANIA rested his head on his hand and did not speak for several minutes.

After a while he looked up and went on:

"Indeed what is the reason in the exceeding violence in the onslaughts made by the Federalism Janes, "Avarines and other commandes and their freakish results? It is indeed impos ible to describe."

It was now one hour after the mighty battle along Nicholas lines had continued and after the successful now his army was in a badly crippled condition having lost everything. Never before had a Prussian army been punished so severely. The preceding actions before the final forcing of the Prussian force had been exceedingly fierce and the hulls in McWhirther and Aronburg had been literally shaken to the same extent of all the windows by the concussion of the hall of shells during that terrible bombardment of seven hundred thousand cannon. The destruction also of so many fine divisions, the devastations of nearly all the farms within the region of the battle field and the loss of nearly seven thousand officer generals in all had not daunted the Christians.

Even Gertrude held so long that is Gertrude Anneline held so long for so many months by the Glandelinians had been retaken by the Angelinians during one of the christian charges when the surrender of general Walter nicholasarmy occurred that bloody a afternoon but despite all this great victory the battleclouds that enveloped the whole region for hundreds of mi s were of such apparently unrelieved blackness that it required perhaps a thoroughly optimistic spirit to pierce their gloom and discern the blue an sky and sun shine and lie beyond and above.

"You ought to have seen the surrender of general Nicholas." Said general Evans; "I never saw a more brilliant sight. Both armies were drawn up in long lines each army facing each other and only seventy feet apart from each other. But poor Nicholas. He was a sight when he approached. He arrived on his horse downcast and sad and when reaching general Iviania he dismounted & being his escort. Heo Ilered his sabre which general Iviania returned it with words of forgiveness. He then asked for you little vivin girls and though I looked where I could look, I could find you nowhere untill now. But the sight of the armies was the greatest I ever saw. I could never describe it."

"I'm so happy that the battle is over," said Violet; "I even thought that it was going to last all night. It had lasted about twenty hours altogether. It was terrible."

For I think the cost of the battle could never be described. Nearly every farm in the region of the battle was ruined hundreds of towns blown to smithereens and whole forests consumed by raging fires caused by the battle wholesale destruction. Wholesale destruction had been everywhere the battle of Arnhemburgs run doing more damage than the big volcanic eruption or any typhoon ever raging in Abbieanna. Concerning which part of the battle was the fiercest of the entire day, was puzzling, though it was believed that the fighting on the grounds of McWhirther far surpassed them all at as that part of the battle had the greatest losses.

[illegible]

The Calvinian country had suffered the greatest loss on account of the great battle being almost without the means to build new homes in the ruined cities and towns.

oppose witness of hardness and brutality when compelled by their dangerous
officers. No undisciplined army can for a moment endure the discipline
of the "Circumlocution Office" and the "Department of the War." I made
this advance on Aronburg and McWhirter. I had the idea that I could apparently
free the nation of "Nicholas's army at last by trapping and forcing him to surrender.

In my hasty advance I found found may realize that I preserved as they were very valuable. Stories of her great and genuine devotion to my cause, but I p cohed, and hindered, and surprised a great deal of talk on the strength of the army under general Nicholas until my honors convicted and I incurred quarrels with Major general Barger who in the end being on ragged threatened to resign and also attempted to strike me.

I am a tall, thin, old man, a man that never flinched from anything I thought necessary right, and as I put down my foot like a rock between him and his religious threat, I told him in language perfectly simple, respectful and differential and quite explicit that he knew as little about the Landelminian armies, and their ways as the hen does about the Geography of the moon.

He angrily answered me back, saying that I was a pig faced dunce, and declared that as I'm his superior he revered and respected me above all living beings things but that he would have said this all the same to the Virgin Mary herself if she had come in the way of his argument. Several of my officers remonstrated with me endeavoring to excite my sympathies. I listened to them with the most discouraging indifference and gave no equal reply.

"It always resolves into this," "I would say," "Does he know more about the glandelinians than me?" The general is the soul of punctuality honesty and efficiency a throughout manager of notes and as human as the general sun. But he can't tell me that Nicholas had a stronger reaction than mine that he could get away from me very easily."

It was true that Nicholas had a very strong position but I could close in on him from Aronburg and force him into a trap. But as later observed General Jager who was would not allow to resign under any condition, was who by in the night that I was a dunce as he called me.

The fact was that General Dargatzis owed the exact sort of intel-
ligence that I had been looking for. Not only did he escape me as you
all observed, but convinced me he was not doing it by design. He was not
a "cut-throat" but a "cut-throat" in the sense that he was a "cut-throat".
He was a "cut-throat" in the sense that he was a "cut-throat".
He was a "cut-throat" in the sense that he was a "cut-throat".

and bear whole armies of my force as fiercely as a cat could a nice of thread and had to concentrate overwhelming numbers in that direction to prevent it. He could if not stopped in time make army parts of my arrier fiercer than a nations army of women and children give up in despair. It will never be known even to the last account what destruction this terrible battle really has caused but Manley has already cast whole streams of armies utterly helpless in his path of onslaughts into an abysses of destruction and ruin. He has already made an end an age of long sorrow and misery in his whole hill hell herotten battle line of horror.

What remained of my fortities and towns on account of this battle it may be now only ruins. From the start Vanley had started his action with dangerous fury but as the assaulting columns had grown larger and larger his onslaughts had become so tremendous in their ferocity that it indeed almost seemed as if God himself could not stop them. No one can contradict to me what Vanley's army can do because I now know from experience. He never advanced his onslaught at a rate that could be predicted but nevertheless his co' columns had rushed and tore their way with all the force of their withering fury into nature's beauty itself, and leave the previous visit by them miserable and desolate.

At the coming of this battle I had watched their approach with so, solemn awe and nothing was so terrible or inspiring. I saw the approach of one of the battle lines during the great action on the 14th - whether on early this afternoon. It had been an appalling sight, resembling the approach of hell's gray legions. Fortunately this horrible storm of the battle was averted in another direction but I saw enough slaughter of Christians to make me sad ever since.

Indeed when it was learned of it the whole world would be alarmed by this terrible wholesale slaughter caused by this terrible battle and indeed when they did learn of it nations of all kinds strove to find out if people of their own tongue had perished or survived the massacre for many of these had served in the Christian or Glandelinian armies. Communications had been cut off by both sides however as nothing was heard of them. Violet and her sister were overcome with grief and horror over the frightful battle and its slaughter for it was a fact that an enemy army was in a terrible rage over them. They realized it and cried as if their little hearts would break.

Even before the battle of Aronburg or Aronburgs Run. It had been always threatening movements of the great Glandelinian armies. Indeed the fury of the battle of Aronburgs Run had been something like this. It was declared that the whole battle had caused a property loss of over thirty million dollars and the loss of soldiers of both sides in slain many of whom were cut in pieces of disembowled by shells could not be accurately estimated and indeed the news of the battle had been spreading all over the world and it was found that scores of thousands of soldiers of the Christian army and the Glandelinian army had been killed. The battle had been far worse than that made by the mightiest earthquake lasting all day, and Violet and her sister having heard of this were not only melancholic but badly frightened. They had the sense to know of the threatening danger in impending over the Glandelinians. Even before that there had been a battle of such inconceivable violence and general viviania had made a vow that he would never leave his armies now unless compelled to by death.

"Those Manleys and Federal are very destructive in their action on the whole world," he said. "And now that I'm about to die I will never give up for the whole world. I have I know survived and am winning this battle and I may despite the Aronburg affair win other ones. There is nothing terrible and dangerous of feeling in me on all possible massacre subjects of which no one but I have understanding," he said.

"Before the beginning of this great and mighty, and titanic conflict at Calverine or Aronburgs Run, the massacre of soldiers were not so horrible as they had been then. I remember general Horatia Viviania had been killed in this great battle and I remembered just how he looked with his disfigured face, mangled body his deep-set eyes, his long hair, and I always think of the occurrence since it occurred.

He had a great deal of genius for one sort and another particularly in music. And in his headquarters he used to sit at the piano organ playing fine old majestic music of the Catholic Church and singing with a voice more like an angel than a mortal man and I would lay my head down on his lap and cry and dream and feel oh, immeasurably, things that I have no power to say. When I learned that he was killed I had felt like giving up the whole battle. Before even now many a battle had been wild, with blood, and glory, and sacrifice, but my experiences in this one I'll never forget.

At the time when the child labor rebellion was going on I was in the Christian army and at that time I did not think that the child labor revolution was as serious as it turned out to be. Now the Glandelinians know the world over had no regard for the children of any Christian nation whether they are at war with them or not. In the vicinity of the Glandelinian boundary line the child labor rebellion was sanguinary and furious during the second month after its outbreak and this with other things like the slaughter of children at Crowley may be the actual cause of the outbreak of this dangerous and destructive war itself.

After the declaration of war the army of Glandelinians at Crowley run the course of the new Glandelinian armies, their fury and desire for a like war, and the fact that the Glandelinians are as any one could say an inflexible, unyielding, and malicious race, their armies have always moved with insidious approach and with unerring accuracy and precision. Now if you take into account the fact that this recent carnage could surpass any other future destruction it would be as a matter of fact a astonishing though probably really may be worse than I fear by and by.

Besides all Glandelinians no matter what their region go through a regular

pushed forward again causing the Christians to withdraw. But by both sides the main part of the Christian center however still held firm and met the assaults and the most dreadful carnage in the meantime. The night was dark and the occurrence along the Christian center and their ground was a terrible sight. The Glandelinians were in a terrible rage and General Solen who commanded the right portion of the Glandelinian army, had been killed. General Solen had held firm repulsing every counter charge of the Christians and dealing murderous havoc among the Christian assault. General Solen who took Solen's place in command put in all the reserves he could get. The onslaught of the enemy himself was now again terrific. The Glandelinians were in solid lines and as one after another went to pieces the others would make a junction to close close up the gaps.

AS general Viviania left in front of Aronburg and not in action and heavily reinforced general Viviania every now and then ordered for the infantry corps kept the extreme center as firm as a stone wall. Each gray line of soldiers being as the wave of some sea as they met the solid line in purple. Men went down as fast as snowflakes and yet the deeper desperate and not a bit up. When the Christian center was a third time successful it literally tore the enemy center to pieces and then routed them without a chance of reform. These changes of affairs affairs seem caused the attack of the enemy along other parts of the line to slacken. The Glandelinians were victorious.

A Glandelinian did not follow but waited for orders. As soon as possible general Viviania ordered a general advance of the whole army and by eight thirty it was accomplished and again the battle became in full sway.

The enemy whole line was allaze but by eight thirty the works on the left and center of Nicholas line were carried amid awful losses and general Mc Hollister. Nicholas being badly wounded was taken off the field. The enemy's right wing alone stood its ground to the last up until it was thrown into confusion and cut off from the rear and they fled in panic thousands throwing away their weapons in their effort to get away from the region of Aronburg. The Glandelinians had closed in on McWhirther's headquarters and Sannens lines completely thus completely making a rout and again sending the enemy flying. Over nine hundred thousand Glandelinians had been taken prisoners by the Glandelinians and over two million men had fallen on both sides in this part of the battle line with Mc Hollister Nicholas.

General Viviania felt remorseful for he did wish to avoid further frightful carnage and indeed it was the enemy who had wholly started it so it could not be helped. McWhirther's lines were retaken by Manleys however and Aronburg a fifth time was decimated and thrown back in confusion. Manley's great army had recovered from the shock of the other parts of the great engagement and taking advantage of the Glandelinian victory which had taken place at another point of the Aronburgs Run twenty miles north of Zimmermann in which eight million men had fallen advanced upon eastern the eastern portion of Viviania's line leaving terrible scenes of carnage and misery in his onslaughts the battle having devastated scores of villages and towns. The fury of Manley's attack had been terrific. Within a quarter of an hour's time the most massive Christian line had been shattered to shreds, hundreds of thousands had been killed or wounded and millions of non-combatants rendered homeless. Along Pandoras lines a great number of the enemy had passed through a terrible slaughter and everything there was a good deal and here great slaughter occurred and everything there was wrecked by the Glandelinians. The Glandelinian soldiers pouring the through there drained of their blood in the horrible massacre that occurred. Grain elevators at Waters had been torn to fragments by horrible shell explosions and the grain fairly scattered like a blizzard of snow for many leagues over the assaulting line. The frontal part of the eastern line suffered the greatest. The full force of the destructive onslaught reached these lines at the same time it did the other portions of the frightful battle line and by five o'clock had wiped out many hundreds of brigades and many divisions. General 1 McWhirther McLaughlin and Mc Hollister, McLaughlin and General 1 McWhirther were killed with the other three. Ableman Pennington another Glandelinian general was wounded.

for many and which had alarmed him. Along the entire simultaneous front half had been obtained. In less than a minute the upper edge of rolling surface of ground had been reached and the storm of death and destruction and destruction and the main line was reached and this occurred in a moment. The main line had started the concentration and then the rear rear of battle had been reached and the main line had lost their lullish concept of guns and firearms. Northward and on toward the front battle had progressed and, encountering McWhirther and Gallilias Run and extending east to McHollister in a horrible drama of battle slaughter and death.

It had at this moment become apparent that the entire left of the main center of General Zee Raco army had been reached and the G. O. H. army had been along which just had been planted the deadliest cannons were among the first of the left or center of armies to be reached and before another twenty minutes had elapsed the main line of battle had been reached and the main line had been every one of the magnificent tall columns had been fallen upon the opening form and seemingly impregnable exterior of the main line which surged forward and backwards and to and fro and like a sea saw and tossed. A hot and wild drama of damming slaughter which appalled all the officers who witnessed it.

Such rapidly occurred that the main line of the army could literally stretch itself out for miles and miles and all four of the divisions would reach over entire divisions and severely giving the defeated divisions time to escape. Along general G. O. H. army the army had also hurled himself with the greatest fury to the front line attack the defenders seeing the horrible resistance and the three quarters of them were down and so rapidly that the main line of battle had been reached and the main line had been with their lives hundreds of thousands of the army had been killed and the survivors could not do anything without their leader. It must be borne in mind that the progress of the army had not been continuous at the very start. A long distance ahead of the principal conflict had been in action often times before those in the very heart of the battle were in full swing. The G. O. H. army had been to play as a cat does with a captured mouse, sure of its prey, it had been its torture by deferring the inevitable annihilation.

It was this peculiar progress of the army which lent to the great battle a destructive and terrible character. Indeed the G. O. H. army had advanced like a sea monstrous tidal wave of unusual size.

The routed columns were seen. Beside their officers, indeed their officers that were powerless, they crowded upon frail cliffs of advantage, as fences and rocky ledges, were propped on wooden piles which fell beneath their weight and hurled them backward and bleeding in the dust. The panic stricken men stumbled over broken rifles, and fell and were trampled underfoot. Seized with wild panics they surged together, backwards and forward in the shell swept meadows cursing, imploring and fighting in the pandemonium of mixing G. O. H. army to get free, with hand axes, tom, pikes, even with bayonets, knives, fists and daggers and even with musket butts and even with their teeth and even bite and tore each others flesh. Flood flowed like water, the bodies of men were cut open by thousands. In the terrible piles and lagoons and depouled, and men on both sides were to be seen frenzied with fury and slaughter and finally the minor body of prisoners was up and the army swept those solitary remaining soldiers of men into the great general tide of ruin and bloodshed. Everywhere, dust, smoke, flame, slaughter, pandemonium, thunder and a score of thousands of burning shells of every size, million cannon like roar of musketry, hissing of torrents of caustic, pealing of wild devilish shouts, tumult and pandemonium of uproar beyond description horrible.

Many lives were known to have been lost in this battle but many more in a one could ever conjecture. The onslaught was fiercer than anything that had ever been recorded in the annals of battle. The army had fairly crawled to pieces the heaviest of christian columns. The stoutest of lines, and the thickest of divisions had disappeared like smoke. The whole rear of the christian line had been rapidly crowded with war vehicles of every description, and running over with jostling men all in a dazed wild inhuman strife for the salvation of self and friends with the deadly hand crushing sea of yelling demons in gray whose faces were literally bludgeoned with their victims.

It was indeed it was still still greater in adversity to "Haley" and that was so clearly an overwhelming disaster and a spur to lighten the speed of its fall in fury in resulting in tremendous onslaughts of war devilish tide of ruin and slaughter and G. O. H. army horrors. Before the cooling of its guns and temper that represented the destruction of Damnation that rendered home less one million people picked innocent victims by scores of thousands preparatory to the arrival of the mighty host which violet and her sister told general G. O. H. army was advancing to his aid.

It was all this while that Gallilias run the most beautiful spot in the whole of G. O. H. army was devastated by this battle which had no precedent except Big Top or Gloria. In the nine nineteen and three quarters of an hour the whole conflict extended over the distance of one hundred and fifty miles and leveled to the ground by its concussion the most magnificent towns and cities and moved down many columns of men per discharge that covered here and three quarters of a mile.

THE FRIGHTFUL SCENES AT GALLILIAS RUN.

Rit through the heart of Gallilias run for over twenty four hours besides over McHollister run and McWhirther Run and Aronburg Run, the fury of battle had played its part in the great drama of destruction, death, and death. The real origin of the battle in will always probably remain a mystery although the generally accepted theory was that general G. O. H. army making concentrations toward Julio Gallie or "Vorn" was no threatening that Haley and the others had to take a hasty march to stop the christian advance on these places and this of course had caused the slightest bit of over even raging on the very same grounds where the other two battles of McHollister run and even those at the "Vorn" and Julio Gallie had raged.

Whether or not general Federal and Tanager making great concentrations south of McHollister run came into a clash suddenly, or whether John Haley took a prominent part in starting the great battle by annihilating the christian army, of what ever else may be it, the fact remains indisputable that the battle had been in full swing long the christian line under Lindorne for over an hour at two sixteen o'clock that early morning. When the battle was started the first of hindering army was worn out by their unusual exertions in repelling another general attack the night before and on the same grounds could accomplish little so great was the slaughter. Manfully every column had labored, not a man struck, cannon, smoke general flares of musketry they opened to their frantic efforts to break back the onward march of the enemy but for a time it had been in vain. Strong divisions had dragged heavy parts of artillery to badly beaten lines under hurricane fire and one column after another of the assailants had been literally torn to bits by the christian fire but soon concerted action had become impossible for no sooner was a strong battery placed in an apparently favorable spot than some G. O. H. army and edge like a column stronger than the other and the ding lines were burnt into a sea of smoke and flame far in advance and a smoke screen in surprise upon the battery and the artillery men notable to endure the enemy's tempest of storming musketry fire had been forced to recoil. Where it had seemed impossible for men to stand without destruction, they had plied their weapons with might and main and utmost energy, but the foe had rushed a deadly "Vorn" and like happy storm waves that by the time many of the guns had been blown up in overheating, the assailants had been upon the defenders and infantry lines defending the artillery and being almost surrounded by a wall of musketry fire they were like a shell ion cannon were obliged to back out and retreat northward leaving a sea of bodies behind in their rear.

Thus had every inch and foot of ground been stubbornly contested for but for all the good accomplished the soldiers of these parts and torn divisions might as well have gone home and to bed. At this time the battle having raged with undiminished fury had spread almost due north as far as the civilian see Raco main center and as this new danger asserted itself there were upwards of twenty lines of cannon put into action and the woodland soon became a scene of flames and this was the terrible roar and din which Hannan had heard though so

having died of suffocation... This man listened to three other children who were thrown into a barrel of tar that was earlier before the burning. Instead of yelling "blondelinen" as usual... On the way down the barrel, they could not get their breath as far as the others did not further tried to breathe in the tar, but they failed to get air. Their heads seemed to swim like a top while their lungs seemed as if they would turn up. Their hearts beat fast and loud and the more and more intolerable became their suffering and indescribable yearning for air. Fiercer and fiercer the children struggled but soon their struggles ceased altogether and they were dead. . . .

Some other children had been caught in the same chaos of destruction and had sustained broken legs. One of the girls was suffering terribly from her broken legs and arms and another herself was being nursed by the good soldiers to clear the debris which was pressing down upon her and Aronburg called a non-christian general was severely injured in trying to rescue them.

"Oh, please hurry up! The wreckage is pressing down upon us." She screamed; "And the beams are breaking my legs. Oh, oh, please hurry up."

The soldiers by scores had already set to work a clearing way through on top as well as the thousands of boards bearing her down so as to prevent a fire "break side." "Oh, please hurry and get me out please do." Pleaded the poor child her face white with the pain and tears streaming down her cheeks. "Oh, oh, please please get us out. This is too much."

if she had lost heaven.....The wreckage was slowly pressing down and even a large car canvas was pressing slowly toward her face while a board was pressing down a slowly toward the back of her neck crushing her neck against another in front.

"Oh please general Aronburg don't let those boards she choke me." She cried but her voice was muffled by the canvas which by the swift of the boards fastened across her face and smothered her to death the other two perishing deaths the frantic efforts of the rescuers. When Violet and her sisters who had again escaped unharmed in the midst of this wild rout of banditti she they found that general Viridiana's great army was again in great confusion and confusion but that it was being rallied though the carnage was still at its hottest fury.

Simultaneously to all this horror a lip "landelinian" chain of batt eries supported a great landelinian column which again with frightful low retook the McWhirther Run grounds and all "landelinian" prisoner that were taken when the landelinians had surged o' over the main christian works only to be driven back were completely drun' drunk and fifteen cannons of thechristians had been disabled by the "landelinians. Huebner "lanley had sent in a report to general "lanley that he wished general "lanley to try try once more to force "landelinians front but every pen battle line and every position was rearm'd with their greatest batteries of cannon a hable enough to blow scores of columns into the air with their shells at a single discharge and he declared that he would not make further offensive unless he could win "lanley won completely along his own front the "landelinians were now up to using all their available batteries to storm the christian works with sh shell fire then the "McHoll ester, and then the "Abbeian line bat eries broke into a tremendous cannon ding roar in response while again and again the "landelinians advanced in swarms of columns to the charge the christian line firing a ay for all they war were worth and as the other a batt eries kept up a tremendous firing continually

fourteen Landelinian columns were cut down and into fragments there being now witnessed one of the most terrific points of the battle. Thirty African-ian brigades were crushed to fragments in repelling the Landelinian onslaught and a hundred disabled the Landelinians losing a hundred of their own which were crushed to fragments and two hundred and fifty more brigades were so on.

Indeed the Lundellians were facing an abominable fire but nevertheless at six o'clock the whole scene of battle was really at its highest in fury.

It was a general infantry army decided all this frightful slaughter slaughter exceeded all other growths and it also had the mournful satisfaction of having experienced and successfully weathered for all that terrible day up until now at least the most destructive battle ever faced as yet.

Then she ran back to the kitchen and took a knife and tried to cut her throat. The men who were looking after her did all they could to comfort her and save herself. Her offering was torn by the men. But as the red crowd crested onto the world die from the terrible wounds which were the dirge continually. Several tried to stop the blood but failed and only efforts only increased her agony. The sight of Angeline's indescribable suffering touched them to the quick. The child screamed, screamed and screamed and begged the men to have mercy on her. When they did try to rescue her more words fell striking a husband and killing three of the men. Again Angeline faints and more men tried to free her. Another already been killed in this rescue work.

After the fury of this onslaught had raged for several minutes one of the little girls was prostrated among a coil of small but dangerous snakes which quickly wrapped themselves around her neck so tight that she lay limp. The poor child could not stir and a fearful cackling and with all her strength tried to pull away. Her twisting convulsions but failing, lay at the ground and during this time the wreckage of the house was crashing her and each with all the children were in a state of

Her eyes seemed as if they were going to fall out of their sockets and while her fingers struck each Her throat, palmed her and as she began to cough, seized her by the neck and took her to the door, leaving her in a state of suffering. Her desire for relief and the need to let go of her great misadventure led and she fell into her large, open bed, her head fell on the pillow, her cheeks and arms were crawling for order. She felt that she had finally found a place where she could rest, and she felt that she had finally found a place where she could rest.

ing coils which were wrapping his slender torso.¹⁴ Then seeing it again, she bent fiercely with her fists at the hands of the drunken and seeing that she was failing, to catch her breath she tried to get up, but the drunken man, who had not let go of her, caught her by the collar of her head and threw her thus allowing the drinker to put a firm fist against her chest and suffered terribly from the blow for a minute, passing before it, and worse, when she was pulled back, and then she struck the other man, who had just put a foot on her, and though the force of the movement, the other man fell on the ground and still with the flash of all bodies.

And a friend of his, who had come to her sister she had been through the wreckage by the force of the wave itself. It had been a total annihilation, and the flying wreckage had been too. The child had miraculously survived, having struck her side, and it had been a Her body had been badly torn and bleeding, but the storm of wreckage had struck her quite suffering worse than any she could ever think of. The child had been the pillar of strength, and not in the least of her mother's. It was clear that the wreckage was terrible fast and for the children's safety, and the wreckage could not be put on account of the storm itself. On the side did remain. The fact of it is undeniable.

Staggeringly tired, he took himself up to the top of all this was dreadful. She gave him a tender, sorrowful and vehement struggle to get free. At that moment the illness had not yet reached its suffering was so awful that it was like the agony of a hundred deaths. There was no difficulty for a moment in her mind as to how she should punish her and the look in her face told her she intended. In her intolerable pain she still piteously begged the nearest persons to help her. The man called to him to get a glass of rum punch from the kitchen and already but not surely reached her and she had consumed before their eyes.

But four children succeeded in getting out of the tank of hot water but its sides were so high from the surface of the water that they failed. Their suffering was horrible but short the children being boiled to death.

At another place, a couple of children were hurled into a barrel of rain water head first by the concussion of the same shell and wedged so tightly that they could not move their legs. From the fury of their fall their dreams were fastened about their faces so they could not open their mouths to rasp for air a fourth they smothered. On account of their intolerable suffering and desire for air the children made vehement, vehement efforts to kick the barrel over but could not move a leg and were thus unsuccessful. Their struggles for air became more feeble, and more feeble and so on ceased altogether.

"Well, that's better. If all indeed as I'm a fool, spectator." "Turn in a side with a deep
 ... (("I'll by now have disappeared from the ground."))

404

"Seven little girls and a forest of cypresses. There was in the column of children that had been cladding into these roads and it was my intention of taking them by surprise and killing them all. That American traitor called the Starling boy was among the little darn-dawlin. I saw him despite the darkness."

"But where did they go." "Archie Frank-in-the-neck and then to himself." "I saw where they went all right down into that ravine all over yonder but he will never know it if I can help it the old old fool."

"That is my very question." "Answered Tomorrow;" "I have disappeared as soon as I turned the bend in the road. You know your own country best. They say 'slipshod' is the 'seven girls are as slick as a slippery as a spring'."

"You are right at that your excellency." "Answered Tomorrow;" "They are slippery as a spring." "difficult to catch and impossible to hold them. When they can escape the contrabands, built prisons as better law strong, I send you place over them. I know indeed from experience." "A" (And a good thing, he added under his breath.)

line continued but can't help giving them credit for their stamina and courage. They are darn devils I tell you."

11 "You are right," that said general von Bee Pallion another general with
12 them; "As for me I'm a new officer in this part though in the service too."
13 "He was reported as being well acquainted with these white prisoners they
14 are called. But I have heard of them a good deal."

"I have a special prejudice against them 'Said Tamoring'." Because they know of my executing that little Aronburg relation a while like a course my death if necessary. I would boldly give my life to see those 'It is rats captured and I tell you several powerful Xos Koo will be in those foam ever get into my lands I'll operate patiently in a very damn intestine that might be in their 'odins and lamp; each interfere on a pipe and have it purged for an example to any other such little fools that met to around."

And with this he cycled on his horse and the whole column continued on its way the severest firing every heard latting four loads.

"Well did you ever see 'Skipped Starliner'?" I told you lucky that I saw them coming in they would have got us just where they wanted us. That led to a lamarine in a man of his word. Violent advice you and your sisters to always keep yourselves out of sight, or out of kind sight for if you ever fall into his hands you are sure going to get what he threatened. He is a man of his word and so you can say that he ever failed in his threats."

Violet and her sisters abandoned:

'I'm so glad you say I'm coming.' Said Violet in a weak voice;

'Did he do the same to all?' Is Annie Aronburg?'

"I can be prepared for open but did not hear nothing out or he did not have the time. Somebody fired upon him and he was compelled to flee but not killed himself. He retained the ability but tried to shoot him from the cliff. The murder itself had been committed somewhere in this very ravine and I can tell from that cliff over your shoulder. It is a very dark Thameltoverto had the ravine of we would have had a very thrilling time even if not captured."

Starting led the way through the canyon to all the while almost screened by the distant rear of Little, and toward a side point which was overlooked by the high cliffs. It was a long tedious climb down into the very bottom of the ravine which was very deep, but at least the boys were reached and they went to where Starling followed crouching upon the body lying naked and outstretched on the gravel just the way it had been left. To their surprise the intentions were gone only the flesh and long hair lay. F

hence proved."

"If you hit the gold mine, you can be rich. I'm not a gold miner."

[illegible]

"Said Starnoff: 'I've also heard that the power of God for the still today, is being put to the purpose of it being able to do it. It is no longer a matter of that, locally that it is not as we would have a real nation of Washington, as if the army don't come on an arm.'

Violence and fear alone, knowing that a person meant all he said as they could not be a stronger power, did not do it. Neither a person in honest or not said;

"You have no idea how glad I am to be placed out to the order of us and General. I shall be glad and those of my sisters who are of age, rejoice exceedingly of the reports which had informed you since you were gone and think you were dead. Good night and I'll see that you get a new uniform."

Fifteen minutes later Harding was again sworn in and made the chief and most treacherous leader of the boys who are now said to be the most on your boys and against the children's ever good. His look was not a entirely

Starling betrays the master and give absolute information to general vivienin. It be really result.

Without barely any respite to the terrific hurricane of battle the Christian on
slight was kept moving now the grounds of Mc-Hollister Woods had been reached.....

The enemy's forming lines were at the southeast, and Starling and the little girls followed the large columns of Christians as they charged toward the enemy into the woods with the purpose of finding where the boy body lay....

"It is in there where Tamarine butchered her," said Stern
 "as a number of bullets exploded dramatically near them; 'We will soon reach
 the place where I and General Hagenfist saw the corpse.'"

Violent and long, shudder as at the reports of the woods which seemed to be dark and forbidden like some haunted forest of the demons and continually plumed by the countless flashes of the enemy guns. By the looks of the trees the 14th I felt knew that a part of Guiveries fir batt. had had good here for a whole day and that somewhere in these very woods Hansons had fallen. The woods were smashed in, toppled and strewn with forest debris of every description and old broken cannons and every kind of wrecked war material while the woods was incessantly filled with a terrible roar of musketry as they with the christianisation columns progressed onward the foe falling back inch by inch.

They had followed the clanking army for some distance when Hannon picked up a dirty uniform and form overcoat which proved by examination to belong to Hannon. A strange depressed depression appeared on the round which proved that he had been found on this very spot after their discovery brought tears to the eyes of the little girls and in vain cried:

"Oh, god what would I give if it had not happened."

'What happened?' 'Asked Starling.

of this battle....."(A

"I remember that all right. 'Glad Stamping' it was really me who shot his assailants down and in the back as he attacked someone who had ten unarmed just them."

"They now progressed on further and then leaving the sharpening column started to descend into the sea a deep reverse the others following with wonder and surprise. Just as the last one disappeared Tamerline and a Mr force of chandelionian horsemen appeared with a dash there was another reverse in the tide of battle and Tamerline himself stepped on the wavy road the little girl and Starline had just left.

... orders to his various

The cause of the situation along the front at this point was that a column of Christians had been attacked while dismantling bridges on the McWhirter Run and the enemy during their backward flow along this point had to destroy all the very bridges they had tried so desperately to save in a vain effort to check the counter advance of the their furious Christian enemies.....

as I do and it is no easy matter to be a great general as I am. I am the danger of making an attack at that point and that is why I must advise you to cancel the foe, until reinforcements could reach you."

"Your excellency I'll try to do better next time," said Callahan; "for my word on it."

"All right," said general Vivian; "Don't let it happen again for your sake as well as mine."

With this Callahan was dismissed and returned back to his firing lines to join his officers of his interview with general Vivian. None of the officers were in agreement with Vivian and Callahan could say but little. Despite the successful defense of the mines, Vanley foolishly did not follow up the advantage of gained this enabling general Vivian to crush one of his main and best columns. His Vanley followed up his advantage at this point Vanley could have compelled general Vivian to break into an unrepentable rout but now it was too late and within an hour Vivian had been heavily reinforced and Vanley could do nothing to reform his broken and mangled wings. Whether this was true or not it seemed to encourage the Christians a little giving them hopes that Vanley's downfall would soon come and that this terrible strife which was causing such horrible loss in lives and such wide spread desolation would soon end. Hickenella and Hermann's armies were moving across the northwestern sections of the Aronturps and toward Pandoria set storming Abhikan. In line these Abhikanians giving the most fierce resistance they could muster and which Vanley indeed was trying his best to crush first.

The Abyssinians had already reinforced general Vivian which had now giving him hopes of repelling Vanley with better success.

An hour after he had written the note to general McHollister "I am Hindernine the commander of the big force in action he got a note from the same person which read;

"Your excellency general Vivian

"I'm sorry to say that I cannot supply reinforcements within the time you mention. The main thing for you to do is to withdraw as much of your forces as possible and make a stand at Pandoria where you can make up an impregnable position. As to the petition I'll have to see the one who wishes it granted and if you are compelled to resign give me notice before you do so so that I can get a new officer in your place. But I advise you not to lose all hope and faith in the threatening success of the enemy, and his success may turn at any minute now. I myself have been holding out successfully all the time the battle started and don't resign or think of resigning unless you absolutely see that there is no hope. I know of the blow that you suffered near Calverina and of the death of your main supreme aid general Hanaonia and the destruction of his army but you may be able yet to make Vanley pay dearly for it by and by. Just hold on until you see no hope before resigning then resign. If you must as I would not like you to be disgraced by giving up to your sword to such a wicked man as Vanley himself."

His excellency general
McHOLLISTER, HINDERNINE.....

In the meantime general Vivian had done or started to do as told while general Callahan and Call under his instructions to keep his positions on every Elkan Run to cover his withdrawal and repelled the maneuvers under the main glandelini's hammerline general having had orders to stand their ground at all hazards. He called along his lines yelling to every officer he came upon;

"Stand your ground like fury and see that the foe never cross these plains. Don't let the men fire until until the glandelinians are near enough."

General Callahan gave orders for his cavalry forces to mount and charge the enemy which his artillery was quickly unlimbered and made ready for action.

General Hanton was the next to discover the actions of the enemy and ordered his men in lines of battle and nearer came the enemy and with wild yells;

THE COMPLETION OF THE MOST FIERCEST CONFLICT OF THE CALVERINIAN SOY SOIL AT THIS TIME OF THATHLOJY YEAR. GREAT SCENES AND ADVENTURES OF THE VILIAN GIRLS. THE TYPHOON OF SLAUGHTER.....

General Call had only retreated before overwhelming numbers and before a hurricane of fire. General Vivian had now lost hope of losing this battle and the war too and had previously sent a note to his main superior general McHollister underlining threatening resignation the note being thus;

"Your excellency general McHollister underlining;

"It is not my duty to surrender to an enemy of God and if you are forced to send me any reinforcements within an hour I will have to resign my command even if the battle is going against me. I will never surrender to God's honest enemies even if I go to my death. It fills me with shame. I have also discovered proofs that the loss of the Aronturps plain picture is causing this disaster. Can you help to cause its recovery in some way for general Hanger and sent me the reinforcements before it is too late."

Your assistant general Mr. Voro Vivian...

General Vivian

General Vivian learning that Call was responsible for the upsetting of his plans ordered the orderly to summon general Callahan to his headquarters right away. The orderly cleared and soon came back with general Callahan who was immediately summoned before the great general who said;

"This morning before this terrible slaughter began I gave you orders for you to stand your ground and not to attack the enemy under any conditions without waiting for the other forces I sent to your aid did I not?"

"Yes I remember that very command but-----"

"You have not only failed to obey my command," interrupted general Vivian but have also caused a bitter threatening defeat as well. I intended to strike Vanley a blow when Hindernine got into general action on Lanquet Pass before he could strike me but your foolhardiness prevented me and now my whole army is crushed to fragments. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I was compelled to do so your excellency," said general Callahan; "They were advancing on me in overwhelming numbers and if I did not attack in overwhelming force first they would have crushed me."

"Grumble you indeed! No matter what your excuse may be you have disobeyed my command and if it was not for need of officers I would take away your command right now and give it to some one else. And if you had not been a fool, yes a FOOL you would have retreated."

"But you did not give me any orders concerning that," said Callahan little irritated; "If you are as gentle hearted a general as they say you would not have called me down for a simple mistake. I right here resign my command, instead of you a fool you are to take it from me. Here is my sword."

"You don't say," said general Vivian fuming the words. "Under such circumstances as now during this battle at least no officer is allowed to resign his command unless I take it from him. Carry on like that and I will have you shot for insubordination. And why man don't you know that it is something very serious. Your actions would disgrace the best hearted general in the world and in fact you your fool hardness had completely broken my heart. For mistake as you call it has endangered my whole army. I have dealt with you fair and square and you ought to do the same to me. And if you were in my place you would feel the same

[illegible]

And the blaze of cannon and musketry and bursting vapors of the hurricane of musketry flew all along the line of battle against the main army came up with more artillery firing the campaign by the other retreating column formed an immovable barrier against the phalangia who had been ordering us with frantic force and motion then with a withering storm of fire all 'n' about a big.....

The structure was indeed well-planned. The first column of the Angelinus became panic stricken. The main column, however, continued the furio's charge despite the frightful frightful slaughter while maintaining main right flank in the quantity had been driven clear out of its position but upon receiving heavy reinforcement it rallied and gathered against the straggling auxiliaries auxiliaries in on overwhelming numbers repelling them with merciless and indomitable fury.

General Gullah's right wing was threatened with anihilation as the whole three of our guerrilla columns concentrated upon it. At the same time, the struggle as it increased being more cruel and sanguinary than ever before....

Two of Galle's veteran divisions had been shattered by the withering fire of the clandestine and the desperate increased its cautious charge of their dragons, and but allies under Jan Jans and Angelickinda were also annihilated. . . .

Eight hundred cannon were in action upon the Appalachicola. Their roar as they
to shake the hill houses hurled them from out on all shores that the war of
the elements could make under a great foundry. The whole of the enemy force
was pushing close upon the christians instead of being pushed back where after charges
charges having followed each other in endless succession. The coastal regions were
filled the with the exploding storm of shell shells mingled with the constant clare
of lightning like flashes of fire explosives and burst of thud thunder and the smoke
of battle was like clouds.....

The whole line of the christians was forged back by overblowing numbers, the agents having been torn upon their flank in a fierce attack. The retreat soon became a rout. The Angelinos, a leaders we were filled with rage and disgust over their total defeat. But anyway it was a decisive victory as the rest of the division of the Fox did not follow too far and this would enable him to rally and be close time to be reinforced.

reinforced. "We can't force them from the mines as I yet but by God's help they will not hold them a year." Declared Gulikhanov.

The plantations had however advanced on but were checked at Stillman's creek with heavy losses a part of General Hancock's divisions lines left burning their way and storming with fire....The losses that day and night were suffered about one hundred thirty thousand, uncounted and nine also in killed and a sum of a million in wounded. The two bad seven million men together. The years losses was three hundred fifty five thousand nine hundred sixty three. This conflict before the Indian plantations had been had lasted for about an hour and a half.....

General Alviola was provoked over the outcome of the conflict at night along his lines seeing that null had made his counter attack too soon that if he had only waited for more reinforcements which were on the way to support him he would have won his ground and captured the mine. The real fact was that null was a spy and the enemy's lines so near to the enemy that he had been in danger of annihilation if attacked not only escaped destruction by making the attack itself which he did not which if he had not done null have proved very dangerous....

[illegible]

General Llanillo himself knows this and did not know what to do, and so he ordered them to move upon that general and his divisions were fresh fill the battlefield with that colonel and his orders to hold his ground at whatever cost. General Llanillo later his divisions of mindless men already have nothing a faithful a thought when he said that for him, the Llanillo Llanillo of the forward the division portions at Poyat, down him and forward their way across the area. Llanillo the flames resistance the as a from the individual divisions.

The slaveholders had also been active in and around nondiscriminating around the Angellia in leaving a son of a soldier and lent behind them, continuing five field fortifications after a successful battle, confounding confounding many prisoners. All this had occurred within half an hour while the 11th is able had been heading for general advances lines with the request children and the rest.

THE FAT IS ALONG BIEBACH'S BELT.

Ball's all arrived near North's North's and despite the terrific hurle-burle of firing going going going on around his forces in a furious counter attack upon the Muslims. All at one once the most fearful fire ever seen along the enemy's lines burst during the whole battle was opened upon the Christians with a million million cannon like roar and despite their fearful losses surged forward in a broken wave, and they were only repulsed when their left wing overran and crushed.....

But we were wholly determined to win and despite the increasing fury of the hurricanes of flame and iron he stood his own ground then again counterattacks charged the Angelinos sweeping on without halt and with an enthusiasm giving forth a louder than the screaming roar of landallies. About ninety hundred cannon were trained upon the christians their destructive fire slowing down the armor coats by the hundred per minute but on they charged and the crashing of thousands of falling trees, storms of burning shells, torrents of machine gun bullets. The left wing of the assaulting column made such a wild frontal assault that the right of the enemy's columns suffering by both the sobbing fire of christian batteries and the desperate attack so combined were cut to pieces and rolled up with the loss of twenty generals and hundreds of thousands of men.

These twenty generals were all captured during battle. Shomunghinia, James Grackhork, Graham Grackers, Amelia Bigault, box in the ear, umuhingtonia, breakingtonia, Rechina, Apytionia, stant inia, Vellid inia, George Wall, Ball, Pumat Wall, James Wall and Fredrick Wall all brothers while the rest were standouts. Landine, Fred Landina, Wallonia New Inca., Fred Henry sonia, and Call alia Janingtonia.

Through forward scout forces to another point of the line and every attempt made to call them to disengage them proved impossible. Despite the full use of anti-aircraft guns and the Ammunition stores the battle progressed with continuous changes in position forcing once more another part of the - the "Magna Line" - into action. A small anti-aircraft slaughter fearful losses occurring on both Christian side and attack held their ground stubbornly fighting with the fury of desperation. Cannon of all calibre were trained upon the assailants and the whole line

it had crushed his arm into fragments. This had been the most daring exploit of the battle and of the war as nothing like this ever happened before. It was an occurrence that surprised the soldiers. The news was spread broad and fast. Violet and her sisters had after this not went to join those leaders on the mine and though they had surrounded the children the mines nevertheless had been guarded with about forty thousand fresh glandelinian troops or four million I mean who had tried fiercely to smash against the christian lines at this locality and capture the children and were even repelling counterattack as the mine upon them and the Angelinians were determined to destroy the mines.

The struggle along this point was terrific and four times the Angelinian column had been repulsed and driven back.

The left wing of the main column had been crushed to fragments and General Los Jencings who led the charge had been severely wounded by a fall from his horse and in peril of being taken by the glandelinians whose whole front was storming with a scathing withering fire.

General Talour went to his rescue with fresh forces and these Angelinians managed to hurl the hostile assaults back though Talour was killed.

Violet and her sisters nor that these Angelinian troopers had gotten themselves into an awful fix, for they had struck against supremely overwhelming numbers and had lost about five times the number of men that the glandelinians lost.

The whole glandelinian column was now pressing on to crush the christian line to fragments despite the stern resistance made. One large brigade after another struck repeated blows against the glandelinians under general command but were crushed to pieces themselves and could not hold out. Over three hundred thousands had already fallen in the desperate attacks on the glandelinians at this sector of the bloody battlefield and out of one division of forty thousand men there was now only twelve thousand left at the last having fallen during the engagement.

The glandelinians were pressing the christian lines on both the rear and front in a furnace of fire and smoke and the Angelinians had to retreat or be annihilated for no reinforcements were coming though some officers had been sent for them. Violet herself had been wounded but managed to escape the enemy's clutches. The attempt of the christians to carry the glandelinian position in the region of the mines had been a failure a crushing failure and this had made a severe break in the main christian line itself.

The christian officers did not know what to do. The slaves at the mines had been the hardest sufferers and though they also had been rescued the christian officers had wished to see the destruction of the mines or their capture at least but the glandelinian position in that location was discovered to be impregnable. The officers would have dared to bring another and much larger force but from their observation point, they could see that these glandelinians were a part of general Federal's glandelinians concentrating there. That is why the positions could not be taken, and more and more of the glandelinians were coming across the river and now they were coming forward themselves to reoccupy the line that the christian christians had struck them.

Violet and her sisters could even see that the glandelinians were were starting to fire numerous cannons, while one large force shaping a like some monstrous wave to them was moving forward with a great rush. This new movement of the enemy seemed so furious and the little girls watched it for a moment or so though some of the officers had advised them they were too far near the firing line and that a storm of bullets would liable to bring them down as now the firing was being redoubled in violence. More and more joined this great column of glandelinians and advancing like a yelling avalanche and immediately Violet and her sisters realizing what it meant hastened with her sisters a batch of soldiers and the children to where they could find Vivian's headquarters.

There was no need of telling general Vivian of the new situation, he saw and knew the intentions of these advancing columns. Indeed general Vivian's army was in a serious condition for much as Vanley had unexpectedly received large reinforcements from the coast near planket Bay these being some of those who had been sent to strike at the new African line but who had been received different orders from Vivian's headquarters to join Vanley.

General Vivian was at a loss of what to do for this failure in the region of the mines left a great breach in the christian lines and even to withdraw or retreat would make a disaster worse than along his own main right which had been annihilated.

and the labor we saw them do here was enough to kill anyone who had been for an hour without a moment's rest, they had labored on, scolded, beaten, thrown back from one place to another, then and then they had tried to rest they were beaten across the face with a whip or a almost choked to death. The little children could hardly bear all this torture but nevertheless were unable to help themselves and we ourselves could do nothing in our their behalf for he we interfered we would have been suspected as spies and then our saving them afterward from these horrors would be in vain even if we had enabled us to get away in the bargain.

From the mines we were looking around the factories finally entering one as the others were but hurried against us. Here were sad, sad, sad, horrible scenes. The children here had been forced to make powder and shells for War Manley's armies and the horrible roar of the machinery of every kind was deafening more shrieking in their roar than this very hell itself.... The machinery seemed to shake the immense mill.

Therapy scene here could not be described but the children who did so I can describe. I set on again and again. Even many times we had seen the children for stopping a moment to rest stripped naked and thrashed in the most brutal manner with horrible iron piked lashes that tore the flesh till the blood ran like water. We had heard from one of the overseers that in going in contact with the powder these three victims that were scourged literally died of locked jaw locked jaw and powder poisoning.

Well we who will have to do something about this indeed. Said Marger with an inconsiderate grunt. These sights of cruelty the shocking of the victims as you say you and your sisters see, the cruel beatings and tearings of flesh and the purpose of making thousands of them then for life with overwork is very much to be unconsiderable indeed. I have succeeded in being in bonding my assistants westward along one part of the line and so I may as well we will well show these children that I'm going to be better and fail to rescue them. And he finished this with a chuckle.

The glandelinians along this point where the slave houses were standing in the far distance were now at a standstill and now these Angelinian forces forces about one million in number and under the personal command of Louise were ordered to press forward under any condition while other forces just as large were ordered to advance to the rear of the line of the enemy and to place them between two fires. Within a few minutes after this new concentration all the child labor fact factories known were in sight of the advancing christians who steadily pressed the stubborn fire for ten weeks in a furnace of fire and through their release because the officers could see the children still at their hard toil for indeed the children though conscious of the great struggle raging so near their prisons had no hope of seeing their own dear ones ever again.

The Angelinian soldiers were anxious to ret to the factories at once but the glandelinians showed such stubborn resistance, but their leaders had told them that things can't be done at once. It took an hour for the great turning movement commanded by Marger to be made and when this was accomplished the mills and other mill houses were surrounded in a terrific bombardment of carnage. One of the doors of the factory had been opened and the children were cut to escape were fortunately seized by the nearest Angelinians who quickly took them to the rear of the firing line.

Thousands of the Angelinians marched to turn in the doors of the factories and swarm inside the machine shops yelling for the glandelinians there to surrender or die like dogs. The glandelinian overseers being outnumbered and unarmed saw nothing else to do but to give in and nearly ten thousand solid slave hands were captured without even a fight inside the factories. The glandelinians were had no lulls however and if any devil in the infernal regions could bent them at their blasphemous and imprecations they can have credit. The leaders threatened the Vivian girls who they knew had caused this and heaped volumes of imprecations upon them. However the Angelinians were more surprised than their enemies for they had expected that the glandelinians inside the now turning factories could fight like tigers even if they were not armed. The children themselves were paralized with amazement and joy at this sudden capture and surprise over this unexpected deliverance. Nearly a hundred thousand child slaves within an hour had been freed the whole procession of children and prisoners being marched into general Vivian's lines, the glandelinians to punishment or execution, while general Marger

"Now be careful all of you and aim good," came the command. "See that every shot finds a mark and each boy pick a man only as nicely as to make heavy top of. We must stop them once if we suffer heavy losses."

Farther and farther came the landolinian horsemen shouting and yelling in volumes. The boys stood behind trees and rocks where they could not be seen plainly by the enemy and then as the landolinians moved into sight the boys saw to their horror that many scores of thousands were rushing forward to toward them than a mere thousand as they had expected.

Then just as the words seemed to blaze on all sides there was an awful double roar and shells by scores landed among the landolinians a tremendous roar of musketry shaking the air and to the surprise of the boys the words were swarming with Angelinian soldiers. Nearly seven thousand landolinians were killed and over twenty thousand more shot down from their horses at once while horses and riders sprawled everywhere by more thousands causing the greatest confusion their three leaders braken and the more got only trying to get to the rear of the others. The main body of troopers warrening on however they made a furious dash into the words charging the christians fiercely but the boys and children with the nuns had managed to pass chiefly to the rear while Violet and her sisters as they watched the fray heard some landolinian beller

"I thought these queerly dressed soldiers were Angelinians. Didn't I tell ye so."

Violet and her sisters were hugged and congratulated by the sisters while the firing of slaughter was going on in the words, hugging the little girls for bringing them out of the danger that threatened them so closely. The rescued children girls and boys waved their arms and shouted and sang with praise as they saw the troops on in the words finally surge forward driving the landolinians slowly back.

"The enemy had feared that we and the whole procession were a queer Angelinian soldiers and that is what made them hesitate long enough for us to get to this word where I knew the Angelinians were to be hiding," laughed Violet. "In our retreat toward this word we have then some fine fighting and continually retreated out of their range. I heard their leader tiking that we were Angelinian troops harrying that way and so by our formidable appearance we made them believe they were right."

"You certainly are great children," said the nun. "And not will bless you for this deed."

"The only blessing I ask is that this frightful slaughter will end soon," answered Violet. "And no matter how it ends as long as it ends." And she pouted.

THE DARING RESCUE OF THE CHILD SLAVES:

As to predict in the meantime another main armies had continued the onslaught upon hindering and driving but at one great section the battle had reversed in an opposite direction and the landolinians had been thrown back with horrible heavy and overwhelming slaughter. Violet and her sisters had made their way to another point of the field after rescuing the nuns actually looking for more adventure and discovered to their horror that big christian forces and landolinians were fighting fiercely for the possession of a row of child slave houses, and here Violet and her sisters saw the real horrors of their lives.

Before the great battle had started great armies of tolling children had been marched from one mill to another and the most outrageous treatment ever seen. Most of the children had from the effects of the hard toil had been seen marching with bent shoulders and each one not only chained to each other but also handcuffed and under a well known guard.

While the lot of the child slaves was this point fiercely and with terrible violence the Violet herself told the her story:

"General Darger we had before the battle on pretence of being landolinian boyscouts had followed one of these sad processions into a dark foul smel like mine

one thought the foremost when they would reach the procession would play an ace of spades with them as to call it. Violet and her sisters decided upon quick action.

"Quick you hurry and wrens rose to the nearest hills and signal the christians not to fire their shells in this direction," said Violet to the two chief leaders of the boyscouts. "The rest of us will do our best to save the fugitives."

Harry and Frank quickly dashed off to do her bidding while the little girls followed by the boyscouts raced off toward the procession yelling to attract the attention of the christian soldiers and pointing out to them the approaching peril.

The nuns knowing who they were by the dark color of their uniform and their flags understood and hastened the children on as fast as they could run the boyscouts covering their retreat and defying the advancing landolinian horsemen who now came on with a dash yelling like fiends all bent upon the lives of the helpless children.

The whole procession was now running running toward the north as fast as the holy nuns could urge them.

The foremost landolinians were enraged by this and started firing but the boyscouts about four thousand in number had formed into lines in the shade of arches and their ranks blazed with an answering withering fire. A series of yells and exclamations burst from the boys now retreating with the children so as to shield them as much as possible in case the landolinians should open fire again.

But the foremost landolinians not realizing that the fugitives were under the protection of a strong guard and not knowing whom the guardians may be come on more slowly their yells changing into howls of rage.

"When they come near enough give them another good volley," said Violet. "We got to save these children with our lives if need be."

The main column of the landolinians had now joined the others and as the foremost boyscouts hesitated it gave the boyscouts a chance to outdistance them. Violet who had sharp hearing heard some of the ones of the landolinians say:

"Isn't it as if we were going to be repulsed by those christian troops over there looking so much like children in their clothing? General, don't let them seem to be overwhelming in force also."

"It is soundfounding," cried the general. "Here we were sent on the way to reach the christian position and our car carry their batteries and to make blood run from the bodies of simpatons when these new and mysterious forces looking like little girls come to stop us. Damn those blasted christians. To hell with such luck."

"Let us make an attack anyway," suggested the first speaker. "We can rush in overwhelming numbers and we may manage to get some of those boy scout rabbits out out up any how. We have got to do something as it is humiliation to go back to our commanders with the report that it failed."

"But it is risky in all this smoke," major general Larson said to the other general. "They may be a part of some great ambush laid for us."

"Maybe we can follow them," said the major general. "My but I am ashamed to go at those kids the officer told us about and this is the first time I was allowed to join in the children's execution."

"Murder, damnation you devils," thought one of the boyscouts. "How would you like it if a savage horde deced upon your own children and massacred them?"

I guess we ought to try and make a wild dash anyway," said the major general. "We could attack them in full force and rout the guardians by a sudden irresistible dash. You know general Richard Hammerline order us to get those orphans at what ever cost what ever they are and where ever they had gone to. Those christians harrying our way have got to be sent ahead."

"Well then we will make the dash," said the general and he ordered the men to advance at a rush. Violet and her sisters immediately warned the boyscouts of what was coming and instantly they all drew their pistols and made ready for the assault having taken defense on the fringe of a word far to the rear of which they could hear the thundering roar of thousands of christian cannon.

It appeared to the dismay of the boyscouts that the landolinians were all horsemen as a thunderous cannon filled the air.

General Manley himself was dumbfounded by the obstinacy of the christian lines and did not know what to make of it. While he had been hurling on a great onslaught after another against the christian lines in spite of all the fearful slaughter already inflicted general Raymond Richardson Federal had sent a message to general Manley;

"Your excellency general Manley/;

"I have almost succeeded in annihilating all the christians that opposed my lines as you requested and drove the rest into hopeless confusion but cannot under any means check the rolling tides of the christian hosts under general Belloni and having failed to crush Vivianian do not know what to do.

One of general Vivianian's supreme commanders by the name of Hansonian was killed during the fierce fighting on the Mc-Holleston Run but I know failed to cripple general Vivianian or indeed, despite the practical annihilation of general Vivianian's right wing under Hansonian at Mc-Holleston Run and Mc-Holleston Run.

Here the fiercest conflict I have a over seen occurred. My armies are already demoralized from the losses and I hardly can stand stand against the other armies moving on me for I'm overwhelmed.

I have intended to show fiercer resistance at Mc-Holleston Run if I can but will need new expert leaders and heavy reinforcements to make the stand successfully. At the first I had been greatly victorious over general Vivianian at Calverline itself along the point of his extreme center when I had destroyed Hansonian's army and had also overlapped general Vivianian's right extreme centercut it up and rolled it from the field but despite the wildest fury of the attack on their extreme left and center of the main center itself they held by means of a as severe a drum-drum fire as along Vivianian's lines attacked by Tommas Federal and Richard's Tamerline which they had maintained upon my divisions and I had to abandon the attack or suffer annihilation. After that we made some small successes and drove the christians along his extreme left northward but while my host were gallantly and brilliantly outlying the christian troops in the greatest disorder he managed to once more reassemble upon me in overwhelming numbers and after some sanguinary fighting along the Northerys Run I was again compelled to retreat before a much superior force in a terrible inferno. A large force of men had also tried to blow up My Calverline by means of mines to check the bloody christian onslaught in that direction but they were stopped by that christian general Henry Johnson on the Run.

If you expect me to hold my little divisions to gather please send me heavy reinforcements right away or I will be obliged to withdraw as the christian troops are now hammering me as hard as battering rams....

Your assisistant

General Raymond Richardson Federal, Commander of the extreme left wing of the Glandelinian army.....

While the battle was in progress also at other points of the line Violet and her sisters with a force of their boy scouts and Jack Johnson's wonderful progression of child-man approaching guarded by nine or ten drummers. How many children there were Violet and her sister sisters could not tell as yet but they notified the boys as they saw far in the rear of the possession large columns of troops approaching on the run but coming on silently and indeed they appeared to be monstrous lines of graycoats. Jennie Joyce and Angelina holding the column of boyscoots came to Violet's side and seeing the prog procession and the danger that threatened were alarmed.

"It is funny they come right in the way of a bloody field like this said Violet to Jennie; They are foolish and before that know it our shells will land among them besides the danger threatening in the rear."

Violet and her sisters saw the fl fourishing of snobs in the rear and though these Glandelinians were really coming on to make a frightful

do thing them more experiences than any battle during the war. They fit their losses keenly but tried persistently to hold back their grief that was tearing at their hearts like Dragons claws. Her sisters scratched and maimed during the chase, every best friend gone and it was only where no one saw them they went bitterly but before soldiers and the like they appeared so cheerful and many had really believed that little circle did not care about the deaths of Evans their best friend had they not detected sorrow in their eyes despite their cheerful aspects.

As five armies of Concentinians had now concentrated upon the a army attacking Glandelinian front Manley had to lead five other armies to content with them while he himself continued his assaults on general Vivianian and the advancing Abyssinilian armies. Reports came in also that Mc-Holleston Run had been abandoned by the christians again and also the Aronburg Run and that the christian forces defending their ground had been crushed to pieces.

This news brought great fear among the survivors of general Vivianian's army and indeed Violet and her sisters had no hopes that the Abyssinilians could ever win the great battle as Manley had already struck a successful blow when Federal destroyed Hansonian's army which consisted of general Vivianian's main right wing. Everywhere on the line of battle there was the scene of the wildest desolation. Fields were laid in blackened waste and littered into blood, moribund houses were in ruins and the worst regions had the appearance of a volcanic hurricane now torn raging for weeks.

Millions of trees were lying on the ground smothered and withered with the mangled bodies of the soldiers buried under them. The Glandelinians but battle lines had moved forward time and again in great and long surges and indeed nearly the whole of the region where the battle raged was laid in desolation and near Calverline, where general Manley's right wing had been in some of the fiercest action nearly ten thousand Glandelinians had tried to blow up My Calverline by mining it but a great force of christians had charged them and forced them to retreat thus preventing the terrible disaster that would have followed in the volcanic destruction and would have destroyed hundreds of miles of country had she been blown up and sent to death general Bluff of general Vivianian's army.

Over four hundred thousand fell on both sides over the fighting about the volcano which raged near the town of Pandora the Glandelinian in this vicinity being routed.

By one o'clock general Manley had finally withdrawn some of his exhausted troops before overwhelming numbers but he had however massed all his artillery and every every attempt on the side of the christians to advance was rightfully decimated. During the battle general Vivianian had extended one of his wings toward the town of Mubum whose inhabitants had fled northward at the approach of Manley's army destroying all the stores of grain and blowing up all the military stores and burning a all the child labor factories so that the Glandelinians could not use them. At the approach of the christians most of these inhabitants had returned thousands of the men enlisted in the christian army. In fact the men refugees had enlisted in the army before the great battle had started to avenge their losses upon the Glandelinians who had long before this murdered all the poor children they could lay their hands on. Way before the battle began hundreds of child refugee refugees had been nicked up by the christian armies every day and what these little innocents had lived in being questioned horrified the christian soldiers.

Even before this great battle had been fought more than a million little Calverline Glandelinians had been sinking deeper and deeper into a dull helplessness and hopelessness that was stupidly and savagely Satanic. Entirely robbed of their clothing made to forget laughter and play this great army of Calverline children seized from orphan asylums, from mothers arms, or nurseries made to tramp their way to a most horrible and bloody death. For outrageous hours general Vivianian had planned to put a stop to this continuous child murder at all costs and this probably is one of the many causes that brought this horrible battle into operation and what at what a result.

Part of his left wing heavily reinforced by Concentinians had managed to overlap a godly portion of the assaulting force of Glandelinians and demonstrating soon made Manley halt his battle maneuvers at this point driving their columns toward Mubum and Pandora Run and across like so many millions of refugees but nevertheless the other portions of the enemy still held the field.

"Damn on the luck!" He muttered angrily to himself; "I brought myself into this scrap so I must fight to get out."

He wheeled his horse sharply around and made a headlong charge upon the nearest pursuers led by the children with drawn sabres but a resounding volley brought his horse down the general being thrown headlong into a bush. Before the Angelinians could reach the spot where he fell Tamerline was already on another horse dashing full speed over a field recklessly leaping over barbed wire fences across ditches and across the headlong over a hedge. Still the Angelinians did not give up but followed by the main road reaching the other end of the bridge before Tamerline was half across. With well aimed shots Tamerline brought down seven of the Angelinians among them Jennie's horse and the of voice and wounding Jennie slightly.

Taking advantage of the confusion he caused he dismounted from his second horse and re-mounted again and headed for the railing and both horse and rider dived into the river swimming across to the other side just as the main body of pursuers under Darger arrived.

"Intercept him quick," shouted the Christian general; "He must be caught dead or alive. Jennie's hand voice was in the railing in a moment and turning excitedly to the men she had been leading she said; "Some of you men follow on both banks of the river. We can catch him then all right."

This was attempted but suddenly a big force of Lancelinians suddenly appeared who poured a withering fire upon the Angelinians as they dashed upon the bridge. The Angelinians being outnumbered retreated the Lancelinians following furiously.

Violet and her sisters at the sight of the Lancelinians who came upon the bridge at a thunderous gallop quickly dived into the water reaching the other bank in time to reach the fleeing Christians. The Lancelinians were apart of Ambrose Fullers advancing army general's Glybourne being in the lead and as Tamerline reached them puffing and blowing, and cursing in volumes as like a history he bellowed;

"What did you let those kin kids escape for. You men could have easily shot them down the little fiends what they are."

"They were too quick for my men," said Glybourne; "They had made the dive before the troopers could fire."

"Hang the talk," growled Tamerline he was in a rage after this occurrence; "They were too dog-gone afraid of killing them after the chase they have given me that them. I was after them myself and it turned out this way. Why did you not shoot to them you a crack shot?"

"Well your excellency general Tamerline," snapped Glybourne; "We are of Ambrose Fullers command and cannot slay a child without orders. Besides you are an ungrateful wretch a fool ten thousand times. We came to your rescue against an unseen odds and you carry on like that. Why in my men did not shoot the Vivian girls is none of your business. I'm superior over you and will take no actions like that out of you. Go your way and say a not another word."

Tamerline did so but mumbled to himself;

"Damnation, and infernal regions. Perdition and Hell but those Vivian girls are a curse. I will give my entire command to see them killed. And you, you I will like to find out who gave them up to that fool of a Shoemanna. My if I would not make it hot for them. Besides I'll report to Federal of Glybourne's conduct. He let them get away on purpose. My how my hands are itching to crush their n-necks, the little rats. I'll get them yet too or my name is mud."

In the meantime Darger's pursuers had rejoined the main column and once more the Christian lines were receding but their lines were even not anyone hidden in smoke and flame. Violet and her sisters had reached the Christian lines hoping to find general Vivian but learned that he was in the rear trying to send in new reserve forces to the support of this crushed and mangled center. To them this led to change since the battle began. Evans was really gone from their best friend friends to the rear. His conflict now seemed to be

"treated as a no-nialy."

"It just depends whose hands we fall into," said Joice who overheard her remark; "Even in Tamerline's army there are some good men and officers."

At this moment there was a sudden burst of gunfire of firing a rush of gray swept past the window in a roar and then the door opened and Shoemanna himself stood before the little girls with several officers and a squad of men.

Then men swarmed about the little girls while Shoemanna said; "Take these little girls out of here mighty quick. Tamerline is coming in this direction with a force of men to repel the furious Christian advance and had also learned what happened and will search this place for the children as soon as he arrives. Out with them quick. I'll fool that cowfaced tough."

A score of the men quickly took the little girls out and away they went general Shoemanna following closely. Not far away there was a small pit into which the men gently placed the little girls then they threw a shower of bran and rags on them and said;

"We are hiding you from Tamerline. Don't say a word and he won't get you. As you are now able to walk and skip about again it is best to find your way alone but do not do so until the surge of carnage passes this region. And he threw a brace of pistols down for each and three belts of live bullets hands."

"Kill every devil that tries to get you," he said and then away he sped.

When Tamerline hastily arrived with his warriors and seventeen general officers he found the cabin deserted.

"That is funny indeed," he said; "I thought some of you men that that the Vivian girls were concealed in there."

"They surely was," said one of the officers; "And Ol have proofs. Hey have literally ran away or had been rescued."

Despite the outcome of this Tamerline could hardly express his surprise at the officers' funny words.

"Then he retorted;

"You are right to leave to talk better. You talk like a fool."

Then he ordered the men to search the whole vicinity while he concentrated the rest of the forces with the help of his officers to storm the advancing Christians.

"Search the whole vicinity for them little brats," he said; "I'll get them all right even if I have to go down into the depths of hell for them. The little mice what they are."

The soldiers scattered everywhere in the rear of the main firing line and a persistent search was made but no where could they be found and finally a shell landing in the midst of the searchers killed nearly every one of them which showed indeed that God would allow no one under any circumstances to do these little girls any harm. Others of the men reached the pit and at this moment the surging line of purple coats moved into view through the smoke and dashed along the gray like an avalanche crushing it to fragments and scattering the survivors.

"The Angelinians are forcing our lines," cried one of the Lancelinian soldiers running up; "Look see their uniforms bursting through the wall of smoke. A whole sea of them."

"Damn it," growled Tamerline clenching his fist in a rage; "We will have to rush back for our line is crushed. Sound the alarm and have them retreat immediately before a disaster occurs."

His command was obeyed the Angelinians followed by the gray coats fighting fiercely and driving them back in a cathecomhof slaughter hand to hand and general Darger was in the lead.

"Cret that Tamerline," he shouted. He is responsible for the Aronburg murder. He must not escape. And with his loss the Lancelinians will have to stop their attack."

Tamerline saw his danger and mounting his horse dashed away at breakneck speed followed by the panic-stricken Lancelinian soldiers. After him went Darger and hundreds of horsemen full tilt while the rest of the Christian troops were smashing down the Lancelinian defense. Tamerline was indeed in a desperate situation for among the men were his most daring enemies the Vivian girls who were dashing with a troop of men in the other direction to head him off.

The trenches were filled with the offending host of mankind in flesh and everywhere on the little field could be seen mutilated bodies. One of the christian generals estimated his losses as between four million and five million and the christians only included those who were fallen in his own command alone and more than 9,255,581 had been thrown into confusion and confusion. The christian fugitives in their wild desperation fled to the rear of the christian line at the rate of at least a hundred thousand per minute and thousands upon thousands who had rallied to face the furious claudeliniian assaults done so at their death. It had been a death stand as they were not to escape as multitudes went to a terrible fate in fighting desperately to for their country. Indeed by the battle the very cradle of christianity was being desecrated.

General Viviana had received precious tales of the faithful battle. He was racing along his lines. One general Fandemonia came lurching into the lines with a dirty piece of cloth around his eyes. The poor calverinian and three of his staff officers prostrated themselves before the army chaplains and were crying for mercy in the most heartrending manner. The general had went insane from the din of the conflict as well as his three staff officers he himself having lost his eyes an explosion of a shell had blown out their sockets. General Viviana had untied the dirty cloth that was hiding the sockets and one look was enough, he could not look at them again.

He procured a clean piece of cloth which he tied around his head hiding his repulsive looking eye sockets. Finally general Viviana succeeded in convincing the insane general that he was his friend. He had extended his arm hand to a little girl also brought into the lines by an Angelinian and the little girl had stared at the general without responding. He reached with both hands to take hold of the little girl's hands and felt dull dumbfoundered when he grasped two empty sleeves soaked with blood.

She had no arms a shell burst having blown off both her arms as she had been in her bewilderment ran right into between the battle line after having strayed from the multitudes of fleeing non-combatants.

Another little girl who was about ten years of age had her right leg cut off clean to the hip. Of all the christian columns that had fled before the enemy's advance before rallying to show their teeth once more in that fiercest furnace of battle only about five hundred thousand had survived and the scenes of the battle had horrified all the generals who witnessed it.

Great Atyerinkillian armies on general Viviana's left had concentrated to avenge the murder of the other soldiers while large hosts of calverinians made a junction with the Angeline and Villans with the main right wings and the claudeliniian columns under Collyerine, Stonckerinia, Taporita and Welkingburg had been ordered to frantically against these new christian lines amid more frightful carnage.

TAMER IN THE GREAT FEAR AND HOW HE FEELS...

During another onslaught Violet and her sister had again been captured by the claudeliniians belonging to the hands of Angeline men this time who to their surprise had drawn their wounds and opened them among Shoemans lines. As the claudeliniians were retreating before a fearful counter charge of the christians some of the claudeliniians left the little girl behind in a house raving.

"Don't you see whatever let this look at out as you will let us and Shoeman in trouble."

"We won't tell no one!" said Violet with a grating grating voice. "You have saved us little girls from Fear!" and Angeline and maybe some day we can be able to see you even if you are enemies of Angeline."

The claudeliniians then left saying that the Angeline would be there in another shake of a leg. After they had gone Violet who was still a little lame said to herself:

"This is a surprise for a little girl. I never knew that we would be

into them dashing into the multitudes of christians and like the harvester with his keen edgewise as the hordes of claudeliniians on horse back and on foot waved their sabres used their bayonets and hacked down the christian troops in a terrible manner only to be slaughtered in turn. Stripped nudes and children were even found on the little field by thousands many children who had been tortured beyond measure, choked or smothered to death and literally cut to pieces intestines and all.

The horror of christian and claudeliniian coverly combats was worse of all hundreds of thousands of claudeliniian and christian coverly men and drove them and threw themselves into the deepest slaughter and even trenches filled with soldiers fighting fiercely resembled some great slaughter of children instead of a battle.

Merciful fathers, who could bear to hear the deafening heartrending no roar of the coverly contests and should have watched this work of so many action with serene satisfaction? The shrieking voices of the fallen caught in the storm of canister, and the hor or stricken yells of the furious combatants made a sound as hell was let loose without a minutes warning. It was an orgy of massacre instead of a battle. It was like a hideous nightmare in which poor weak infernal human beings grappled with the demons of other regions. How happy indeed were the women and children from the deserted towns when they reached the Atyerinkillian border in time to escape the frightful scene of that great slaughter. Violet and her sisters could still see the flaming thundering lines of crimson, the smell of blood of flesh and burning flesh, and not far from here where the little Annie Aronburg child had been murdered the claudeliniians on one under Adam's name and smash-in-the-hand whose leaders before long had been wounded, had buried the trenches in more than three hundred thousand dead coverly horses and almost countless number of men within a short space of time and who could could call this frightful massacre war?

What had made it last for the coverly war that all the calverinians no matter how many there were had long before Aronburg's Run initiated and joined the claudeliniian army against the brutal Free Masons and if the christians would establish an overwhelming victory in this great contest they could sweep the claudeliniians out of calverinia. One large force of calverinian coverly was fairly crushed to death and many thousands of wounded luried up to their chins in earth thrown up by gigantic explosions did not feel the torture but those who failed to die fast enough lingered in torture much the more longer, and the coverly forces of either side fighting furiously among one another and crashing into each other wildly rode multitudes of dead christians.

The claudeliniian christian coverly forces fell victims to the claudeliniian sabres throughout the entire northwestern and southeastern section of the furiously fighting christian lines while the christian divisions of the other portions of the line went to their deaths in the same fiendish manner fighting like fiends incarnate and all the catholic churches, all the missions properties even Protestant and eastern and Methodist churches were now desecrated heaps of broken wreckage which was thickly intermingled with charred bodies of Angeline who had died fighting in these great buildings. Out of eight million coverly men on both sides the greater number had been slain or wounded and those fortunate to retreat early to the christian lines received food and care for their many wounds.

Even thousands of mothers who had their children tied to their backs had been also overtaken by the claudeliniians and slain and hundreds of mothers who escaped had to be taken to the Atyerinkillian front and have their dead children separated from their bodies by the merciless christian soldiers of both sides in this battle were killed or mangled by frightful numbers.

The generals who had withdrawn their crippled divisions after fresh ones had been placed had reported that they had found hundreds of men on the roadsides with children also whose eyes and testicles even a few legs and arms were removed by shell fire and who were still alive though the dead like so many worms their whole bodies being covered with blood, which showed that fleeing children confounded and bewildered by the forest fire scenes of battle had been lost in the channel houses and not caught in the torrents of shells from both sides. The whole of the little field was like a vast grave yard ruined and desolate.

4046

It had been some time during the battle that the little girls had been taken prisoners by the -landelinians but they had not been handled roughly by the guards to whom they had remembered their experiences among the -landelinians before and this indeed had seemed strange to them. The guards had been armed but they they never threatened or forced them to do anything beyond their strength and even some of the men had carried the little girls when they were tired and when a rush of -angelinians overwhelmed the -landelinians at this point these guards without protest had forthwith gave themselves and even the little girls up to the -angelinians and who were allowed their freedom for their kind treatment of the little girls.

When the outbreak of the great -landelinian recede the population of the city of Calverine especially the christian -angelinians, women and children felt quite uneasy as they had known full well that their country had now been one of the greatest slaughter grounds in their history, even if general vivianis was winning. General vivianis army during the advance had been reinforced by -angelinians and immediately fierce hordes of -angelinians, -angelinians and -angelinians poured into the regions evacuated by the -landelinian troops but in the face of a storming inferno and no sooner had the all fated christian non-combatants observed the vanquished of the retreating -landelinians coming their way they became stricken with terror. The non-combatants of the city of Calverine were safe but not those south of the enemy lines. All the rich and poor, thousands of young and old, strong and infirm every christian or non-combatant whatever hastily snatched whatever they could so possible carry and started on the trail tracks far before the retreating -landelinian hordes all bound toward the south.

When the reverse came the christian columns then were driven toward Calverine and even from the region with horrible loss within an hour and a scene of horrid horror came from that section. He and his nation was unaccounted until its armies of ill fated christian men women and children covered every inch of ground of the districts little north almost stunned by the far distant crash of the mighty approaching battle. Thousands upon thousands of shoeless, naked children lay in the hands of their mothers whose face fast turned over the wreckage strewn fields their scanty household utensils darting from the backs of the promnads.

Hundreds of babies driven with the bat of the Calverinian summer, thousands of other children hungry frightened and weeping, countless old men women and children led in leaning against their sticks and carrying burdens that would ordinarily have crushed the strong youths, hundreds of young women who had purposely disfigured themselves with the fear of falling into the hands of the savage -landelinians there and many other terrible scenes rendered the plight of the christian population the most pitiful of all its long history of agony for their faith.

Violet and her sisters saw all the scenes of the terrible battle itself. They cried loud and long and pray prayed to the Saviour to have pity for the poor suffering christian soldiers but ("forgive me oh Lord") a even he appeared to have abandoned the christians. So fearful was the slaughter....

THE GREAT BATTLE OF CALVERINE, SLAUGHTER NIGHT AT THE END OF THE BATTLE

Even though these savage -landelinian columns under general -angelinians and federal had not succeeded in forcing the lines under general -angelinians -angelinians and -angelinians, they had been the former foremost in the pursuit of the retreating christians and general vivianis right wing but now greater and new forces barred their way and like howling roaring wild wolves the -landelinians charged

1045

whose every inch of ground was p/ plowed by storms of bullets, hurricanes of shells of every descriptive description and soaked by seas of blood and intestines.

But was the underlying cause that contributed to the christian victory at this point. That was it that made every christian boy a hero, made the oldest man forget his old age and the privations he was enduring. The principal factors that made for success are the value of iron discipline which was overwhelmingly demonstrated.

It was safe to assert that the most highly disciplined christian army is the most successful in action. Youthful enthusiasm may be undermined, patriotism may be forced into temporary abeyance by hours of cruel continual shelling, worse than that the -angelinians had become used to the horrible witchcraft could not be of drum-drum fire of the -landelinian batteries.

It is then that discipline asserts itself. One thing more. Those who survive the great battle agree in saying that without a firm belief in God they would never have been able to live through those harrowing hours, and to the millions of -landelinians who lacked faith came to death destruction and a hellish world of shells, and during attacks of bayonets. But we all meditate upon this and take it close to our very hearts. Then in spite of what our own enemies say and do the prophecy contained in the old fable verse may yet be realized:

Christen greater

Christian Greatness, Christian to truth/
may some day save the world in sooth.

GENERAL VIVIANIS'S ADVANCE UPON CALVERINE'S RETREATING
FORCES IN THE MARCH OF VIOLET AND VIOLET OF PLAIN AND HIM.
THE EPOCHICAL MARCH...

During the time that the enemy could not even force his lines general vivianis called upon the whole line to advance upon -angelinians intending to keep them on the retreat before they could rally and reform once more. General vivianis sent an order to general -angelinians telling him to continue his attack and not advance until given the opportunity but he had received this answer never!!!!

"Your excellency general vivianis my engagement at the front of Calverine is very serious and it is impossible for me to advance under any condition but my right is in no condition to even move forward an inch and one of my left grand divisions is threatened with annihilation. I count it very unfair and a cheat for the enemy to follow up this terrible slaughter in my condition and they ought to be satisfied that they won thus far along my left. The -landelinians have fairly pulped the senses out of my general as to way with their horrible way of inflicting losses and I will never be able to advance until reinforced.

Yours very obedient general.

John Richard -angelinians.

General -angelinians took an early an hour to get his forces to begin their simultaneous advance against the fiery wedge of the -landelinian front but however for the -landelinians there was no retreat either was there any flight and the whole left left a scene of waste cities and towns burned by shell fire oil wells were set on fire grain elevators were destroyed and where there had once been large and beautiful farms were now nothing but vast morasses. Violet and her sisters who were with the christian army were forced to go to the rear to be out of the way of the enemy's red receding storm of fire.

was directed principally and successfully against the christian position of the left wing of the ninth army corps where the world seemed to come to an end from the fury and violence of the latter's frightful uncanny roar. At the same time the Glandelinian Glandelinians concentrated the attack upon the outer left wing of the ninth army corps and the main line of the eighteenth reserve corps degenerating in a desperate and wild struggle like of he' hells legions, hacking madly at each other for an hour at close quarters amid tumults of bayonets pikes and sabre blows nay even the close quarters fighting in the Christian Christian Crusaders against the turks was not on a one third as horrible as this. Before this maddest of attacks had begun Vanley had issued an order that the these christian positions must be taken at whatever cost. They paid the cost suffered horribly; suffered overwhelming losses, offered hundreds of victims and though they had forced the whole line and taken the position and even the second line of trenches with the severely wounding of christianian they did not hold it thanks to the heroism of the arriving Alyasankilian reinforcements under Rutherford McWhirther who massed themselves upon every point of attack, rallied the panic stricken christian columns and gave the order. General christianian a position fronting the main line or part of the McWhirther and Aronlurps run was the most seriously menaced point of this part of the field of wholesale slaughter, and accordingly the new forces of Alyasankilian and Alyasankilian and christianians were installed there, which together with the rallied forces of christianians, christianians and christianians performed deeds of the greatest valor. True to traditions of their race they withstood the terrific onslaught made by the hordes of Glandelinians on slaughtering for the taking of which the Glandelinian generals continually sent out fresh divisions under the storm of drum fire.

Those who escaped the horrible fire of the artillery and the machine guns fell under the bullets and the blades of the christian bayonets and under the fierce thrust of the fearful bayonets. The main and last attack upon Rutherford McWhirther lines was made by densely massed troops. The positions of the whole line confronting Aronlurps run received the main shock of the impact but were not shaken however though his lines let loose a line of fire and storm of hell. The ninth Glandelinian division corps and others of the Glandelinian army attacked in twenty double lines advancing all simultaneously with all their generals on horseback suddenly to be engulfed in clouds of smoke from bursting shells, storms of withering canister and sharpshoot and high explosives.

In deed the christianians received these Glandelinian assaults in a withering storm of drum-drum fire the exploding shells tearing thousands of the assailants from limb to limb and the literally flowing to pieces the first lines and tearing to fragments the others and driving them into confusion. Other succeeding lines found no better as they were rended to atoms these lines extending forty miles in length at that. The hundreds of thousands that miraculously escaped the storm of shell and canister fire were so felled by the furious christianians, with blows of musket butts, sabre pick pick axe and by the bayonet.

In spite of their countless courage their reckless contempt of death, their marvelous persistence, the Glandelinian survivors were forced back just as McWhirther fell mortally wounded. Front and flank of this writhing massed pack of humanity rolling along in a disorderly retreat, was still swept by the christian drum fire. The losses which the Glandelinians sustained were inhuman and sickening.

With this last valiant attempt to take the christian position along this point ended the battle along this point. After six hours of frantic fighting, after paying a frightful tribute to blood and fire, the Glandelinians under Tamerlane were forced to abandon their efforts to break the christian lines. Their finest troops the flower of their armies who had fought persistently with all the dare-devil gallantry for which the Glandelinians are famous had not only failed to win a victory but had sustained a crushing defeat along this point. For the fact must not be overlooked that their failure to force their way in through the christian lines was added by a very serious defeat. The last of such a frightful fury was over along this point for good but what terrible hell all christians extract from this titanic struggle! That moral is pointed by McWhirther Run

defended for life by the ear-splitting din of the terrible curtain fire. The main line of the first main line fifteen million strong which had been reduced to nine million had recoiled in confusion but as fast as possible they had under Tamerlane's command on with tremendous fury and with the wildest yelling. No known sort of human works were able to withstand such fire which was poured upon this second main assaulting assaulting line for even a short time, but for a time Glandelinian discipline, loyalty and heroic heroism held out. Huge walls of smoke hung over the christian trenches for all the length the scene was like a general everything forest fire and the howl of the whole flaring re-trenched scene of seemingly hell fire, with mountains of earth rising into the air, volcanic eruptions of the battle field was augmented by the ceaseless deafening ear-splitting, thundering, rumbling and ear-splitting crashing which filled the air and which even a hundred miles away sounded like murals of the most violent volcanoes in the greatest and most baroque eruptions. It seemed impossible that any living creature should survive such a bacchic turmoil. The assault of the second second monstrous column had begun all along the line almost simultaneously and though ten million Glandelinians fell in this second onslaught if believed, the attack still continued and the assailants of the third line springing over the works like the most monstrous waves in human rivers melted away in columns by scores, the survivors sprang upon the christians like avalanches of humanity and the most furious and desperate hand to hand fights ever seen the war occurred a sound, in which not only bayonets, sabres, pistols butts, and clubbed muskets were used, but pick axes and booted shoes and booted feet were used to expell the enemy to kill him or to force him to surrender. As an example of the tremendous fury with which such a hand to hand conflict raged I will cite one instance.

A grenadier of one of the Abbeonian regiments who had carried a pick axhead the right hand which carried the weapon then right off by a Glandelinian. Glandelinian.

The Abbeonian soldier writhing with pain contrived to seize the pick axe to his left hand and killed both the Glandelinian who had maimed him and his comrade behind. Both sides were literally striking, thrashing and throwing grenades and other things their way through each other in a way to strike terror in the heart of Satan himself. Thousands of the Glandelinians in hand to hand fight had also to endure the frightful fire of the christian artillery and for the christianians there was not a moment's rest, each man being actuated by one thought only to defer his position to the last to overcome the enemy to endure through it all now matter what happens. New forces were frequently called upon to help out the brave christians doing the work of the superhuman. The Glandelinians had despite the drum-drum fire being played upon them, secured one long line of trenches and used every desperate frantic effort to second secure a second trench several scores of metres along the line so that working and fighting hand each other they might reasonably be expected to unite the two trenches and also using the captured trench as a base for an attack in mass a complete extra double line of millions of sharpshooters at the front was followed by thousands of others sought in to indent the christian line and to break it, their own artillery fairly blowing other trenches to pieces besides conducting these attacks in mass a complete double line of reserves at the front followed at a distance of a few hundred yards by densely packed masses of battalions and divisional columns.

This method of attack from which they never swerved once considered them a shocking loss of life but however it was striving for them confident success and general christianian line was completely broken and shattered.

The losses sustained by the Glandelinian corps in this nighty inferno of slaughter was three quarters of what they had though their number was seven millions, as Glandelinian prisoners confirmed this estimation to their captors. To this wholesale slaughter to which they condemn their men the fact was probably due that the Glandelinian generals used the same columns many times for purposes of attacks, and it was terrible to see the demoralizing effects sustained by men who had been forced to climb over hills of their own dead in order to reach those last lingering christian lines. The havoc wrought by the christian art, artillery had been frightful. This attack consisted an insane slaughter, intricately speaking, it was not an attack, but a mad dancing in flames of hell, through a cloud house of "Hells Demons for."

The main fury of the Glandelinian attack

378

a horrible gash, bloodcurdling price in blood for these most minor successes which in the end profited them nothing. In this terrific inferno of battle, sons from every principality of the Angelinian and Calverinian fatherland, fought shoulder to shoulder like demons and died with each other in the display of courage and endurance. Abriannians, and Conventinians, Angelinians and Ahyenickillians, men from the north and from the south, from east and west, stood side by side, cheek by jowl, forming an impregnable wall as a against which the furious despairing fanatic attack of the Glandelinian hordes of all sects were doomed to fatefully spend themselves in a horrible inferno of carnage and damnation.

To cope with general Vivian's successfully the Glandelinians had brought up their Second, Fourth, and sixteenth army corps two great divisions, two colonial divisions, and a half territorial division, all in all, almost seven and a half army corps being massed and massed upon Aronburg Run. One division after another fought with marvelous valor and reckless courage and nerve, climbing up and over the bodies of their fallen comrades only to melt away. In the fury of their terrific onslaught the Glandelinians had greatly strengthened their artillery. On the other hand general Vivian's two army corps had been strengthened solely by the addition of Indian and Indian battalions of seventh and twelfth armies as well as by the fifth army corps and the seventh reserve corps and these massing upon the assailants played unmercifully with them as the tornado would the grain after tearing down a grain elevator. The slaughter indeed was the most terrific ever seen before.....

THE HORRIBLE IDEAL OF FACING THE CHRISTIAN "DRUM-DRUM FIRE" AND THE BLOODCURDLING RESULTS.....

General Federal, Tamerline, Ambrose Fuller in the meantime had launched heavy lines across the Mc-Holtester run, and Mc-Whirther Run while general vocemanna and vick nellinians the later who had arrived during the last three hours of conflict swept across Aronburg Run like a storming tornado of men and ranged with the frightful force of human cattering lums against general Zoe Rae Vivian's lines and terrific was the slaughter. NO INDEED here probably was the worse of or one of the worse scenes of the battle. This whole battle line had become one of the worst living hells and avalanches of some damanatings horrors ever seen before. The woods of Aronburg Run was mowed down as if a hurricane by hundreds of thousands of shells of every description. The work of the christian artillery enormous in strength, with huge supplies of ammunition was spent lavishly upon the assault ing columns.

Upon the assaulting columns under general Ambrose Fuller which made the first great onslaught the christians in that one onslaught threw the three hundred thousands of shells of every description and millions of shells. Ambrose Fuller badly wounded among them. The woods of Mc-Holtester, and Mc-Whirther Run were wiped out by the rapidity of the artillery fire all along the line being as great as that of an ordinary machine gun but the shells hurled upon the assailants were not infantry shells but shells of every calibre made. This sort of artillery fire was called Drum-Drum fire, and its effects were simply dreadful unspeakable. Ambrose Fullers army was almost completely annihilated and fifty generals went down mangled and bleeding every one of them killed these being as follows Sherlock Holmes, Imposter, Imposter, Piface, Knowthing, Sallowitch, withering hallow, Henry-Jack-knife, General ping-in-the-nose, Contemptorian, fairweather, general overhouse, Too Pru Proud, Bristol, Indagation, Harringtons, Bristolcoe, Peddler Snyder, Maney Gap Kyde and sunstow. The rest were not named being all new officers at that.

Adelaide-gardennians army was completely annihilated, those of Henry Accountants was completely wiped out of existence, the trees and shrubbery were split, tared and whole lines of the main army crumbled away and indeed the survivors were

A-154

377

At the memory of what occurred along his center general Vivian almost broke down and wept like a child. His great heart indeed was broken but he could not give vent too much of his grief however as he saw that he must do all he can to fill in the gap caused by the withdrawal of the center before it was too late and to then change the horrible condition of the battle inferno if he could. Though both forces had been victorious in repelling the enemy general Vivian believed that it was impossible to win the battle entirely and he almost cried right in front of Violet and her sisters. Bob had reentered confection un amid a roaring hell of flame and din for the distance of twenty miles, but his main line commanded by Hanson Swerington, had been put to rout and there was no holding confection run any longer and he it had been finally abandoned to the enemy once more.

For all that morning of bloody carnage general Vivian's center had retained its position during the fearful conflict but as it had near twelve o'clock been thrown tened with annihilation by the pressure of the terrific Glandelinian assault it had retreated on confusion.

Mc-Holtester Run had also been abandoned to the enemy and here the enemy were only in a possession in reality of nothing but a vast morgue. The patient general Hanson had really been mortally wounded and had died on the very battle field attended by the sergeants and after the last rites of death had been given. The whole army who knew of his death were greatly affected by it. Hanson's only words were that he asked God to bless them all and turn the tide of the horrible battle and save the nation.

"It's the last of the war I'll see." He said the moment before he died.

General Vivian fails to recede.

GENERAL VIVIAN FAILS TO REDE A VERTIBLE STORM OF HELL ALONG HIS LINES.

In the meantime general Vivian's intentions to withdraw certain portion of his weakened army and to throw in fresh forces was not very well accomplished, for it was necessary for one of his wings to crush the first large aggressive movements on the part of the Glandelinians by hurling their finest army corps and an enormous artillery force against the christians for hours at whatever cost to force a wedge into the christian lines across Aronburg Run in order to break one link in the steel chain standing against them. General Vivian's army was terribly fatigued at the moment when they were called upon to enter the severest phase of a struggle into which their foes hurled the flower of their troops. Moreover the Glandelinians had an almost inexhaustible supply of ammunition and were therefore able to reach the full strength of their fighting capacity in their desperate herculean efforts to break through the storming christian lines which barred the way to every approach to the city of Calverine.....

The prodigious masses of iron and humanity which the Glandelinians hurled against the christians unceasingly hour by hour, their marvelous ingenuity in making drive like attacks, their doggedness in defence, all this was admirably calculated to crush larger numbers than those of the christian armies. Only an iron will, a discipline which had become sound nature in the faces of such odds caused the christian line to hold as it did.

Only an iron will, a discipline which had become sound nature and utter forgetfulness of self led to victory in the face of such overwhelming odds, it being complete like a struggle between iron and steel. It is true that a heavy mass of iron can crush sheer weight and indent a narrow band of steel but it cannot break the steel. The christian lines under General Vivian were just like the steel band. The Glandelinians continually renewing their overwhelming attack incessantly hour by hour, and by tearing up the christian line as with a supporting artillery fire, the violence which beggars all description, the foe succeeded in breaking back the christian lines here and there. Sometimes at one part, sometimes at another they took several hundred metres of trenches but they

378
A CHAPTER OF BLOODCURDLING HORROR.
BLEEDING HEARTS! OF THE VIVIAN OR GIRLS.. GENERAL VIVIANIA FAILS
TO WITHDRAW.

THE TERRIBLE ACTION ALONG ZORRAH. VIVIANIA'S LINES. AND THE
TERRIBLE ORDEAL OF FACING THE TERRIBLE CHRISTIAN DRUM-DRUM-FIRE AND
THE BLOODCURDLING RESULTS

GENERAL VIVIANIA FINALLY MANAGES TO ADVANCE.
AMID FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE! A MANLEY REVEALS. THE FRIGHTFUL
MASSACRE. A SCENE OF FEARFUL SLAUGHTER RIGHT AT THE SPOT
WHERE LITTLE ANNIE ANONBURG WAS MURDERED. CHRISTIANS DRIVEN INTO
CONFUSION.

It indeed was a terrible hour of horror and confusion. Hundreds of thousands of
soldiers had been slaughtered in a way not fit to be described. Indeed wickedness
seemed to have triumphed, and indeed general Viviania himself was horrified at
the massacre of soldiers it having been the worst done since any battle he had been
in before. Thousands of men lay dead with their bellies torn open by shells
of with whole fronts of their bodies torn away completely with intestines and all
and even dangling on the pikes of some of the rushing yelling Glandelinian hordes
were the heads of some of the dead men which had failed to drop. It was a more horrible
scene than any massacre of children and indeed showed the power of the terrific
shell fire on both sides.

Nearly all the men on his left grand divisions of his main center had been
cut down or routed, and thousands who fled had sought safety in the convents
firing shots upon the enemy from the doors and windows but these had been
forced the numbers being disgracefully treated and insults of every description
were heaped upon them though the Glandelinians had offered no violence except to
eject them from the convents. General Viviania indeed mourned the loss of Ansonia
and the destruction of his army and also the threatening loss of the battle
and warned the horrified little Vivian girls and other child refugee refugees who
were in the rear of the army to keep close together and not leave the army
as they must be guarded when the main retreat comes. He himself had a mangled arm
and leg but fortunately they were not fractured or broken and he was still
able to retain his command. Violet and her sisters were horrified and he heard
broken at the frightful death of so many soldiers and he did not care what the
Glandelinians would do to them now. They had wept for hours as they watched the
horrible conflict and though many of the officers noticed it they did not say
anything as they had grief enough of their own, as they suffered the loss of
many divisions and guns. Some of the Angelinians who had found dead bodies of
children said that they were in frightful shape. A gang-pang-shell had caused their
destruction as a hole fourty feet deep and a hundred wide was exposed the dead
children lying close to the crater's brink on a pile of dead and wounded
soldiers of both sides. One whose name was Mildred Annie, whose name was found
on her clothes had her chest and abdomen, and intestines and all blown away and one
leg was also missing while the head was crushed beyond recognizing. Another little
girl whose name was Angelina had been mortally wounded and crushed
had been torn deep in her throat and chest and she died to death.

The third little girl by the name of Joice St. Clare
was also mangled by the bomb recognizing her body also torn open but the intestines
were still intact as the men saw. And the horror that was in the faces of these
men was terrible to see. The shell had also killed over two thousand men and wounded
five thousand three hundred fatally, while the depth of the hole showed that the
high powdered explosive had had terrible force in exploding, and made a noise
that had deafened the surviving victims for life. Many had also been blinded
by the smoke. How the children had got caught in this frightful battle inferno now
one could ascertain but it indeed was a terrible tragedy. Every where on the
tranches which had been abandoned in that wild confusion the horrible
scenes, of mangled fire flesh, piles of intestines, bloody pools and other things
so horrible to relate were seen by Violet and her sisters who hid away their eyes
in untold horror.

379
about to rally the divisions. Pierce was also wounded and McBurner, Clinton, Mc-
Carthy, Meldon, Montello and Garibolter were wounded in trying to stem the tide
of disaster. It was indeed a serious disaster. The Glandelinians were on the hottest
pursuit and did not desist but harried the Christians as much as possible.
No doubt even now general Manley would have won a complete victory had not one of
his intentions failed. He had planned to hem general Viviania's army in from
escape but Tamerlane and Spitzhackracker had failed to make a junction on account
of the Abissinian army confronting them, having failed to make a junction with
the main forces that had been striking flows on the rear of general Viviania's
army so that only the center of the whole of Viviania's army was forced and
not the entire main line as Manley had wanted. The other two wings had and were
holding against the fiercest assault and Bob himself having been ousted from
Confession run with frightful slaughter had only recovered it by making a frightful
counter attack in which both sides lost 6,777,666 in killed wounded and prisoners.
Manley though he was still
keeping up the frightful onslaught successfully, he outwitted though he had routed
the Christian center as the other two had held and threatened to repulse his assault
and not only that but great forces of Abyssinians were advancing
swiftly to fill the gap in the Christian center.

It was already twelve o'clock and now the battle had assumed greater
fury.

and firing with all their might. The enemy at the same time made a terrific head long onslaught on Henry Robs caverly forces the charge being so magnificent that the enemy losing their general who was killed was obliged to retreat. During the frightful assaults Manley had repeatedly sent messengers to general Vivian and Viviana demanding surrender or to withdraw peacefully from the province of California which they were holding so stubbornly and leave behind all the women and children. General Vivian or Vivandine had not sent any messengers back and the messengers themselves were held as prisoners. Shoemann's assault was indeed fierce and terrific in the extreme. He was confident of winning so that the

chaos main armies could close in on general Vivian and Vivandine deeming to place the christian army between two fires while the Glandelinian divisions under Hanson Germaine Viviania simultaneously charged on furiously through a dense thicket showing great bravery in their assault against the standing. Flaming away the thundering Africanian line and taking no heed of the massive line and a pande minimum of bayonets clubbed muskets and tumult of pikes and rifles and shots on at point blank but General Viviania was killed and though his army under a withering fire from a chain of artillery carried all before them and making a break that looked like it could not be repaired the Glandelinians however were staggered over the loss of their general and had not Shoemann's main line poured into his gap with the bayonets fixed a disaster would have occurred. Indeed in the hand to hand fighting the scene occurred which probably would have horrified God Almighty Himself.

Shoemann was mortally wounded but the whole christian center was broken up and driven in into confusion and disorder which soon became a panic. Parts of the line still held in a furnace of flame and din however and renings seeing the situation sent several fresh divisions to a vain support. It readily seemed as if the crisis was lost.

General Viviania's rear had been annihilated the entire line of the christian army. General Viviania himself had been seriously handicapped and his chief aid general Roland Viviania was lying seriously wounded in an ambulance. It had even been reported that Jack Evans the boy friend of the vivian girls had been killed before their eyes as the little girls with their boys were signalling with flags and then that Jennie and Joice almost went to a horrible death and Angeline was reported mortally wounded but this could not be confirmed. Violet alone had been reported to have been captured by the Glandelinian and badly injured herself. However all these rumors could not be confirmed and in reality the little girls had not been in the battle at all and also Jack Evans had not been even injured. When the news of the mighty conflict which reported it going on spread throughout the region north of which it was raging all the people were fearing it would be a Glandelinian victory were soon in a terror. For them anyway there was no escape as all the exits to the north were barred by fleets of Glandelinian ships.

"It is all over except the shot of the Aronburg picture picture." Wailed parger as he rode up to general Viviania with a fragment of his army. "Our whole army is cut to pieces and routed; I knew we could not win, and I threw down the Patton to go. Too late, too late. Calvernia and Angeline are lost."

All around him were bands of pale Indian men. For miles and miles there was the scene of the wildest confusion, the whole army on the center being in a stampede, the tumult and pandemonium of battle in the distance and on the right and left being deafening. It was indeed a complete total rout of the christian army. The bodies of the dead were piled up in a tide of disaster were killed amid the dreadful carnage, general Goodwill going down mangling and bleeding but not mortally wounded, and his aid general Henderson was shot in the head. General Goodwill the Second was killed in trying to rally the panic stricken bands. Hanson was wounded in trying to do the same thing. Cannonance, Shoemann's Can Inn, Morten Alyde, Stanlell Mc-Holleston, some, remain were also killed in trying to rally their crushed and mangled divisions, and Colvine, Canton, Gros, Antelope Salman, Moscow, Manin Canine, and Hampton and Fello Hall were wounded at the heads of their troops and generals Grinner, Hungerford, and Brintlinger were also wounded in trying to get their men to stand and force the surging Glandelinians back. Cornell fell wounded in trying to arrest the disorder, and his brother Samuel also was wounded, and Donald Aronias, Seidel, Granterry Sinder, Curie were wounded in trying to bring up new divisions, and then another general by the name of Mc-Holleston was wounded mortally. Just as he was

The Glandelinian attacked the seventy fifth corps in a fierce headlong rush like a dominating wind of war and after merciless fighting they too were cut to pieces and routed, with hundreds of rushing guns were being brought to bear upon the assailants by the rest of the christian line, which poured out such a destructive curtain of fire, that amid heartrending screams, curses and yells whole columns of the Glandelinians were mowed down while simultaneously a serious fire from other plains of guns dealt awful incalculable havoc, but the main column was not checked the attack with dare-devil reckless haste though their fierce cannonading checked Shoemann's left wing and threw it back with excruciating losses.

All the christian batteries by this time had been tossed upon Manley's assailants, their leader having now gathered all his available forces and thrown them to the assault with inconceivable violence. The tremendous cannonading that swelled forth from hundreds of thousands of cannons on both sides continued was terrific and the concussion literally shaking the city of California like an earth quake, causing all the windows to be shattered, doors to fly from their fastenings and cause the people to rush into the streets, while all the women and children were stunned by the orgy of sounds far away to the south where they knew the battle was raging. Horror upon horror was added and nothing could rival the destruction.

TERMINAL DESTRUCTION. A DAWNING OF A NEW WORLD.

The thousands of christian guns rained fearful broadsides of shot, shell, grape shot, chain shot, canister and storms of high explosives upon the assaulting Glandelinian surges, mangling and tearing whole lines to fragments, while whole divisions melting away like snowbanks. The drum drum-drum roar of the christian fire was deafening and ear-splitting, mingled by the crushing million cannon like roar of musketry but onward the christian army pressed Shoemann's army with great determination and now Jennings Abbeancians fought with the fury of desperation.

Dead and wounded lay piled up in wondrous and stretched across the fields in seas of bodies while again the terrific cannonading caused destructions to whole forests of trees, and myriads of shells and shrapnell and volleys of musketry and hose streams of canister ploughed great avenues in the Glandelinian lines. For a time it seemed as if the supreme line would be forced as general Veldonia Ricknell coming to the aid had thrown his most massive forces to the same unrudd and indeed it seemed as if the enemy had never before been so stubborn or so reckless. They continued their desperate attack though nearly all the christian batteries were annihilated upon them.

Melton's V. Ricknell's army encountered a frenzied drum-drum-fire that wiped out one half of his first commands, the guns seeming to pound his lines to fragments with gang-gangshells and canister, the shells of which made a continuous clattering clatter ing roar as they exploded wiping out one regiment after another. The right of the christian center had rallied and wedged themselves against Ricknell's assailants who being overwhelmed and overtopped could not hold out any longer and began to give way slowly abandoning the few guns they had captured in their desperate efforts to get out of range of that deadly drum-drum fire which threatened to annihilate them and with the fall of the christian army was in confusion their leader having been wounded a second time.

The christians along Shoemann's front were not as yet successful. General Henderson, Nugod, with Henderson Pugnose, and general Seidel moved on in a charge toward the left grand division but the three Glandelinian commanders were killed and their armies cut to pieces. During the tremendous onslaught general Ambrose Fuller had abandoned his attempt to break the left, but reinforced concentrated upon Shoemann's christian line with great fury.

Jessie Scallin under orders to keep close to the left left moved in to fill a huge gap made by the enemy's assault and his four brigades were attacked by Mc-Wharther who with a column brigade in front and seven lines deep assaulted that part of the line and drove it out of place with great loss. Phillips with his brigades were ordered to the break with Scallin.

But the two despite their overwhelming odds had only for force enough to break the two lines and then were obliged to withdraw before a tidal wave like advance of the furious Glandelinian soldiers who were yelling

[illegible][illegible]

While the full fury of this struggle was in progress a large force of Alandrian had been withdrawn from the christian right and transferred to the extreme right which gave the Alandalinists a chance for a flank attack as a result of these serious blunders.

While Shoemann was enraging the Athenians with all his fury a brigade moved forward under cover of the smoke pall across Andrian plain and around the Angelinian extreme right flank where it made a vigorous and successful assault, rolling up the whole Abelian line in extreme confusion. The news of this success sort by the effective fire of light artillery, a slight though sincere each and then with the shock of the first line of the Abennian leading in Shoemann bands, three hundred pairs of large calibre, sixty nine little pieces many of which were mere poles and some also bundled thousand napier.

The main force of Chomchen's army made a five day, eighty-mile trek, and this long line advanced with Iristia's forces though their scores of columns were becoming mangled and torn, and now he assaulted general Iivianine's main center while general Iivianina frenzied always wondered to himself: "What is the matter with general Zuo Rao Iivianina? Why don't he come to

[illegible][illegible]

The fourth corps kept up a most stubborn resistance, but as a storming attacking fire had been opened, reducing their many battalions to regiments and divisions to companies, they fell back, the glandelinians pressing on with the force that would be credit for the very legions of devils themselves....

and even of retreat on both sides. Neither side could now either advance or recoil without disastrous results. Vanley himself did not know what to do. He had hopes of great success, when the British troops had been decimated and their leader mortally wounded and the Abkhazian armies defeated in detail, and the others under the Russian flag to advance. He had hopes of winning a great battle by a Russian flanking movement. But the Russian troops were not to be trusted without terrible conditions. The British troops were not to be trusted in the front and along that of Abkhazians also and Tsimshian failure before with abundant cause to think of vanishing eternally him to the quick. He had put a report from Tsimshian which ran as follows:

"Your excellency; I had made five desperate attacks on the enemy's flanks under Viviana as you directed but in the first attack I was driven back and jeopardized. Unless we sent me heavy reinforcements I cannot progress forward any more at all because a great army of Abigorians under "de Ros Viviana" though not as well-armed as yours may yet overtake us here. By these Abigorians I am overwhelmed five to one. My entire losses are almost exact as yet though I feel absolutely five to one.

Your assistant
Bernard Thomas Plauting, Tamarind, 41

Nevertheless despite all this Manly was bound to win if he could and as quick he sent heavy forces to Tamarikins and had the off-offensive was redoubled with terrific traffic violence and fury, while simultaneously he concentrated all his available forces for the dare-devil purpose of beating a overwhelming demonstration upon Andelindians and when it occurred in four mighty lines of battle against them it was the main line. This offensive movement crushed twelve divisions to fragments and lost it took the main line of the fifth corps by surprise, and was so spirited that the main line was forced to retreat after the most cruel sanguinary fighting ever seen in actual warfare, not so much from the destructive effects of the electric hammer blow as from the difficulty of the advance of the Andelindians. The main line was a screaming hor-or-between heaven and earth, and so to the the slaughter that some great exhibition of human action seemed to have poured down upon both sides; and that God himself was within this over-vengeance upon the Andelindians for their many misdeeds of heinous and

Fortunately general Rae Hendersons army of fourmillion men was in a favorable position on the right of the point of attack and while the Mandelinnans were advancing upon the retreating columns, he quickly encircled the position and struck the Mandelinnans a terrible blow, rolling up the whole line after a two hours dragoon her- or, with half a million dead and wounded, capturing forty thousand men and seven hundred thousand prisoners.

While this was being done under a fierce rain, fire of muskets, rockets and thousands of cannons, the fifth corps rallied on the line of the first division and made an advance in double line, but they met such serious resistance and such frightful intemperance losses that they soon fell back in utter confusion and made away with the captured colors and the captured guns. The second division, some 15,000 men, the main force of the enemy, had advanced, continually resulting almost at the same time that Zou Houtou had received the "blow of life" to blow his staff against the Manchurian attacking him, in a crushing defeat for general Jinnian left wing with the loss of many men and killed colors, and nine hundred thousand prisoners of whom six hundred thousand were taken by Richard Thunberg's forces who cut the right wing to pieces and the greatest inferno of battle he had ever known.

Paul H. Vantley led the van of the crushing milk force and his horse was shot within a few feet of the Christian lines and horses injured by the fall sustaining bad bruises and sprains. During the full swing of the battle General Henry Fredrick Hancock ordered 12 General divisions to move his divisions from the left flank of the army to Anne Arundeen and to support the hard pressed divisions there. It was teamwork and team already earned, retreating in the direction of napros lines.

[illegible]

David Johnston again blamed his own responsibility for this disaster, for he had struck the whipster across the chest at Panama, with the result that he had also the Janglelinton gave him the same result. He also stated that he had been told that the man who was killed that morning was only a trick to enable Federal agents to make the sweeping admission which caused serious results. During the same month several witnesses had predicted that Manosides would be somewhat mortal but that if he had perfect rest and quiet he may pull through, but what perfect rest and quiet could he have when all around was the tremendous fear of hellish vengeance.

quiet could be heard when all was over and the wounded man was dead. He had been pierced in both lungs by bullets and stuck in the left side by a bayonet which he had fallen upon.

in such a critical condition, one of their main leaders died, bridges crushed and mangled, entire right of undermanned rolled up and beyond aid of any kind.

Hansonien death in detail.

That day the evil gods shrieked: Marx was rampant. The world was beneath his sway.
He did what he could, as he killed mortal mannaemia. His whole army had been in his li-
tation turmoil: A storm of shells had ripped this way and that, a sign of re-
morale. Fire shot directly into the faces of the Angelstein soldiers. Everywhere
there had been a frenzy of fire. Gimmelfindt officers had a howling, and his words
to their charging men, uttering at the
christians in their midst. The soldiers had been told to shoot and find the
Weidling during men moaning and whip it up, and it did, it twisted them, and
then it hit him with bullet into the head of some army.

High powered explosives had thrown thousands of soldiers up a mile high into the air, many fell badly, many into fragments and some hand grenades from the left hand of the thinline line as it hit the land bursting swiftly, and sure and added to the pain before of the land and land twisted, in which flesh and blood was dissolved the land was under the matter of a whirlpool. It had been another of a combat out in this momentous hour, the mother of millions of men, the mother of land to land conflict.

an hours time had been reduced into fragments, while nobody knew what had happened. The machine was still empty after the bursting of gang-pump-shells, and tore out the lungs and throat of those who came tripping through them; hundreds of thousands writhing and twisting, creating their lives upon the land-lincoln machine puns in an attempt to exhaust their fire. Among all this hellish chaos, Menehela fell then came, for his assistant: came roaring, his bayonet fixed, his hat far behind him. He had a machine gun, though Menehela, the pun, was not. He was an Aborigine who sat at his machine gun playing it like a horn, upon the roaring inferno before him. Down went the land-lincoln a death penalty for the murder of Menehela.

[illegible]

General Wendon Tammeline had decided upon the site of a landing front in a fury of courage, setting a steep hammer constraint. The assault indeed was terrific and column after column of the assailants were crushed to fragments and driven back but the others continued to come on, while General Tammeline remarked that this was a most fitting ending to a great and glorious conflict.

Others who survived were Schiller, Abernethy, Dunston, Alvin, Rembrandt, Jagger, Nathan Hendon, Augustine, Peter Hargraves, Hanson, Jennings, James Callahan, Charles Hobbins, Eddie Spradler, Linhart, Ender, Peter Berkusquinn, Henry Neeling, James Callahan, Gary Reilly, James Callahan, Waldonia, to all of whom, Adele de Garbe, Helmannia Schoenrath, Thomas McCallister, who lost an eye, Jo-Whitler and Henry Gutierrez who was killed. Callahan was also named.

More who were mutually wounded were as follows, Jamillia, Haddies, Bernard Gunn, Propper, Constanctian Aronburg, Aronburg, and Arno, Borpa, Bonnet, Thery Chambers, Child, Irvington, N Mulltown, nazatz and Liehiemann besides another named Hemond. Some of these generalia though having same names were not the same ones however.

The last fourteen are killed. These were: "Abeliah Herryson, "Hicentlan, "Onwell, "John Johnson, "Halfbreed Herryington, "Halfbreed In Herry, "Benjamin Maldona Simpson, "Thomas McKnell, another master Herryson, January, "Mel Gasnetina, "Foster man, and "Nylan Antonio, "Jonathan Herryton, "John "Mel Gasnet, "Colman, "

Hammond's men routed and cut the divisions in place, many more important captured and the pursuit so vigorous that one of the division commanders or at least three of them by the names of, one an albanian, isherahansa logia and general P. S. surrendered their divisions. Hammond also captured two divisions of the albanian army under Sengula, with three hundred and thirty six classes of artillery, machineguns and captured colors and fourteen general prisoners their names being McWhittier, indigina, joseph ash, Vandal, Joe, Hamilton, Jones, Jones, Vasant, Mc-Connell, and Joseph, the latter being the first record of Joseph, a name most remarkable, for it had not lost a single color or a gun, although it had previously captured forty eight captured standards, capturing in that fight such more captured battle flags, cannons and prisoners than had that day during the entire service of the war.

Q When General Vilhain's armies which had been moving forward at the time to the support of Lamsonia, learned of the disastrous defeat of Lamsonian and Lamsonian army, their almost complete annihilation, and that Lamsonia had fallen mortally wounded, and that a victorious, but triumphant march of Federal and Lamsonian armies up to the fringe of the already burning Mac-Holster Ridge, and the Fall of Ponceuse. On Woola at the same time, it produced a demoralizing effect, and seemed to convince decisively them of the utter hopelessness of holding Malvairia which this battle was fought mainly for, but to fall back would make it more disastrous and despite the terrible situation many officers were for surrendering to their fate and fight to the last, and General Vilhain was dismayed and heart sick and wished he had gotten to the scene in time to prevent the disaster. For so he was though only thirty miles from the scene of action as he yet he could still hear the far conflict as plainly as if he were right in front of the trenches it was so loud. He also realized that William Malvair's army had been increased by the return of hundreds of thousands of men who had been disabled by wounds, or sickness, and by addition all recruits, so that his army before the battle had been in an splendid condition the equipment can never better at any time than now.

As his scouts had declared who went out to see the action and who had ridden along all this way to the zone of action declared that the line of attack extended from the right in front of Aronburg and Zee-Burg each about 100 to 150 yards to the extreme left of the Calverine and beyond and out another 40 to 50 yards to the left and the whole scene as they stated was like the battle of the Marston of 1811 itself. The formidable position there, including closed columns were as the scouts had going to pieces before the enemy's further advance, and that the enemy guns had smelt smelt down all the lines of 1500 to 1600 men, that they were in columns through crushed and mangled and had crossed the wide ditches connected by the lines of earthworks, and though these earthworks had been protected by every device of protection, of shielded limbers, of abatis, of chevaux-de-frise, and scores of destructive batteries aimed and many lines of attacking infantry the enemy were about to surge over the top of the bastion and a hail of bullets of slaughter, rapine, and horror General Vichard had at first refused to move forward to support Columbia despite the protest of all his officers and generals, and had intended to remain on the defensive.

Then, forced, Manchiana lines still held, the first great charge of millions
Zuo Bao, Manchiana's left, repeated, and to the second assault they moved alone
upon them in full fearful weights, assembling to the Manchiana with all their frenzy
and filling the position at a fearful cost, and at the wounding of General Cai
Mingyue who lost his leg, and the most brilliant fighting and slaughter
in life ever seen, upon Manchiana's line in which more men were killed and wounded
on the Christian side than in any other division under the leadership of General
Wiliams, who now himself was a sports name in was severely wounded. Manchiana
fallen wounded early in the horrible conflict and General Wiliams, Pol Ventizan
who took his place early in a great charge across the Manchiana sun and at
whose head he fell dead when his whole charging division of five million men were
out to attack. Simultaneously another Manchiana rallied a bloody assault along the
right but was nearly in the jaws of death along to Manchiana's line, the
Manchiana at this point, having surged over Manchiana's works in monstrous
monstrous surges driving Manchiana's army to complete destruction as these
Manchiana had fought to the last refusing to yield an inch of ground.

Winlin Maroucellios line there had been a boy mermaidlike with
winters and a force of jawless sharpshooters under Jack Dane and Fredrick Nance the
sons of the two dead generals by the same name, which had revealed the fierce Con
demnation and Margulian dragons to the last man hold all the furious roaring o
inferno of hellish garnets.

In Fredrick Nansen division of one hundred and eighty nine thousand, over one hundred and forty were killed and wounded that is on one hundred and forty thousand were killed and wounded the rest with their leaders having been capt. captured.

More prominent by reason of its unique continuous service, larger organization and greatest number of losses. Within Negro prominent lines, palmerships divisions consisting of the left wing, contained the largest percentage of losses in the usual funeral struggles in the New-Old water run. The Glanplillians captured captured several Tamarins from the mangled and almost annihilated divisions under Varque and General Tamarine captured four hundred and eighty standards or in realty what had been standards but what was now only poles every vestige of cloth having been ripped away by bullets, while the six hundred batt le flags he captured were not worth keeping on account of their condition as few pieces of rags were the only remains and all the pieces of artillery he had captured showed the end treatment they had received from the terrific storm of bullets while the wheels themselves and the gun emplacements were honeycombed in bullet holes.

hundred thousand a week in fifteen minutes. Cannon had lost numbers of men not mentioned on account of the horror of it, in which one thousand two hundred and twenty five regimental commanders were killed and wounded and four hundred and eighty thousand men were found on some trench forty yards wide all mangled and cut up nearly any one of these terribly dismembered dismembered. AND HE had lost one hundred and fourteen brigade commanders of all rank while generals Jimmie Jackson, afforded wounded, Adela-le-laid-cannin, Lt. William Ableson, wadges-vane, Stanislaw Ullinton, Ellen-venington, Gust Henry son and dole were killed. Nrvce Archibald wounded, Joseph phat heart, Ketrabrook Delaney, heartless, woneybags, handford, Thomas Federal Johnson, Philip, Philipus, Mr. Mchuan, S. Thambu T. henhauer, Blank Jackson, Johnson, Gaidis, Annmilia, Adles, Bernard-nunn Proper, Conventialis Aronburg, Gant, Jerry-holly, Gabele, Chm. Henry Chambers, and child Aveington all of which were mortally wounded while others and many were wounded. Wheatstrallie, Ten Ings, Burleton, Venington, Orton, August, Westwater, Giacomo, Liebmann and Frankie were killed while Johnston or teh-Johnson, Gecatall were wounded these being Annatu, venerson, woomarranz, or woh-John, Ph. Phelun, Phellins, Atacking on, Henry-venington, Johnat-ven, Henry ven derosona, Richardson-waldonall. Out of these being severly disabled and

Although the heavy column of Abkhazians had a severe maintenance and lost their co- commander Edwin Ickhiev who was severely wounded. Terrible and bloody charges were made upon other portions of the Christian lines, until our heroic forces of Abkhazians, Armenians, others came, and Russian infantry columns were directed against the Christian line. These Abkhazian columns then they abandoned their positions and sought refuge to cross the mountains. The Russian columns they had come within a few days range their line had been subjected to a very heavy artillery fire from the Abkhazians' positions arranged thickly on the crest of the hill above the commandment. Each dwelling stone wall was hundreds of terrible shells guns had been made by the exploding shells which fairly moved low mountains. It was proved that back with all these leaders with wounds, but Russian columns only

reaching the Orangeburg battlefield, where the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 11th Airborne Division were already coming up. As they moved, they met directed enemy fire, aircraft and ground fire. The 1st and 2nd battalions of the 11th Airborne Division were met by a large number of enemy divisions with great superior determination and enthusiasm and the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 11th Airborne Division were met by a large number of enemy divisions with great superior determination and enthusiasm and the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 11th Airborne Division were met by a large number of enemy divisions with great superior determination and enthusiasm.

On swept the enemy like furious billows of gray and it seemed indeed as their attacks could not be stopped.

Desperate assaults were made with the same futile results and divisions were moved forward again, the dreadful carnage only to hurl men back in the same condition. The hand-to-hand fighting suffered severely from the christian artillery fire at each charge and and one main column became demoralized. The attack of the extreme force of the army continued and still parts of the fields they seemed to be successful. The maneuvering of a column by scores of divisions in this battle had been the most significant gain gigantic and systematic slaughters the Calvernia had ever seen. The sediments at Bepos / lines, the annihilation that ancient kings put upon their conquered allies could not compare with this almost complete decimation of the Abhimanyu army and the practical destruction of Sansoni's great army. The host of the host of bloodiness warlike warriors pulled out for instant gratification. The christian rise seemed handicapped in their first fighting against the tidal waves of the hand-to-hand onslaught.

What peril awaits christianity?

what peril awaits christianity!

Lord Shardsen gave the veterans the brunt of the bloody battle fell at a critical moment when his fourteen million abissinians skillfully handkapped at eighteen million landlindinians amid 'dreadful devastating carn carn carnage for the length of fifty miles' at bay, smah-a smah-smashing down ever onwards and stayed the tide of victory for the landlindians which had been steadily roll ing forward for h four hours, and reinforced crushed the ascuttling line its full length to pieces. During the frightful decimation of this great landlindian column terrible losses in wounded generals occurred. Blackheart, was wounded, Hoah-hoo, Maugher, Bandon, calloff, Raniel, Tayler, Gehl, Gradics, cleans, tellio, Samuel Jendon, Bessiger, Mo- Jay, Wentworth Heller, Angellia, Hanson, Jim Sampson/ Jockerspieler, Simon egree, Jennings, and Sammammond and Anna Beldio were wounded and killed. The following were killed: Beldio, Angellia, Bessiger, Tayler, Jennings, Mc-Mollester Jennings who was mortally wounded, later nation, unkindred, Alfred St Claire, Deu Boyce, and Mason, while Ali Ften, wis wilson, utweky, Melton, Jacey and Karl Crawford were slain.

The charge of these Glandelinian columns had been more terrific than any ever seen in the war before and the demonical firing along the whole Athlensian line was so terrific that people at near by towns were alarmed by the trembling caused by the discharge which caused windows and doors to blow open and even doors to open and shut with a bang. When the entire Athlensian line had finally

Glandelinian came on position, the monstrous Abbeinnian line under general Mosecos charged in five hundred more cannon and swept the Glandelinian columns to pieces with a most destructive fire. The firing on both sides was in full swing and the Glandelinians having overwhelming numbers swept forward in a counter charge once more appearing upon the Glandelinian line, the wild pandemonium of yelling, the deafening roar of many thousands of artillery being no million, and the thousands of screaming shells that crashed among the gray lines caused such terrific havoc and carnage that Glandelinian who was in general Federalis knew of it was horrified.

The Abbeinnian cannon roared like volcano from hills laden with artillery, if they have any, at sending storm after storm of shrapnel shells and canister plowing through the enemy lines the whole stretch of Mc-Hollister's line being a terrible hell of dead living and wounded, writhing in mortal mortal agony. The Glandelinian wedge crashed against the Abbeinnian line in full force but the whole line delivered a fearful stream of fire that roared deafeningly, and another, and another driving the torn and mangled columns back pell-mell, and even a part of the mainline was galloped, but the Glandelinians came back to the charge with renewed vigor, but again they received the murderous sheet of fire and recoiled with the scattered fragments of many large divisions, generals Job Hindernine, and John on the Glandelinian side having been several wounded and horse off the field under a storm of shells that seemed to scour the skies with the sickening earthshaking explosions.

The struggle raged frightfully and extended all along the line. As the struggle was growing hotter and the mutual losses on both sides more appalling, Hansonas's three million one hundred thousand men rushed forward at an irresistible force. At his command the whole line proceeded by general Mosecos's forces rushed on across the death ditches ran into the fearful storm of destruction. For two hours the struggle raged first frightfully and then Mosecos's army threatened with awful annihilation recoiled when falling in monstrous swaths. Finally general Mc-Hollister Johnson arrived with three million Glandelinians who made a sweeping charge in double line. This charge was as sudden and as irresistible that general Mosecos's army of two million Abbeinnians was a fairly cut to pieces and routed and in the space of an hour during that desperate charge Mc-Hollister lost one million men in men and dead and he himself was wounded three times.

Mosecos's divisions of Abbeinnians were demoralized and panic stricken and retreated in utmost confusion. Simultaneously a well planned and executed attack was made with full force and fury upon general James Hanson's flank by general Ambrose Peathike. Without creating any kind of alarm or making any preliminary demonstration of active hostilities the Glandelinians in great overwhelming force advanced suddenly without skirmishing or picket lines in front of general Procle's cannon front who suddenly scattered after the volley but as the Abbeinnian picket lines retired the Glandelinians reached the main Christian line by a rapid advance and charged as early as noon as the retreating pickets retreated.

It resulted first in awful carnage, then confusion and the Christian army under Marcus and Procle cannon were driven back through the inferno forest and across the fields in disorder with their two leaders wounded. Great hearts and lives which were ordered to support Marcus and Procle cannon were mangled in Mosecos's way and the two generals killed, and there not a man left which moved to the left into a dense wooded inferno of battle smoke and met the advance of the enemy moving in that direction could not hold as the enemy were advancing in his front with the irresistible fury of a great hurricane and of his infantry general Maurice Castellio and Howell master Johnson and general Cannon Procle and a javier general by the name of Mosecos were horse from the field and were mortally wounded except Maurice Castellio who was only slightly disabled and the crushed cavalry division in retreat under murderous fire.

Dare-not-fille rallied a good part of the cavalry and after a fierce and bloody fight checked the Glandelinian in that direction though he got severely wounded and his horse crippled by the enemy's heavy volley firing. General Henry Marcus on the Glandelinian side lost his right arm and hundreds of thousands of his Glandelinians fell. After the enemy's vigorous assault had been made and a most desperate conflict fought general Dare-not-fille's right wing was overthrown overwhelmed and driven from their strong position with the loss of three quarters of their numbers and seriously disabled but not entirely demoralized. An effort to reinforce Dare-not-fille's force was made by crossing a portion of the second corps but a terrible massacre was the result.

The last sixteen onslaughts Alfred St. John was severely wounded the surviving Abbeinnians either killed, wounded or captured. The Glandelinians now came on in the most fearful numbers and came upon Hanson's host of Abbeinnians a part of the surviving fragments of the forty two million men under Roy Roswell master Johnson and who had been advancing once more amid the sea of hellish carnage to restore the broken lines along Mc-Hollister's and within two hours a fiercer conflict fiercer conflict than before was raging with unabated fury. Federalis in succession launched his two or three main wings upon the Abbeinnian host and again Mc-Hollister's host looked on as a thing slaughter hall.

The last onslaught the Glandelinians were successful, having lost many millions in the last sixteen onslaughts. Alfred St. John was severely wounded the surviving Abbeinnians either killed, wounded or captured. The Glandelinians now came on in the most fearful numbers and came upon Hanson's host of Abbeinnians a part of the surviving fragments of the forty two million men under Roy Roswell master Johnson and who had been advancing once more amid the sea of hellish carnage to restore the broken lines along Mc-Hollister's and within two hours a fiercer conflict fiercer conflict than before was raging with unabated fury. Federalis in succession launched his two or three main wings upon the Abbeinnian host and again Mc-Hollister's host looked on as a thing slaughter hall.

"I'll try to take this position and smash those Abbeinnians to pieces once more," said Roblin to Hansonas though it is awful risk; "I have sent Tamerline to the right center which is being cut up. White move Childhood is at their left center and he is having a fearful time there for monstrous waves of the Abbeinnians are thrown against him."

Just then through a wall or curtain of smoke the Abbeinnians were seen coming at a fearful charge and Hansonas knew by the million cannon like roar of musketry that White move Childhood and White move Childhood were having a fearful fight against overwhelming odds.

The whole Abbeinnian line seemed to be advancing and the conflict now became so supremely fierce that Hansonas was compelled to ask general Raymond Richardson Federalis for aid. Federalis sent his Augustine best divisions to support him but despite this the Abbeinnians were at all advancing upon White move Childhood and White move Childhood but that his men were standing their ground with such great stubbornness that the losses along his whole line was terrific.

At a lively all Mosecos's divisions rushed to support White move Childhood and White move Childhood never halting until their forces were reached. From several of the heavy plans or tanks general Hansonas through the smoke as from forest fires, the Abbeinnian veterans advancing with great fury while a mow was swirling all the Glandelinian divisions coming on at a fearful fearful dashing charge like an avalanche of horses and men their hoofs making a great din. A withering fire was at once opened on them and at once a greater wall of smoke seemed to hide the line as the Abbeinnians returned the fire. General Raymond Richardson Federalis had rode to the extreme front of the line which he now left, and made his way rapidly along a slender road toward another part of the battle line in the hope that he might discover if the Abbeinnians were advancing there or not, or coming through the woods as he feared that his men would be surrounded.

From the distant forest Abbeinnian veterans under heavy fire were advancing carrying long bayonets. Reaching the front again general Federalis galloped forward toward the advancing force and got pierced by three bullets full of Federalis badly wounded from his horse and being borne from the field.

Hansonas himself with Roblin drew rein for they saw that the force was leaping forward with great speed. As he remained to watch the force approach Hansonas fell dangerously wounded, and Roblin still remained to watch the Abbeinnians who were advancing in overwhelming numbers, and their long bayonetted dikes and and sabres and weapons of all kind glimmered as they came on.

General Nolan ordered fifteen hundred thousand men for a tremendous counter charge against the yelling Abbeinnian line, which swept across the Mc-Hollister line like a mighty stream of lava and with fixed bayonets crashed down upon their enemies. With a tremendous roar of conflict the opposing forces met and a fearful was the bloodcurdling contest. However the charge was repulsed with such heavy losses that the five hundred thousand survivors were demoralized and panic stricken.

Zoe Rae Hansonas was mortally wounded on the Glandelinian side he having been the main leader of this destined division. Francisco, and general Mosecos came on with the rest of Federalis's forces and the struggle was renewed with much bloody fury that three quarters of Federalis's army was destroyed and both their leaders leaders severely wounded while Zoe Rae Hansonas was killed.

Fiercer and fiercer grew the conflict and hundreds of thousands after hundreds of thousands went into small fragments as they waved or surged upon the Glandelinian front after repulsing the counter charge under Mc-Hollister Baldwin on the Glandelinian side lost an arm in trying to bring up a bridge to go into the smoky inferno.

On the Christian side Roblin's host was brought into action heavier and heavier despite the awful curtain of destruction from the very

as the struggle still retained the fury began so suddenly. Was the death of the little Annie Aronburg child really the cause of all this?

If so what will be the outcome over the disappearance of the said same same picture general purger was trying to recover?

Had it any real effects on the wars coming results?

Was it the cause of the many total christian defeats at so many battles and already lost and the horrible destruction of cities and forests resulting afterwards?

If so who will atone and punish Federal, Tamerline and the other wicked Glandelinian generals?

And did its loss cause all the suffering that befell the Vivian girls and the loss of their brothers and friends, and if so why on them, when they were so good, kind and loving, nursing the wounded on both sides as if they were dear brothers, instead of men on opposite sides?

THE FINAL BURY OF THE FATEFUL ALONG HANSONIAN LINES

Notwithstanding all that was concentrated against Hansonian Federal himself had now concentrated his forces upon Hansonian in terrible fury while Tamerline advancing from Bendis Run struck him on the rear crushing his wing to pieces. Hansonian center was finally forced with the loss of many millions and toward on a o'clock with the part of his active forces almost withdrew Hansonian withdrew and indeed it was a terrible disaster. All this happened on a part of the grounds of Mac Hollister Run and the great general himself was reported to be mortally wounded.

Hansonian whole army within four hours had been swept and torn to pieces one wing being entirely annihilated and his center reduced to one quarter then as they retreated the rest were all decimated until out of ten million men of Hansonian command there was only one million remaining. Upon the whole stretch of the grounds of Mac Hollister Run many hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians alone were lying outstretched on the ground. Yet the fields and gains were thick with the victorious Glandelinians who were charging with irresistible force Augustine St. Gaires army which had formed solid impregnable lines for miles and which had attempted with all their fury to hold hold general Tamerline's assailants at bay met annihilation their leader having fallen severely but not dangerously wounded.

Henriques divisions who could not go into action here had tried to make a stand elsewhere but with yells like the approach of Satans host the Glandelinian forces pressed on crushing Henriques lines and scattering the survivors right and left.

This is the way the destruction of Hansonian army indeed began. At the same time Federal had kept up a furious incessant demonstration and turned general Stevens flank, while Richardson Halsted's corps having been crushed to fragments were driven back by Edward Stevens, and Jackson with Wabashes divisionsal these generals striking a sudden heavy blow destroying everything in their path. When the survivors of these divisions which the onslaught had fallen upon in full force, scattered and and rushed pell-mell upon those behind them in turn had given way and were in the wildest confusion. Some of the divisions made an attempt to stem the torrent but in vain and the entire christian divisions along this point was soon flying through the woods toward Salverine hills. With Shroaders divisions the famous Aronburg who displayed such great valor at Crowley tried furiously to check the whole wild rout of these divisions, and even ordered his army of cavalry corps at hand to charge the flying masses of christian troops sabre in hand, which they did in vain.

Burkin on Hansonian storming left in the midst of a hailstorm of fire and inconceivable avalanches of ammunition, was killed, while a storm Reidy, F. J. Wenzel, G. M. Power, John Fritzpatrick, Odfray, Tereatt, O'Neil, Michael Farly, McInters, Boyer, Michael Boer, McLaughlin, Justice Wiley, E. J. Mangler, McMahone, McIntonia, Sawyer, Carthalia, Protherlin, Redelida, Vivian, Chambers, Danak were killed with flows of wounded were as followed, Leoda, Lickell, Gelman, Schuman, Culmann, S. Hu Schuman, Johnnie Osterder, Jimmie Hanson, Walter John Hanson.

The sky became white with the pall of smoke over the Aronburg Run where the thunder of parks of artillery as shook the heavens. For four hours across the Hollister Run and back the conflict had already raged with unabated fury. The battle was increasing with tenfold fury along the left and center of Hansonian line and the Aronburg Run became a ground of literal wholesale slaughter of divisions and corps. General Garon Carones columns of Glandelinians assailed Hansonian left under Glandelinia, assailing Hansonian left with the utmost fury of desperation and succeeded in breaking the line though Carones and Glandelinia went down mangled and bleeding.

In coming in close quarters in the with the Angellians another Glandelinian general by the name of Pelive Believe-me was counter attacked furiously by a number of Angellians five of the nearest who tried to kill him as he surged above their works. He sent four of the Abg Abgians now sprawling by striking out right and left and grasping another by the wrist in a strong grip he swung the yelling Abgians around letting go of his wrist again causing him to collide in full force with another charging Abgian leader seized a horse and adoned by some Angellian and starting it forward at a dash upset four Abgians who tried to repel him trampling over them then went on at a gallop commanding his men to charge.

"Forward to the charge men," he cried, "Keep close together and we may scatter the Abgians dogs."

The Glandelinians quickly rushed forward forward despite the murderous withering fire that dealt such havoc among their lines. In this mad dash their daring leader was shot from his horse and severely wounded and the nearest columns of the Glandelinians appalled over the bloody massacre and the loss of four more of their generals Bernard Snyder, Whilliam Snyder, Cahalin, and Mellesheim who were killed suddenly broken into confusion.

Hundreds of thousands had fallen many Glandelinian creek but the main line still dashed on while the Abgians and Angellians met them in solid battalions ten on or eleven and with a rattling and of bayonets. The Glandelinians though they lost another general by the name of James Gain who was killed continued to come on with irresistible forward fury against the human barrier and plunged in among them with terrific ferocity, bayonets plying against bayonets and soon there was great confusion the plucky Abgians being bayoneted by multitudes. Seventeen cannon were in the hands of the enemy and put into action against the Abgians but with five minutes they were retaken by fresh troops that arrived at this moment.

Hansonian tremendous onslaught of the Glandelinians proved to be a disaster but for the Abgians and Angellians and the Glandelinian army fragments but it did not shatter the main attack however.

Thus far it is impossible to say what the result of the battle will be.

Thus far as it seemed general Vivian was going to win a decided victory but the probability was to get away from Hansonian main line which was pressing in closely.

During the engagement general Vivian started it to with draw a part of the unengaged forces northward with the intention to move for Aronburg Run and crush the Glandelinians moving in that direction and I also for Vanity Fair. Here the struggle was more terrific. Indeed it was much disputed as to which was the most terrific conflicts of the struggle. The fiercest and greatest ever known was when Collyer, Stanek, Hennen McHollister, Pullaway, Lyoria, McWhirther, Hennessey, Vannia Riches, Pedelina, Henry Tory, Vicky Hanson, Journal, Peiolet Paul, Gendernine Jennings and including Graham Panes and several other Glandelinian generals known as, Aronburg runner, Beppo Hanson and Roblinia Agelien made a fierce onslaught with many heavy columns in double line and such a slaughter occurred here as to make the world run cold with horror. No conflict had ever been so severe as yet and before Florida ever came the question was whether could there be a worse to come. The only battle that was the greatest next to Aronburg Run was the battle of Federnine. Could there be any battle to come that would exceed them and if so where?

These are the questions of mystery as no one can foresee the situation and neither can I. At the beginning the battle though not quite so decisive was terribly severe and when it grew extremely fierce it did not slacken in its surprising horrors as none other, but less did but now there was no chance change.

All of his Angelinians fought desperately probably more desperately than any line before and fearful was the bloodcurdling decimation on both sides. Two thirds of the Hansonian right wing and the whole of Hanson's extreme center met fearful annihilation and for miles and miles all along the line there could be seen the most awful fighting ever described and awfully large gaps in each army. The thousands of huge shells made craters in the ground. Hansonian right was overlapped and outflanked and caught between two hellstorms of murderous fire. Only by dint of the most heroic efforts that they managed to withdraw from the fearful and hurl a part of the survivors from them. The slaughter had been more fearful than any seen before and the sight of the myriads of dead wounded and dying and the agony of the suffering seen in their dead faces was enough to touch and thrill and horrify anyone if possible enough to see it.....

It had been an awful catastrophe as both wings had lost more than half their numbers and nearly a score of general officers about a about nineteen at least had been killed and wounded and ten of these were wounded.

Their names were as follows, Gen. Gorman Henry, Stelio, Mc-Glossin, Gordon, Grant, Turk, Randall, PeBehillio, Emerson, who were wounded and the killed were as follows, Hatch, Graten, Wagner, Strickland, Kelley, Conrad, Cox, Kane, Kelly, Along Happonius and Bepoo.

A line along Hansonian center where Swiche n cracker was leading in person the struggle was just as severe. Swichen cracker had been killed during the bloodcurdling carnage but ignorant of the fact the Angelinians continued the faithful assault with utmost desperation and galling fury, the Angelinians under Henderson, and Henderson, Johnson and Bellamy, and Henderson's advance with the violence of a tornado gained on both forces and struck him a withering blow crushing his line like a stack of straw and cutting the few survivors but in the melee with the main section of the main line all of these Angelinian generals were seriously wounded the disaster happening as they met Mc-Kennas great host of Concentinians the latter however raging without statement and gaining in violence and fury.

Hermann who commanded the Angelinian column in person did not know what command he was engaging as never before he had met such stern resistance, and the battle by the time he learned the truth had increased in fury and Swichen cracker's divisions now under general Mann Mc-Holleston strove with seemingly such preternatural fury to force their way through the line of Christians that their whole lines were almost shattered and withered and general Mann himself amid all the hurricane of slaughter strove with might and main and furious desperation to check their impetuous advance by bringing to bear all his available batteries of artillery which broke loose with a roar loud enough to make the stars down from heaven seemingly in the proper natural sin the rainstorm of shrapnel and high explosives tearing the Angelinian columns to pieces and tearing a part of the main assaulting line asunder.

Despite this fearful havoc the Angelinians continued on but Henderson and Mann Mc-Holleston fell mortally wounded while simultaneously part of the Angelinian center assaulting the Christian line at this point was almost wiped out and generals Pabalonis, Rodencia, Alson and Meldonia were seriously wounded while general Hermann Jennings, and Joe Rae Hanson both were disabled by a cannon ball.

This was all done by a curtain of shell fire the whole Angelinian column now beginning to give way in a pandemonium of terrific confusion. The Hermann perceived this, this hurled Denby and Joe Rae St. Clare's army forward in full force and the conflict increased in redoubled fury a part of the Christian line under general Mann Ardonia falling back steadily before overwhelming numbers and he himself fell mortally wounded.

One great charge like this was enough to thrill any one who seen it but now general Denby fell dead from his horse. Despite the tragedy the Angelinians only continued the attack the fighting being more desperate and the heavy explosions of shells as they ripped and tore the Angelinian columns to fragments resounded everywhere with splitting detonations while the million cannon like roar of their force was making great progress advancing more like savage mobs than military units. The first wing struck Henderson's Mc-Holleston division on both sides cut them to pie pieces and undrouted them while other columns advancing through a line of orchin orchards with a devastating charge met a firm which cut down their column columns by scores and brought down every tree in that orchard line by the same numbers.

John was now between one of the trenches and masses of the Abhiannians around about her who with one of the officers said to her as he came up!!!!

"You little girl had better get away from here as there is no telling what might happen. By the sound of firing along Henderson's lines I fear we are in for a terrible battle and if you remain here you may be killed."

"Oh I'll take of myself." Said John; "I defy those Angelinians to shoot me."

The sound of heavy firing soon broke out at another quarter but a long way off while all the Christians were rushing this way and that to their positions. Hundreds of Angelinians were massing themselves around John with fixed bayonets while far in the distance to their left or right simultaneously there was now a terrible pandemonium of sound while the firing was increasing.

THE BATTLE ALONG GENERAL VIVIANIAN'S LINES LIVES.

The enemy the first portion of Hermann's and Swiche Swichen crackers were approaching nearer and nearer but silently then suddenly came on in a rush and in solid waves many deep. Bob quickly took command of his divisions and formed them in long solid lines the a battalions now taking up their position and now severe fighting began which continued for over an hour during which time Bob though he could make no impression on the Angelinians retained his own ground despite a furious assault made upon him. Then as the Angelinians still came on furiously two brigades from the right were ordered up to assist in repelling the assault and simultaneously Angelinian column in passing over an open field were attacked in the right rear by a large body of Abhiannians who in their impetuous advance cut them there first and who had formed firm lines and whose appearance had been hid from view by thick brush and undergrowth. The suddenness of the attack disconnected the Angelinians and the Angelinians fell back in disorder across the open field but halted and reformed in the open woods. Over fifteen million Angelinians were really making an assault along the whole of General Vivianian's lines at this point moving in lines of battalions with double lines of a, skirmishers in front closely followed by the reserves in mass. Soon all the Christian world became ablaze the whole scene breaking out like another Mc-Holleston run at once and in a few minutes the Angelinians were working through the felled trees and other obstructions and broke through at several points making a desperate, bold and headlong push opening flank and reverse fires. The Christians along this point were thrown into confusion and took precipitate flight the Angelinians capturing many prisoners and a large number of small arms. The Angelinians continued to advance now yelling fiercely and though their columns were raked to fragments the Angelinians surged up to the vanguard and now the carnage became bloodcurdling and as the fighting now became general. The Angelinians though many of their columns were crushed and mangled had made some apparent success and advanced with irresistible force their ranks dissolving away continuously. The Angelinians still held their ground stubbornly but as men without hope for the army deaths their bloody losses had crossed and their desperate efforts had been in vain.

Then on came the Abhiannians while the Angelinians defied them to check them. Monsterous gaps appearing by scores were cut in the enemy's lines but the survivors closing up closely drove a part of the line back by sheer force of numbers. THE LOSSES on both sides was now more appalling than imagined....

THE BATTLE BECOMES LIKE A MAD HURL OF DEATHS AT WAR.

General Joe Rae Swiche Swichen cracker main left wing advancing with irresistible force swept to the northward on the two extreme of the farious Hansonian main right line two huge arms and terrible became the carnage that general Hanson became apalled appalled.

General Men indignantly McVolluter dealing up and the rolls of drums sounded the bugles were playing calling them to arms, artillery warren unlimbered and run up close to the bar breastworks while swarms of Angeli descended to their places. Vividly dispatching the leader of the cowardly forces to go snatching on the abhymann fans while hesitant a corrier to warn "anomia of the big dangers of an immediate at" ask which was threatening his lines also though just now unseen by that commander of his troops. He then dashed this way and that giving orders while thousands of soldiers shouldering their muskets made for the breastworks.

Simultaneously, along Gannong Road the "Landa" abbey monks pressed the pursuit "back on the left" but simultaneously flank enemy divisions discovered the "Landa" Infantry columns moving around their left flank. The artillery of Hillers' forces opened fire in an endeavor to stop the advance of Christian troops & while the entire Christian force made an entire change of road and for five miles they observed the

forward across the works they had captured seemed to agitate in the most tumultuous billows, and the wild uproar of the battle and the din of millions of tremendous explosions was more seemingly supernatural and more fearful than words can say, more fearful than any part of the battle before. All this was more fearful, more unaccountable than ever before in the whole war and the soldiers were dropping so fast that it seemed as if the population of the whole world was being shot down at once in this most tremendous of battles. All the faces of the Angolanians were extremely pale and more haggard than before and indeed all looked as if some great calamity had again befallen the world. As the fierce glandelinian columns screaming with rage and fury came nearer to their lines, the battle seemed to grow with still more indescribable fury, and the enemy spreading and expanding their lines again in the most appalling manner hurled upon the christian lines and closed with it and the whole world seemed to be involved in the frightful carnage.

Though not over thirty had been blown blasted out of view of general Hanson and Baldwin by the thick clouds of smoke that could nevertheless see the bright angry red flame of enemy musketry and cannons for the stretch of many miles and of all the men who were fighting these glandelinians whose fury had assumed a more fearful ferocity than before and every christian general was doubtful of any success in the fighting. All of the officers talked to each other in the most hushed whispers and an undefinable dread was upon each man for the sudden catastrophe of the gigantic battle was as unaccountable as it was fearful. At every charge the glandelinian wave of attack seemed to be parted into fearfully mingled columns, the shells piercing the air with their explosions which when falling on the ground shot their flames and smoke clouds a thousand feet into the air while the flying fragments coming in contact with rocks and hard wood of trees looked themselves like flaring bursting shells. The smoke of shell explosions was so thick in the sky that occasionally it made it nearly as dark as a coming thunderstorm.

Indeed in these fatal moments the whole christian line seemed to dissolve into fragments, the surrounding plains, seemed on fire, from the storm of bursting shells, the very distant hills were seething of caldrons of hell, and the whole column of glandelinians which survived the christian fire turning into a monstrous wave of assault rushing forward with all their speed and as from the mouth of hell poured the seemingly unearthly christian fire of shot shell, canister, and musketry balls, the Vivian and Bonita hills seemed to be on fire, and through the glens and meadows poured the glandelinian columns, while men and officers on the christian side cursed and swore at the sight. Even the whole range of the Carnation ridge seemed to again burst into eruption of cannonading and shelling horrors, very nature seemed to be again stifled under the curtain of smoke, the soldiers panted for breath of untainted air, their lungs were burning, their eyes inflamed, and still they held on against the assailants. It was reported to Hanson and his brother that Zimmerman and they were the only ones holding ground, that the christian armies under Viviana, Viviananna and the others were unable to hold and that the enemy was advancing successfully, and that a large army of Mc-Hollistinians were advancing to attack general Vivian and Hanson in the rear. If this could be accomplished the battle would be a Glandelinian victory and all would be lost.

muskets and sixty thousand gathling guns, which was then added by the roar of 10,000 big snail-like guns and only one of exploding shells which made so much noise in that it was almost as dark as night. In a few minutes brown multitudes of glandelinians were lying on the ground encompassing the fields over which the frontal columns of cannonballs first columns had swept and melted away. Cannonballs whole storm wave was shattered, and mangled the whole length, his generals had fell by the score, but he had brought up other divisions and these were thrown forward, and as the glandelinian assailants continued to advance, by half crawling forward, and stopping to make repeated dashes, and to lie down occasionally to fire, his left grand division reached the end of a wide meadow from which on all sides suddenly and sweeping its grassy lawns appeared myriads of puffy smoke, grass was soon clipped down as if by a thousand lawn mowers, then smoke columns from thousands of bursting shells mingled with the increasing roar of artillery from other quarters. The glandelinians reached the meadow in time to realize they had ran into an ambush or trap and as more artillery added to the great din, and the slaughter had become more terrific Cannonballs realized the danger and with drew the left grand division until the survivors had been succored.

Cannonballs saw that he had to support his assault with all his artillery or otherwise all his army would be annihilated in trying to even approach gibbernia position. So his cannons which were in long chains and his many other batteries broke into a storm of thundering salvos like the worse drum-drum fire ever imagined and which sounded like the roll of a million base drums only louder than the worse crash of thunder, the din seeming to fairly tear the planets out of the heavens and the whole sky was full of howling hurricanes of bursting shells at once. General Chamberlains artillery planted on the Calverine hills and numbering over five hundred thousand guns behind the long wall remembered long stone walls opened a furious storm of firing at the surging gray columns, while from extra batteries a curtain storm of shells and high explosives were opened upon the glandelinian batteries, and amid all the conglomeration of din and confusion, the Angolanians counter charged, closed with the glandelinian wave and the scene was worse than the collision of two gigantic tidal waves. Both opposing waves were torn and mangled in the clash but the main glandelinian wave was unable to withstand the pressure of the christian counter charge, and the glandelinians at this point withdrew like a swarm of panic stricken steers and were pursued and cut to pieces all the way of their retreat until until only one quarter of their divisions remained, and the glandelinian leader in person called general Zoonan, Zoonia Swicjonia was killed. General Cannonballs saw the disaster and decided it best to check the advancing christians before it was too late and threw his main line forward and increased the battle with such a fury that it seemed as if the end of the world was coming. The scene was obscured by a sea of smoke. At the same time the howitzers and counterbatteries planted by Luckrick Johnston on the Calverine Hills opened a terrific tempest of fire with withering fury to silence Cannonballs frenzied battery storm from White Rose ridge, but it was in vain and it was believed by the Angolanian generals that from the din and the concussion that over three millions cannon were thundering. People were as reported rendered deaf from the battle fire field at a distance of fifty miles. Cannonballs right grand division being reinforced had answered its motion and moved heavily upon the christian line which had counter charged, struck it a terrible blow, crushed the whole line, and sent it flying back all the way it came crushed and mangled, and with their many windrows of fallen extending for seventeen miles. The scene was a screaming, maddening hellish inferno now, a million volcanoes seemed to be in eruption so terrific was the din and it was no wonder that Hanson had become alarmed and started his march from Evangelina St. Laro, and started his concentration upon Aramburgo Run himself. He notified Hanson Vivian and his brother at Evangelina An Agathia and advised them to come as a terrific conflict was raging. General Cannonballs seeing that his first two assaults was beginning to have some little effect from the throwing back of the main christian line which counter charged, he sent general Hannons and Charles Mac-Ferns glandelinians through Molans Land Plains and all of these gigantic glandelinian columns poured in monstrous surges making such

THE BATTLE OF ARONBURG'S RUN OR GLORINDIA
 TERRIBLE FIRING HEARD OFF THE PLANKET BAY LANDSCAPE.....
 THE TEN MONTHS..... BATTLE CALLED PLANKET BAY.
 JULY 21ST. 1917.

MANLEY-1917.

It was a full month after the invasion of Glorindia had been completed and the Glorindian country had been subdued when general Hansonia Johnston whose main army had not taken any part in the great conflict raging at Anna Maria Glorindia on June fifth and whose headquarters had been in the city of Evangelina St. Clare (Calverline) when he heard while arising to assume command of his armies three days later after concentrating in that direction cannonading of the most terrific intensity in the direction of the city of Calverline fifty miles away from Glorindia and Angelindia Agathia, his lines at the time stretching across the main portions of the Aronburgs Run river and being the right wing of general Vivianus army who was under the personal command of general Vivianus and Hindernine, who had been concentrating toward the main section of McJolleston run near Big Beppo Lamsin and Henrietta.

The firing added continually by small arms and whole streams of heavy cannons and din from the hurricane of explosions in the air and over the plains, counted probably by millions every minute began early in the morning at probably four o'clock and was of such violence that doors, and windows in the city of Evangelina St. Clare situated over three hundred miles away from Glorindia rattled, and were literally blown open and houses tumbled down in Calverline and Vivian wickoy. All the houses in Evangelina St. Clare vibrated as though with an earthquake and many acres literally caved in killing many thousands, and wounding probably hundreds of thousands. What surprised him more was that general swische cracker's army had disappeared and he felt sure that some tremendous battle on the planket Bay Peninsula was raging, and ordered one of his main divisions to advance to their positions in front of general Raymondson Richard Federalls army still many miles away as yet. In four hours Hansonia's whole army was advancing and then concentrating with the steadiness of a machine. Not a straggler or a braggard was on the field and what was probably hardly ever seen before drummers were marching with their companions and bands were playing in a pandemonium of music.

The reason of the firing was thus: Hindernine had received orders from general Vivian at Angelindia Agathia, to concentrate his armies to toward McJolleston run to prevent the foe from getting too near Norma and Julio Gallio which if recaptured by the foe would be all off. Hindernine did all he had been ordered, concentrating a part of his line near Calverline where it seemed as if all of Abyssinkille had reinforced him. Hansonia Manley saw indeed that a great danger was nigh for the Christians were preventing him from recapturing Julio Gallio, Calverline, and Norma, and Vivian wickoy and that the Christian armies were concentrating against him in overwhelming force, and so was bound to prevent Hansonia from establishing his lines across the planket Bay lands and so had made a desperate move for three days, and then on the morning of November 11th: All Saints Day made a tremendous assault upon the whole of Hindernine's army which resulted in the severest action ever seen before in the war right at this section.

Manley saw also that if he did not succeed in capturing Angelindia Agathia and Evangelina St. Clare he would never succeed in bringing Glorindia back to her normal state, that he would not be able to retrieve what the Christian invasion would accomplish and Glorindia would be ruined. He was determined to risk even annihilation rather than allow the Christian army confronting him to move a step further south of the regio region where they were now. So he threw forward tremendous heaviest waves of McJollestonians which had been hurled across the planket Bay Landscape. The Ange Indians pickets had been surprised but they as reported had kept up a severe clattering fire of musketry and pistols as they slowly fell back.

At the time that those immense Glorindian storm waves were surging forward apparently without meeting any serious resistance, the main Christian line had thrown itself immediately into position and then suddenly stupendous firing of the greatest intensity had opened from general Fredericks Christian line of Abbeannins, added by artillery of many thousands of guns followed at once by a still more stupendous roll of many millions of

A-166

4018.

threatening condition of defeat and dissuasion and also hope by the help of God that it will come about very soon as no time will elapse the safety of the Angolinian cause, as there cannot be but only ten months hence from May.

THE CREATOR OF THE BATTLE OF GLORINDIA.
 GENERAL VIVIANUS JOHNSTON.....

when the invasion was broken up the enemy started to make an attempt to invade Angelblin soil but were crushed and thrown back at Jemistonia, and Spencerton, and disaster stared the Glandelinians in the face.

Manley's greatest campaign against Angelblin Agathia or Glorinia starting in the month of October and ending on the first of November was the gravest crisis of the great Glandee-Angelinian war and to terminate whether the enemy could hold the cities of Vivian Woke, and Julo Callio and Narna or not. After the frightful almost preternatural carnage at the two battle of Mc-Holleser Run or Calverline following in quick succession on the month before Aronburgs run raged the Glandelinians were not in a temper to follow up the conflicts by a further advance into Calverline's Past.

But in this Angelinia Agathia campaign the very war had been carried to the very doors of Angelinia A'athia and with their desperate threatening of victory at the battles of Hoppo Tannin in mind Manley's great armies were determined to press every advantage they could gain. A victory at Angelinia Agathia or Glorinia would probably destroy the Calverlinians, cripple Angelinia so that she could not invade Glandelinia, and not only the two enemies but every nation of that world knew it.

The desperate mortal conflict at Aronburgs Run or Glorinia was the complete result. There staged the greatest conflict ever fought in that world. There for eighteen hours and a half the red war gods demanded a homage and took an unaccountable toll of treasure. There the war reached its high tide, and on the day during the frightful fury of the great storm of battle Manley could only gather the fragments of his broken armies and dread the certain end with tears in his eyes. But where fate would decide her favor was not decided until the main roar of battle had ceased to echo over the field were 6,666,666 men had died in a few hours. Each succeeding advantage of the battle had been more desperate than the ones gone before. On the morning the conflict had raged with great sanguinary fury at Chamberlano and Henrietta, with the damnable dawning horrors of Chamberlano, Carnation, Mc-Holleser Mc-Holleser ridges, and of the battle lines between P Ophelia and Chamberlano. Then at Peppo and Mc-Holleser woods where the first part of the battle reached its highest fury. Simultaneously at other portions of the battle field was witnessed the inferno of battle at Chamberlano orchards and the Parobock and Treolan ones. The last portion of the battle for the possession of the great Vivian Hills and at other quarters was the most thrilling of all when the whole battle field looked like the entrails of Hell's volcanic ore crater with the writhing sea of damned souls and was bathed in blood.

The following description of the furious conflict along the whole of general Philliasburger's Hannon's lines and those of the two Vivian general generals, and the three Vivianians, and Vivianians and the three Hannonians, is perhaps as full an account of those bloody murderous storms of onslaughts as could be written by any author without fright and confusion.

General Hannonia Francis Johnstonia was in the thickest of the fighting at the worse extreme fury of the battle the gallant general Henry Darger pickmellian succeeding Hannonia Johnstonia while the Treolan and Parobock ones were getting their Baptism of blood and fire.

This greatest of battles happening in the third year of the war shook down many cities and towns from the concussion of cannonading, and the storm of rames shells slew hundreds of thousands and the storm of flying wreckage and then to add to all the horrors comes on the raging storms of fire which origin originated way before the battle happened. How the battle of Glorinia is turning out yet it is not mentioned.

And most of the losses were not considered known as yet also. Other conditions are also to come in about the results of the bloody battle but the conditions under no conditions can be stated here as there is too much description of the battle. If these conditions have failures in their meaning under any circumstances the big battle will never terminate as any Christian victory but as one for the Glandelinian armies, and then will be the great disaster of all. Should Glandelinia win this battle she will win the whole war altogether and then all will be lost. So let's hope that the petition you that condition may be granted to save the Christians from the

to make things better it is best to relate the circumstances of the many battles fought in the war, how many charges were made by both sides, the losses if predicted and the results and outcomes of the great struggles. To begin with the best to do is to take the battles in an accurate list as they come. So starting with the beginning of the war let's take the battle of Crowley!!!!

1. BATTLE OF CROWLEY: Three charges were made by the foe during the beginning of the Crowley battle during the siege of Jennie Wren town which was repulsed with considerable loss. During the siege of Jennie Wren town a battle also raged at Homan's Bridge which caused Shoshannina to retreat from the vicinity of Jennie Wren town. Not long after it with the Christians still advancing a battle raged at Mc-Gellan Run. The losses of other battles was not predicted on account of their great severity but at Mc-Gellan Run it was predicted that the Christian losses exceeded 190,789. The losses of the enemy was considered as far as 90,789, but later found to exceed 234,000. A typhoon killed the actions for the possession of Jennie Wren town for the time.

2. JENNIE-WREN-TOWN.

This fourth battle of the war was exceedingly tremendous. The duration of the struggle was three days, and ended as a Christian victory, and a crushing defeat for the Glandelinian armies, and terminated into the fierce and gigantic siege of Crowley which the battle originated. At Jennie Wren town the Christian losses in men were withstood and so were the enemy's altogether. However the losses that was incorrectly predicted for the Christian side was numbered to be about 498,000 in killed and wounded alone, while twenty eight generals were killed and thirty six general officers wounded four of which were mortally wounded. Hannon Vivian the main commander of all the Christian armies had been wounded also but not severely. It had been stated that at the beginning the enemy losses had been less than the Christians predicted to be about four hundred thousand when later it was found accurately to be about 7,000,000. Their general officers in losses was terrific. There was about seventy one Glandelinian generals predicted to have been slain while seventeen were wounded.

The Christian army had been victorious crushing the enemy beyond rally but nevertheless was through some unknown reasons unable to follow up the success gained, and thus the reason the enemy were not immediately driven from the Angelinian boundary line. The main Glandelinian commander had resigned.

3. BATTLE OF PULLAWAY OR JU'CTIO' DINE.

This fifth great battle in the Glandee-Angelinian war lasted fully five days. It had been a Christian repulse however and nothing else, just a failure of the Christian armies to drive back Shoshannina Glandelinians and which resulted in a regid siege of Pullaway. The Glandelinian losses was reported as 800,000 in killed and wounded. The Christian losses in killed and wounded were reported to be only 789,000, in killed and wounded, while those reported to have been captured numbered about 987,566. During the Christian invasion into Glandelinia the Christian armies under Zimmermann and Aronburg, won the battles at Titanio Fiar, snowflake gap, Pepper-neck-lace, and Onion City. But in the engagement at Bristle Toe Station generally called the battle of Vanity rear the Christians were slightly checked by the Glandelinian army under general Mc-Holleser Johnston who broke up the Christian invasion completely. Despite the victory however the battle was tragic for the Glandelinians who lost one of their best commanders who was severely wounded the generals news being added.

The Glandelinians lost 867,388 in killed and over 1,789,000 were wounded, and including this were thirteen Glandelinian generals who were killed, and twenty seven wounded, five no mortally. The Christians lost over 700,000 in killed and over 1,898,999 in wounded and over 900,000 were taken prisoners making a total of 3,498,999 altogether. Thirty four Christian generals were killed and twenty seven wounded.

Germania Vivian fell perfectly in line with the excellent escape he had made that of himself had no power to allow the Christians to hold him a prisoner and he declared to his glandelinian friends he was not that he was as lucky and that a seven the most likely could be brought against god any day and that he had proved it. He had escaped his guards by bribing and shooting them down, had by sheer force and fury cleared a trail of Angolinnian Angolinnian soldiers and saw the tooth single handed, and ran off with the engine, and eluded the pursuers though they trailed and followed him for the distance of three hundred miles before they finally caught up. All towns had been photographed for the people and soldiers there to look out for him but he had eluded all pursuers and was a free man once more.

The whole christian country and the people were in terror at the news of his escape because he was one of the most successful and dangerous of all glandelinians and if his freedom was really assured he could easily bring a new army under his command down immediately upon the rear of the christian army at Gloria. Germania. Of course it did seem to not only him but every others that god was powerless to have prevented his escape. But he was not. He allowed this scoundrel to escape for the purpose that was to follow.

During the whole war Germania had conducted the murder of more children than any of the other worse kind of glandelinian generals had caused the Vivian girls were sorrow and no suffering than they had had caused the injury of so many innocent helpless little glowing creatures that he was unconsciously haunted by many of the bigger creatures who had vented so much of their vengeance upon the murderers.

Germania was at the last time of his escape as alone alone pressed by pursuing Abyssinkillians that Germania Vivian was compelled to seek refuge in a small volcanic cave cavern. As he entered he saw something little a large number of strong search lights suddenly appear and thinking christian soldiers were also in the cavern with the intention of trapping him should he seek refuge there. He in a frenzy of fury drew his pistols and shot blindly at the lights. The lights suddenly went out to his astonishment, and all was in total darkness while he was astonished and horrified to hear a peculiar growling such unlike any kind of creature or animal he had ever heard before. He had a torch with him which he had not as yet ignited and this he lit with a match and peered around but still more to his astonishment saw nothing. He proceeded onward with utmost caution and seeing the way clear decided to penetrate further into the cavern when suddenly confronting him was something with the appearance of a gigantic butterfly with a peculiar long head, with longer horns, and a long body and tail. It was rich in hues and immense to his appearance.

He realized the truth at once. The cavern was the temporary abode of Tuskorharian plengins, the king that are generally called fairy winged plengins. He realized also that though he had felt nothing from his arm there was blood proceeding pretty fast, and that he had been bitten by one of them as he fired. He realized with a tinge of horror that the creatures were of the venomous type and he fled out of the cavern unpursued, and surrendered himself to the Abyssinkillians with the hope of being saved before it was too late. Of course despite the character he had the Abyssinkillians did a, all they could for him, but the bite had been administered about ten minutes before, and the treatment was too late.

He writhed in lingering mortal agony for four days and died and had seemed to have had hydrophobia though of course it was just the slow effects of the poison that had been rejected or injected in mean with the bite. His wickedness, cruelties to children, helpless persons, and young plengins had finally brought Germania to a horrible end. All who learned of the death of the wicked glandelinian general and Angolinnian traitor were horrified, and many of the glandelinians who were even prisoners within the christian lines, feared every day that some of the creatures would pounce upon them. They realized they had not fought a war, but had committed more in massacre than anything else and now that they themselves had paid dearly and were losing all. If Gloria would not be won by the glandelinian armies concentrating there all would be lost and Glandelinia would be really placed under complete submission and probably be made a possession of Abbeanna.

During the beginning of the siege Violet and her sisters discovered that they had three more boy enemies. Fredrick Hanson, was one, Johnston Darger was the second, and Francis Starring was the third. Almost similar in names to those of the other three lads but these three were waylaid the same the other three but never however became friends of Violet and her sisters.

The night armies under general Hannonia Vivian was concentrating to the extreme left of Vivian's army and he consisted of an army of over 23,567,777 men which later had been mostly drawn to the center leaving only 10,000,000 to stand against any attacks there. Hannonia strengthened his main armies along the Mc-Warther Run, while Hannonia concentrated his armies upon the region known as planket purg Pon. Vivian and Vivian's army commanded the extreme christian center which was in position along the famous Mc-Holle ter Run, and these armies were thrown into better positions within two days. Hannonia Turner, Vivian and other christian commanders such as Augustine St. Clair, Winstien, Picknell and the other two great Hannonia's concentrated their armies in front of Henrietta, and also between Reas, Reas, Tpony, and between Ophelia and Harberlane.

The enemy were taking possession of the christian armies proved themselves to have a better position than a the enemy and a position that was completely unassailable.

Angolinnian Agathia was also guarded by a strong christian army commanded by the extreme christian commander on the right wing and this was under Francis Hannonia. Hannonia Johnston commanded the other section of the christian army confronting the enemy in possession of the east ranges of the Bondon and Vivian ranges, and the line of concentration was about the extent of thirty three miles. It was the purpose of the christians to take possession of the Little and Catherine Hills so that they could in case of necessity command the enemy lines there or from there with an inflicting fire that would annihilate all attempts of the Glandelinians to assault the ridges of White pass and White pass.

Another section of the christian army under Hannonia was entrenched along the Mc-Hollester and Angeline Run rivers where the stream was more shallow, and here had thrown up very strong positions.

It was the purpose of general Phillimshurger Zimorann who was in command of the whole concentration of armies to hold the enemy off at this point and to strike a blow that would cripple the enemy beyond repair and so to end all resistance for good and all.

He had planned that the main blow of all would be upon Hanleys extreme right wing in possession of the southern planket Pon. and if the foe could be forced here, then attacks would be made upon other portions of the line. He intended to attack as soon as all of the positions were in good order and when all the artillery had been placed, but then scouts out day and night advised him that the enemy forces were too dangerous to attack while cornered as they were, and that even if the battle could be a success it would cost the christian armies too much losses at once and that they would be so depleted that the advantages gained could not be pressed, and that the enemy would take advantage of it and so win the conflict in the end. Zimorann consulted Hannonia Johnston the main command of the rest of the armies, but Hannonia was opposed to attacking the enemy as he believed it best to host to just make a concentration that would frighten the enemy into attacking, and if the enemy attacked they could tear down their lines of assault every time and so deplete the enemy armies that they would not be able to continue the storm, and the whole thing would then be over with. Hannonia was well confident that Vivian, Vivian's army and Zimorann had the armies of the three Hanleys almost surrounded, and that if the battle was started by the enemy and turned out as a christian success, the glandelinians who survived would be only too glad to lay down their arms and surrender.

So Phillimshurger Zimorann decided it best to do as advised, and to force the enemy to make a desperate attack. How strong the enemy armies were general Phillimshurger Zimorann could not ascertain but he believed it exceeded over three hundred million men against his four hundred and fifty three million men. What he feared was that the other armies of the foe would come to Hanley's rescue and this had to be watched out for. Zimorann decided it was best not to be too hasty because the other two armies which were daily expected under general Vivian and Hannon were too far away as yet concentrated at Jennie Pickles, and so he proposed to wait until they arrived.

While the christian armies were concentrating against the enemy at Gloria, a most surprising thing of the whole war seemed to have happened. It was concerning general Germania Vivian who had been taken prisoner during the invasion of the christians into Glandelinia. He had been transported toward Vivian Wickey with the purpose of being sent to the Island prisons for his crimes. But the scoundrel managed to escape with the statement that he defied even heaven and God to keep him prisoner. Well to tell the truth as had already been stated in the whole story these who had committed harm to Violet and her sisters had never met any good luck.

The losses of the christian troops caused by the fury of the battles of Nellie, Greenbush, Apple Aronburg, Herbornburg, Calverline, Kloss, Clinton, Chills, Zee MacViglin, Andersonville, Meldonia, Wott ruba, padula, Anden a d Chills, Glansoo, Candelbina and Holteburg was dreadful but battles still were worse such as Google, Varnu o Kroot heille, Poverty Row, gatens lanes, Boelzelins Greock, Gnapoolte pok, Finger Mountain, Jellie Greock, another at Henderson, Proella lanes, Pab woods, Angoline Hills Meldon and Duspene Hills caused losses that were never estimated.

Other severe ones were Landby Island, Snowline, Fort Ignorance and Chi lio around Julo Gallio. Fort Henryson, ponamila, Padula, Glansburg Aurandoo, Peera mountain, Violet Lanna Run, Gallio Lanna, Bulla Run, Colle n, Flapin, Ronder, Glansburg, Protest la, Happonden, Boonia, sa Seancoe, Melthello Hill, Javndale, Lable, Flaming Holes, powad Run, Gallio, Angoline river, Gaudon, Salvo Run, three bloody battles at Smilies Smooth at the main north of the Ho-Hollerster Run river, and the seven hundred and sixty three battle fought in glandelinda during the christian invasion the last first half of the third year and fourth of the war. Over two hundred batt es raged around julo Gallio of which only one hundred and fifty are named.

The number of battles listed are thus;

Number of battles with losses not y kno known or which are not given by christian generals.....1,050.

The number of battles which had losses stated are.....777.

There were ten battles with the losses known as far as 10,000,000, six with the losses of 20,000,000, and ten with the losses of over 30,000,000. The christians had four battles with the losses of 15,000,000 each, seven with the losses of one million, five with the losses of two million, ten with the losses of three million, and two with the losses of four million. They also had two with the losses of greater magnitude but the others were not known rightly.

But this showed only what losses were known or what generals dared to let out. The battles which numbered about ten in number which had the losses of three million was found later to exceed that loss. Six battles had losses greater than many others as none of their losses were accurately stated and most of all the losses known we were only of the wounded and few of the dead were known in the list as they as excc exceeded any list that could be made.

In Angolinda the number of battles were few. The only known bat ties began early in the first year of the war and though it did give some slight success to the enemy only two or three of those conflicts were christian defeats, and throughout the whole war the enemy never had an opportunity to invade Angolinda, while Angolinda was able to invade Calverline without being thrown out once, and though once thrown out in invadit glandelinda, succeeded in the second invasion and crushed glandelinda so completely that she was subdued and only the armies in Calverline were left to overthrow. And it was taking bronze fighting to do th is too but now all seemed to be going the way the Angolinians wished and if Glorinda could be saved again from the enemy and Angolinda Agathia succeed all would be well and the enemy would be compelled to give up and the whole glandelindian storm in Calverline would be over and all the glandelindian armies captured.

In the meantime while the great events predicted had been happening as related in the last previous chapters great concentration of new and large armies were taking place along the Aronburg, Run, and Ho-Hollerster Run....The enemy armies first started concentration under general puebaum Manley. These armies grew in force, and started up positions along the great Ho-whirther Run. Other armies concentrated also along this section. This concentration was lasting about two weeks, while almost simultaneously glandelindian armies were concentrating on the plankt Burg Run, and also on the Ho-hollerster and Aronburg run. The christian armies were doing the same and it seemed evident that the biggest armies ever originated since the war began was concentrating at this p one important point, Glorinda.

THE STUPIDITY BEING OF THE CITY AND
VICINITY OF GLORINDA. THE CONCENTRATION OF
GREAT CHRISTIAN, AND GLANDLINDIAN ARMIES ALONG THE HO-WHIRTHER
RUN. ALSO GREAT FORCES CONCENTRATE UPON BLANKET BURG RUN. AND ALONG
THE HO-HOLLERSTERY AND ARONBURGS RUN.

UP to this time now before any other struggles were raging the battles in the great war numbered over 1,457 to 1,476 and about three quarters of the number of these battles spelled defeat and disaster to the enemy and still most of the glandelindian armies possessed calverline.

There had been many battles whose losses had not been stated. But that was not for the reason that the battles were slight and that the losses were too insignificant to relate. The horrible losses of the ve generals of the opposing sides horrified the generals so greatly that in most battles the enemy and christians withheld their losses. In some other battles the losses were so severe that they could not be accurately estimated. The battles which were too severe for the christian generals to be able to estimate the losses were as follows, Francis Atlanta, the Battle around Glorinda, Second Battle of Ho-Hollerster Run, Zee Du Ras Beeh Big Girlknool, Gretchen, Gedeonba, Marcosalio, Snowflake Gap, Pepper-neck-lane, Union City usually called the Battle of Nine Childrens Quilder, Abbebaum or Ho-Hollerster Run No. One, the bloodiest seige of the war called the seige of Evangelina Glaua where was fought fourteen of the most desperate and sanguinary battles of the war altogether. The christian battles around Evangelina Glaua were as follows;

The three battles of the St. Damboon fortifications, the struggles at Marcosalio, and Auradecallo, the frightful and entire bloodiest battle of the war at Jennie Vivba or Sumbourcreek, Jennie Turner twlae, Jennie richiee and the other series of assaults upon the fortifications of Marcosalio called the battles of Whirlpoolhill. Lexington was fought for the possession of Evangelina Glaua also, ponamila Hogan, Lighburg Island, and perra ponamila and Tataria. Julo Gallio raged fifty miles away from Evangelina Glaua was another war of the world the battles of Mildred Maxwell, Easter Starring, gawmoin conda Lotinda, Journal, Ponamila, Ho-Whirther, ponamila, the battles raging around the city of Angolinda and Jennie gawmoin and Mage Evans all battles of massacre and slaughter for both sides, the Battles of Calverline, Gabbaletoam, the numerous storm battle at Turner Martha Ford, the series of struggles on land for the possession of Catherine e-whirther, Evangelina St. Glare, Paula, Crowley, Viokey Bay, Marcosalio, Vandalla and Maraballow, ponamila Run, Roberts Creek, and the disaster at Fort Talgga the bloodiest battle the war ever raged, Aronburg, Maxwellian, Vivian Run, Jennie Wren Town, Perra beek Janet Wilkerson Run a Second Francis Atlanta at the battle called Big Bethel, Anthea Wilkerson Run, Evangelina St. Glare, the three desperate battles for vivian vickoy, chadler Run, Ophelia Run, Patrin, Bonbon, Belle, Jennie richiee-Glorinda, the two struggles at Bondinda, the battle at Anna Aronburg, Anderson, Star Oaks, All brachura, Gauderlase, Big Betty Bone, gawmoin heart Gauder, Idols Dell, Geronbotaun Creek, Horra Catherine, Abbebaum, Jackson Ford, Empire Cross-roads, Mc-Galla Run or Nina stina, Gacilla Run, Vivian Flapin, St Michaels Plains, St. Albert, Holby gacillio, Gauder, Dagon Corinth, Eva St. Glare, Haldonka, Galvbi, Galland, White rose town, River's Mouth, eternal Creek, Angolba Run river and Calvba. Runa vivba is one of them, the battle of beraba; woods called the handon battle of Fairchilla Junction in which both sides committed a wholesale massacre of troops in their blazing fire of cannon and musketry the struggles around Angolinda Agathia/c Grawer Andrew, Little G, Glorinda Francisbaum, Dowdson Run, Flipp Phillibba, Red Cross Mountain, gawmoin, Paul Padula, Margot Run, Happonden, Atlanta, Caroline Bethel where an enemy army was massacred, Mayflower and Gaudeliffux the bloodiest battle in the entire war also. Lexington was had and unaccountable unaccountable for the losses to the christians, another at Lexington and at Protestin Schloeder, Gaudinda, penollon, and Catherine and Jennings leo.

The series of stories that had been written concerning Abdonah had been written by Gertrude Angeline during her spare work and so on while the two foes were concentrating at Gabibbille town. She was well at every kind of writing, and also could operate any telegraph, typewriter, and many other instruments as well as a gun, and could do so many things that the whole christian army had been astonished. Unknown to Violet and her sisters Evans had seen Gertrude Angeline very often, and through private request had obtained one of her stories from her. She had written it well, and it was of well description.

Marcochino, was a town of fortifications guarded by the main approaches toward McWhirther, and was called the southeastern portion of Evangelina Granda. Evangelina Granda was the youngest part of the McWhirther fortification and Hanson Vivian and his brother deemed it possible that if Eva Granda was they called it for short would fall, McWhirther would fall with her and then the war would be completely shortened. Hanson had advised General Leonida Bicknell to move forward with his armies toward the town of Marcochino, while he and general Vivian would immediately follow. General Vivian had his plans well laid. He knew just how the fortifications of Evangelina Granda lay. The main point of approach to Evangelina Granda was the three crossroads leading to the McWhirther Run River north called in Calverina, Josephine Landing, but in Angelina was generally called Marcochino Landing. Omeadenson was another point of the fortifications was still harder to carry.

Hanson Vivian knew that he had failed at other points to carry the enemy into positions at Evangelina Granda and if the enemy could be forced from Marcochino all would be well and the republic would turn into a grand victory.

He depended upon picknell most to do what was best, and had sent his armies on ahead to strike the blow at Eva Granda in proper form and retrieve the disaster of that serious and sad Christian day. After Hanson's many severe defeats already suffered it was believed by many christian generals to be folly in attacking the main force of the enemy at Marcochino but Hanson's word was law and he would not have any disputes whatever. He was bound to capture if possible Eva Granda and not be thrown back by the foes of God. So Bicknell on the Twenty First of July started his swift northward advance for Marcochino. He reached the point on the first of August. As soon as he started his heavy concentration upon the enemy a large force of the McWhirtherians heavily armed and in succession before the army was well prepared for a battle, but nevertheless all of his columns though overwhelmed at first did not yield until picknell was able to hold the enemy at bay in time to draw up heavy reinforcements and then these were thrown upon the enemy, which after desperate fighting all morning finally drove the Gladiolians back to their lair. The losses in this conflict had been severe on both sides and yet the enemy suffered the greatest of all.

Bicknell however at twelve o'clock had to hastily make further preparations for it was soon that the enemy were starting a demonstration for another desperate attack. The shock came at one thirty before half of the christian army was ready and rapid fully all that afternoon with a fury and violence that was inconceivable. Ten to twenty times the enemy rushed to the attack in the heaviest numbers, but the christians met them everywhere, and finally toward evening the enemy were thrown back again at all points, and there was silence. Bicknell had come to attack the enemy and he was attacked himself. The Gladiolian general who had shown himself himself a desperate fighter and though he had failed to drive picknell back he had him at bay, and picknell did not think it wise to resume the battle until more reinforcements came to him.

However while he was making preparations to lay siege, the enemy were read y, and on August the 16th struck picknell a terrible blow. This battle extended for thirty miles, and two scores of millions were engaged within three hours. For two days it raged most desperately, and when it was over all of the Angelinian flags were dripping blood, and torn with bullets in that fierce war storm of scorching hell. Bicknell losing over 34,678,879 men in killed and wounded had been disastrously beaten from lack of support as the enemy having received reinforcements had overwhelmed Bicknell, and was able to sweep him back though it took him two days to do it. In this frightful engagement Gertrude Angeline had displayed some great bravery. When within her very sight twenty flag bearers had been shot down one after another she had defiantly taken the last ones place and waved the flag with great taunt to the enemy, and was severely wounded, but nevertheless gained such admiration from the Angelinians that the government was requested to make her their leader declaring her a "Second Joan of Arc."

She was born as a "wild cat, a tiger, a catamount, and so on. Some Gladiolians called her even a Viper because she generally struck like a viper when ever she did happen to be pursued by a host of Gladiolians whom she was strange to. Some of the Gladiolians in Manley's command had called her a "Female Bulldog, some others a female Dog and other kind names like that. Once general Manley called her a Bloodhound. She was termed the "Bloodhound because of the fact that a special soldier friend of hers had been captured during the battle of Norma Catherine and had been taken to jail which was about six hundred miles north of this region and when it seemed the most noted of Gladiolian members of the christians could have tracked him. She traveled all that distance, unpurposed, and without any trouble by a trick and bribery released the man and brought him safely back to the christian lines. This kind of course angered Manley and he once tried to find out her location. He did succeed in finding her by means of his spies, and tried to capture her himself single handed, and only God alone knows what saved him from this human tigress who shot and wounded him in five places before he finally got away and was pursued by her for two hundred miles before he succeeded in being rescued by a squadron of christian cavalry who held her at bay for three days and nights before she finally succeeded in eluding her and getting away safely to her lair. And this brave and surprising feat she did not make nothing of and only felt despondent over the failure of killing general "Baum Manley. Since then she was considered the chief dangerous foe that Gladiolians had. To think of a girl merely a child only ten years old, worse than any wild animal known to be trifled with. Manley took thirteen weeks to recover from his severe wound received from her shots.

General Raymond Richardson federal the "Gladiolian" had called her an Amazon. Maybe to him she was one and a kind that he had never wished to fight. Violet and her sisters had seen little of her during the first two years of the bloody "Gladiolian" and it was because Gertrude Angeline as she called herself was so actively engaged with the enemy in her saying exploits and acts of mischief that she had no time to stay in one place. One of the most peculiar thing she did which I purposely intend to indicate was one of her exploits on the enemy while the opposing forces were concentrating against each other at Gabibbille town near the McWhirther Run.

She had been asked by general Vivian to learn the intentions of the enemy and though she had been too far away to do so the great christian general but nevertheless got his message message she at once set out on her work of spying. She had disguised herself as a boy scout but had assumed a character so that there could not be any danger of her being recognized too soon and have her plans spoiled. Her adventures here was the cause of the enemy's failure that occurred. She had managed to enter the hardest part of the enemy lines without detection, and had been forthwith admitted into the presence of Manley without any danger of discovery. She stated to him that she was one of the boyscouts sent on a message stating that she wished to learn the intentions of the christian armies. This ruse worked splendidly. Manley decided to send her out toward the christians on the spying exploit, and while his back was turned while giving an order, she had secured his most important plans, and copied them, so that she could retain the copy and allow the original to remain so that Manley would never discover that she had spied on him. He soon gave her orders to spy on the christians stating that general Hanson's army was the main menace, and that the christians were planning to attack him on the flank. He wished to find out the intentions of the christians in particular and also the strength of the christian armies under all of the generals. While she heard all his orders she had cleverly noted up the numbered strength of the enemy, and forthwith had all the information she wanted, and was able to leave the enemy's camp without detection. Manley times during the few weeks concentration before Gabibbille town she had spied on the enemy without detection and complete success and the enemy did not know that they had been spied on by her. They had known that Violet and her sisters did but never knew anything about the presence of Gertrude Angeline.

To her the Vivian girls were entrancing children. She herself was quite quite beautiful and elegant in manners, and never seen a children that could beat them in any beauties or ways and manners, or saintly character. Neither had such timid looking children such inconceivable bravest bravery. She herself was brave there was no doubt about it, but just the same she did admire them intensely and regretted painfully, bitterly that she was not within their reach more often. But then all her work kept her so far away most of the time. Though a child of about eleven or twelve years of age now she was as able to read, and write as a grown person. She was so well at figures and so on that no mistake hardly had come through her work and thus the reason she was well fitted to be one of the best spies of all that Angelina ever had.

4009. Evans was more dangerous to pursue than a thousand of the worst robbers or criminals armed with a machine gun. From the recent action of general Evans many of the christian generals had wondered why in the world did not general Hanson Vivian or his brother give Evans a commission as general. But then this had been offered to Evans by general Hanson and Vivian so many times that their offers could not fill a ledger, and Evans felt that if he accepted the commission he would not be able to guard the Vivian girls as he should, and also believed that he was higher than any of the generals in his other commission of being privately with the most trusted servants of God known just now, and that was I with Violet and her sisters.

Of course Evans had known Gertrude Angelina longer than any of the Vivian girls but she was different than they. She did not need any guardian as young as she was and in person was his assistant guardian of the Vivian girls as she was a most dangerous foe of the enemy and had been so often on her spying depredations that the glandelinians called her the "Female Magician". During the early part of the war Violet and her sisters have not seen much of it, but for the reason that she had never went to Eastern Calverinia so much as the other armies, being mostly with the christian armies in the west, but nevertheless so far she had not been captured once by the enemy, and considered he herself lucky.

It is no doubt that being a special friend of the Vivian girls Angelina Aronburg was blessed with the same luck as Jack Evans or the other friends and guardians of the Vivian girls, and this is believed the cause of her sweeping success. Instead of pursuing her like the Vivian girls squads of Glandelinians fled at her appearance.

She and Evans had been unusual friends for quite a long time and many generals jokingly had said among themselves "

"If Gertrude Angelina was his age we would bet a whole whole sky of worlds that she and he would have been married. But since being in close quarters with the Vivian girls Evans had come to think them in the first place ahead of anything else, and instead of being envious or jealous as expected by Manly Gertrude Angelina had encouraged Evans in all ways possible to love the Vivian girls more than ever, and though not hardly mentioned she had said once to Evans when they were together alone;

"Evans dear, I would give anything, even my own self, and sacrifice my own personality if I had been either adopted by the father of the brave Vivian girls, or had been born their sister. I do not show it but I cannot tell you how I love them. I am afraid that she would be offended to know I have to say so but I feel that even they come in my heart even ahead of my poor dead sister who is in heaven. They have suffered and imperiled themselves more to danger than she or I have ever done. They meet as it seems greater dangers than I do and have been captured many times. Only you have been able to save them when they were in helpless or hopeless peril, and they could not have saved themselves. I consider myself more fortunate than they because I have been able to escape the enemy, the enemy are even afraid of my appearance, and ever thing I do for the christian cause is a success a hundred fold. Why is it that I am granted such good luck while they are not even lucky!"

This was a question that Evans so I could not answer, but he said in answer to her first sentence;

"If you asked general Vivian I believe he surely would adopt you as his own."

And she decided to do so some day. The day came when she did not need to. When she was adopted without asking. It is sure however that her dead sister was not offended otherwise to show her hurt feelings she could have withdrawn some of the luck from her sister still alive. But unknown to poor Gertrude Angelina Violet and her sisters were more lucky than she thought. Of course Gertrude Angelina was different than they. She was well able to take care of herself and was as much a dead shot as the most liveliest sharpshooter could be. She could even though ten years old man a cannon cannon which Violet and her sisters as yet did not know, and even could handle without difficulty the heaviest rifle or revolver as well as a strong soldier, and she was always termed "THE NEVER MISS" because every shot she fired hit the mark. She was like Evans however. Whatever glandelinian was shot by her never rose again from where he fell.

To the glandelinians she was insidious, pugnacious, and as swift as a flight of an arrow. She never appeared always in the same place. She had been seen to rout a whole cowardly squad of glandelinian Gargolians single handed without even firing a single shot, by just surprising them and dashing at them on horseback like a wild female indian. The glandelinians had many more names for her than the Vivian girls ever heard them selves called.

Ever since he first knew that never a single general had he with them though at the first knowledge of him they had feared him just for a lost to see how his nature was and only got hugged too often for their pains. Evans to them at that was considered a "BEAT" for hugging. He had succeeded in getting them out of tight places more than any one else could have done, and would have been able to get them out of them. Catherine too had been there at the time they were prisoners, and would have succeeded in doing so more quickly than gismory did too. Evans and this christian general however were rivals over the friendship of the Vivian girls, but not enemies, good and friendly rivals, and nevertheless were though not "new" to any one else brothers. Gismory was really John Evans in disguise and assumed that name so that he would not be discovered. John Evans however was a score of years older than Jack Evans and a great general that the enemy dread. Throughout many parts of the war already Evans had showed himself a powerful guardian of Violet and her sisters, and will do so again. Any have declared that he was not exactly a handsome looking man, but nevertheless who cares how a man looks as long as he is all right in other ways. Evans was perfect not in manner, but also in character. He was very righteous, a Holy young man and so gently that no one would wonder that Violet and her sisters took to him so easily.

He did not do it because the little girls were so unapologetically beautiful in features, and looks, and neither did it he do it all because because he wished to show off or attract their attention to him. He never thought of this at all, and always wondered why they called him "The Hero of all the nation" when he thought himself a good for nothing rogue who did not even deserve their friendship.

The history or life of Jack Evans was not mentioned much, in the first or his beginning of the story and is well to be mentioned now. He was born about fifteen years before the Vivian girls and was early in his life an orphan his father and mother having been killed in 11 killed by the typhoon that struck Calverinia when his mother and parents lived in Calverine. He however had been adopted by some kind people before he had even the chance to enter an orphan asylum, and at the age of fifteen years old he went out to seek his own employment, and with his brother who also had been an orphan took up their jobs in Abbeonm at which they had been born. It was at still still an early age that he had first met the Vivian girls. All through his young life Evans had hardly smiled, but when he had grown older and at the age of ten had been stolen from his adopted parents, and sold in slavery he had tried from it instead of falling becoming so strong that after he fled from the place, he had the lust to take up prize fighting, and in the ring never lost a battle, and gave his winnings to the poor and the helpless never using a single dollar for himself except what he had to use for his 1d lodgings and food. Finally he got the janitors job in St Joseph Hospital in Abbeonm as he himself had told many friends and there through Jennie who had been a patient there learned to know all of the Vivian girls, became acquainted with their parents and other relations, and became a favorite of the two good brothers of the Vivian girls.

From this Evans went to College and became a well learned man and then afterwards enlisted in the army of Abyssin kile and fought his first war when Abyssinkile crashed into glandelinia in 1899 over the child slave question and never received a wound and proved himself a hero. At this very time he knew the Vivian girls better when they themselves had grown older and only had been separated from them throughout this Abyssinkile war. He did a lot in 1911 to see them become leaders of child rebels, and as already stated saved them on several occasions when the glandelinian officer Deldon tried to keep them slaves.

Evans even now since the beginning of the great glandelinian war Evans had proved himself a menace to the enemy for though he only lead a regiment of soldiers nevertheless, he was worse than even the dreaded Zimmerman for he had proved himself to be really the main founder of the dreaded Gemi ni, and had committed such spying work on the glandelinians with such success, and had saved the Vivian girls on so many occasions when the enemy thought sure they were done for that the three Manleys had offered a greater reward for his destruction than they had offered for the capture of Violet and her sisters dead or alive.....

But the problem was to capture him. Have you ever tried to catch a bee in your naked hand without being stung. If so then the bee must have lost his weapon. Evans was more dangerous to pursue than the violet Vivian girls, and he did not shoot in the manner they did. They shot only to wound their pursuers. He did not care who he killed. No matter how high the leader of the pursuers was he sent him to perdition immediately.

It had been noticed by maybe millions of soldiers on either side in this great glandeo-Angolinian war that any one who ill treated the vivian girls never had any luck, and those who did right to the little girls had the best luck coming that ever could come. All the glandelinians who had abused violet and her sisters for nothing or no reason at all were never heard of any more, and many who did not meet sudden death had all kinds of bad misfortunes happen to them. Even the wicked Manlores who have treated the vivian girls as they did, had never seen a single days good luck. It was just the same it seemed as if they had done it to the Blessed Mother herself. It is remembered that early in the war manuscript that certain messengers from the skies had predicted a curse on any rascals who would have abused violet and her sisters, or any of their friends in any way, and it has happened.

Three quarters of the numbers of glandelinians who had attempted to commit any kind of a harm to violet and her sisters are not living; now in this story and the others have met with as much bad luck as to surprise the unlucky devils in hell themselves.

Many things that had been wished by the enemy to befall violet and her sisters had befallen them instead, and many things attempted on violet and her sisters had acted as a boomerang to the foe and many had already perished when attempting to harm the vivian girls who were so good and kind to even the wicked wounded glandelinians and showed so much mercy. It is true that many times even good glandelinians had pursued violet and her sisters when they spied on the enemy or attempted to do so but this was no wrong as long as the glandelinians had no intentions of doing any harm to the brave little girls. The most that the wicked foe did meet when attempting to harm the vivian girls was adventures with strange creatures which was worse than an adventure with a successful dragon.

Sometime while the two opposing forces were preparing for action at Cabibbletown a large force of the enemy had managed to unseen by the little girls to surround them, and in order to make sure that the little girls would not escape had started a large fire in all the shrubby so that the little girls would perish in the flames that would entirely surround them. The flames made by the glandelinians advanced upon the little girls from all sides with the speed of a race horse, and made their air seemed singed with the terrific heat. It did seem probably that no one in this case could have saved the poor vivian girls who even themselves despaired of being saved as no one could go through such a storm of fire and live.

But the unexpected happened. Circling in the air above the scene was a glengigloosean creature, and this monster descended upon the little girls and grasping them carried them away from the fire, and set them down safely within the christians lines. The glandelinians had not seen this incident and so had remained to see the expected tragedy happen, and so the creature had returned to the scene, and no one ever knew since what had happened to those unfortunate glandelinians. That they perished most miserably in the fury of this creature is no doubt at all but just the same what really befall them was a great mystery. If it had not been for the creature however the little girls would have been marked for the grave as sure as death takes any one before they expect his coming. Violet and her sisters despite their own suffering, and thrilling experiences had had more good luck than any boy known and deserved the Blessings that befall them and all those who proved to be their friends whether on the christian side, or on the enemy's.

General Hanson himself had declared about the reason that the great Bicknell, or Shoemania always won more advantages before the other generals in a battle and that was because they thought glandelinians had did their best many times to prevent the children from falling into the hands of the wicked generals when ever the little girls happened to be made prisoners by their own men. Adde-de-garbo and Accountanta, and another called Break-in-the-neck also had special Blessings for favoring the vivian girls and thus the reason that none of them had been seriously enough wounded as to be put out of the war. Shoemania and Bicknell not knowing the reason of the war nevertheless felt something queer about it, and fought not for the sake of crushing christianity but had the belief that Angolinia wanted to be insolent to their nation and crush her and make it an Angolinian province and did not know the real cause. Sometime before glornia raged however these two did discover the reason of the war, and forthwith had handed in their resignations and demanded that no questions be asked.

"We fight against christianity? No indeed. We'll sooner fight to uphold it." Was their words. "You were sneaks and snakes to fool us like you have done but now we know and forthwith hand in our resignation."

Of all christian officers, low rank or high who was the luckiest man on the world was Colonel Jack Ambrose Evans. He had known the vivian girls two years before the war ever broke out, and had first seen them in a hospital where he worked in Abbieamia.

The battle of Gloriana, resulting as it is now makes a grave situation for the Christian armies who are engaged.

It may be surely the turning point of the great Gloriana-Bhismanian war and also what would happen should the wicked glandelinians win!!!!

The war has already raged for over 4 years and a half, and has now reached its high water mark, and it seems positive that the wicked glandelinian cause is going to be won. And by the glandelinians themselves.

And why is it believed that the glandelinians are going to win the battle? Because they are winning it already, and only the Christian armies under general G. Conantian Aronburg and general Hanson Vivian are standing their ground while the others are already driven into hopeless confusion. One of the main Christian generals are killed, seven are mortally wounded, and their main general next to Hanson Vivian, and that is Hanson's brother is seriously disabled. At the beginning of the battle both sides had nearly equal numbers, and now the numbers of the foe columns are fearfully overwhelming, and the Christian armies are being sadly depleted, and it is doubted if general Hanson and his assistant can hold out against the foe any longer.

If the glandelinian nation with its arms wins the great conflict at Aronburg Run or Gori Gloriana, the Christian nation will be placed in a grave danger of defeat and disaster, and it is also thought that if the enemy does win it will be the last for the Vivian girls, the grand and beautiful little daughters of general Robert Vivian. He lies wounded at Lucille Rickson in the hospital there. On investigation it is seen that there are no occasions of plans for the Christian armies to be saved from defeat. The only hope for the tide to turn against the enemy is the sudden arrival of strong reinforcements and nothing else.

Even if while Hanson and Zimmermann still hold their ground for a certain time which would enable to allow the other disordered columns time to rally and reform this plan is useless, because this could not be accomplished even within the space of four hours, and there is only a space of two hours time and nothing else. This plan may be put into effect as a last chance but nevertheless it is existing time for there is no evident hopes of this doing any good for the fact that the two remaining Christian armies and those disordered and in confusion are sadly depleted, and overwhelmed by fresh glandelinian troops and it is impossible to contend against ten to one when it is known how fierce and ferocious and desperate the terrific Zimmermanns and Turners are. Even the blunder on the ground of McHellester Run cannot be retrieved and all points between Lucille Rickson and between Ophelia Run, and even the McHellester Run cannot be recaptured without the help of heavy reinforcements. To dare drive into the enemy at that location again would be like committing suicide. And without the help of heavy reinforcements the enemy's line cannot be swept back, and even to insure the winning of the battle entirely the whole position of the Lucille Rickson and the ridge ridges must be captured. Investigations have shown that no attempts to turn Manley's right would ever be successful, as that was attempted many times and only ended in bloody disaster.

And if Manley the main commander is killed, instead of defeating the foe it would only make the glandelinians desire revenge and they may then be more determined to win to avenge the loss of their wicked leader.

And when could the reinforcements be obtained? To save the Christian army from defeat, there is only about less than two hours time and no more. And where could they come from? The nearest Christian army is over forty miles away, and could those come to the scene in so short a time when it is possible that the enemy would make it secure against their advance? As far there is no chance just now about the way the battle of Gloriana will turn out and surely it will be a great Glandelinian victory, and no mistake at that. There is only one condition that can save the Christian army from defeat, but it will not be stated here under no conditions.

What is the general cause of the battle of Gloriana? And where did the battle really have its beginning?

The main cause of this battle is not really mentioned but it is declared nevertheless that it was the main purpose of general Johnston Jacken Manley to advance his big armies along the Aronburg Run, and capture capture Deline McHellester if possible, which would open the path for him to march direct on Vivian's army and capture the McWhirtherian fortifications. If this was successful all the hopes Manley had to win the war would be realized. The battle had its real starting point along a portion of the Aronburg Run near Big Girlknoll.

Who is responsible for the disaster that occurred along a portion of General Francis Vivian's main line?

There is no main responsibility fixed on any one in particular as the disaster was really the evil fortunes of war, but general Lucille Callahan did commit a blunder that caused the enemy to capture the main Christian position on the center.

To speak frankly which was the worse disaster of the whole battle entirely?

The worse disaster of the battle entirely was the destruction of General Vivian's main line of assault, the sweeping back of Hanson's divisions to the region of Lucille Rickson, and the wounding of general Hanson's Johnston, and the serious disablement of the main command general Robert Vivian. This disaster paralyzed the whole Christian army engaged in the bloody battle, and placed it in the crippled condition that it is in now.

Who was responsible for the great disaster?

General Robert Vivian himself. He was warned by Hanson Vivian not to make the assault on Lucille Rickson, and the Vivian hills until the main assault of the enemy upon Zimmermann's lines had been repulsed, but he did not listen to the advice and made the attack upon Lucille Rickson and the Vivian hills that caused the partial destruction of his whole army and his serious wound which he received at the thickest of the fray.

Is general Robert Vivian dangerously wounded as it was reported to general Hanson Vivian?

General Vivian is in a more critical condition than reported to be, though how seriously wounded he is the doctors would not tell him just now. Hanson's Johnston is more seriously wounded than general Vivian is and may die.

Which Glandelinian army is reinforcing general Manley?

Manley is being reinforced by the Zimmermannians under general Ambrose Edwin Fuller.

The question is, what will be the result of the battle of Gloriana when it reaches its conclusion....?

1st... It will cause a probable death stroke to either side which receives the defeat.

Second, it will cause a disaster to one side or the other who loses the worse disaster than that could befall the loser.

Third.... If the Abbieannian armies loses the great battle, the cause will not be won, the rebellion will not be suppressed, and the whole world will be in a greater horror sorrow than what they are suffering now. It will also cause greater sorrow for Violet and her sisters, who are known to all the Angelinians as the & "Vivian Girls."

Who is winning the battle just now?

The Glandelinians are winning the battle just now, a most of the largest christian armies are already overthrown, and in great confusion, and disorder, and three of the main christian generals in chief command of the Angelinians and Abbieannian armies are wounded, and three others dead, and that the remaining divisions under general Concentinian Aronburg and Hanson Angelio Vivian are sadly depleted, and there is hardly a chance of two hours and a half left for them to stand their ground any further, and Hansons are already recoiling back toward Lucille Jackson.

What are the conditions known that could save Hanson and Zimmermann from defeat?

"There are no conditions whatever that are known just now.

And why is that?

Because all conditions mentioned, and written down, or even picked out are utter failures.

Why are they utter foul failures, .?

Because the Angelinians and other christian forces under Hanson and Zimmermann have only two hours time in which to be rescued, and reinforced, and to do this, a great and tremendous miracle would have to be wrought.

Is then the battle of Gloriana really lost?

It seems positively that the answer will have to be only one word and that word is "YES"

It is just like divine condescension. Not to submit could be folly if the Glandelinians fail to win their tug of war at Lucille Jackson. No matter what the situation may seem to be, something good may turn up by and by, and the christians like God, must be victorious in the end, no matter what the decision it may be. The Glandelinians ought to be more willing to dethrone the Demon who is forcing them to wage a losing fight, rather than rebel against Angelinians and Abbieannians. But they are willing to keep Satan, the autocrat of their souls. And the means of degradation and future ruin. And the terms of Abbieannia, would be like the terms of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which will for Glandelinians give up an honorable peace. They will afford an opportunity to regain the country and islands they have forfeited by their most drive of violent insurrection against Abbieannia, and God also....

The incertainties will probably not be great. The Glandelinians must give back to Angelinians the soil she has unlawfully invaded, and the territory which they hold in their possession..... The Glandelinian authorities must build up again the cities and towns, and restore the forests and countryside which they have devastated and make up for the number of Calvinian children slain during the terrible rebellion. King Glandelin must abdicate his throne, and Glandelinians must succede her states back to Abbieannians not fall away again. They must give up all their orphan children in Glandelinia to place those slain during the great war. They must give up all the strongholds they still have in their possession, and put far from them the opportunities of renewing the fight. The Glandelinians must agree to an unconditional surrender.... Whether Glandelinians stand or fall to defeat or not at Lucille Jackson- or Gloriana Angelinians must and shall sooner or later gain the final victory. Let the Glandelinians end the futile struggle, and in the days of peace which follow, labor for their far future and eternal prosperity....

GLORIANNA

If the Glanolinians should lose the battle of Gloriana, it surely will be a death blow, unless her surviving forces make promises in advance for Unconditional Surrender. In all other parts of California, Angelina, and even in Glanolinia the Angelinians and their allies, have started and ended a seven offensive that our race all before it, as if Our Lord and our Jesus Christ Himself, had won against all the wicked world. All outside of Glanolinia and Gloriana the Glanolinian nation has been waging a desperate losing fight against not only the Angelinians and her mighty Catholic allies, but also against a power which seems no limitations against Master Satan, and is omnipotent and infallible.

In their retreat from western California, into Angelina and out and then to Glanolinia, as thence to the in their own capital city from the hands of the Christians of Rome, and drives, the Glanolinians however instead of calling for an armistice have invaded California, and the captured

Vivian Jackson, by the name of Lucille Jackson and more in Gloriana. In a further effort the Glanolinians have the bloody battle of the name of Lucille Jackson, and then call for a armistice, but the Christian forces will continue ruthlessly until the Glanolinians are willing to accept terms which are to make the world belonging to the Kingdom of God in that world. The Christian forces, on which will restore all that the other Christian nations suffered on account of the Glanolinian-Angelinian insurrection. Nothing short of "Unconditional Surrender" will satisfy the Aborigine authorities now. The authorities of Aborigine will accept no compromise. In other parts of the bloody war the Glanolinian authorities have already too often deceived the Aborigine authorities with false promises and then the Christian forces of other Glanolinian armies. It is due to their pride and ambition, if the Glanolinians have lost the confidence of the Aborigine authorities, and if they wish to be saved from utter ruin, they must accept the honorable peace which Aborigine will offer.

In invading Angelina and California, it was like to the Glanolinians to have invaded the very Kingdom of God. The Glanolinians have devastated nearly all of California, because this has resulted in the poisonous gases of mortal atrocities. The Glanolinians have silenced the pleading cries of hundreds of helpless innocent children. The Glanolinians have choked the voice of their consciences with the poisonous gases of their sacrifices and other countless mortal sins, and crimes. They have silenced the pleading, and the young groans. The Glanolinians have destroyed the motherhood of the Divine Mother, and now, in their souls. They have ruthlessly trampled under foot all the Sacred Pictures of our God and his Blessed Mother, and have insulted upon insult upon the holy and precious, and sacred images of the Lord and his mother. Added with the terrible death and other missiles upon the Christian lines was the terrible use of blasphemy, and the long range guns of destruction. From this it seems evident that the Glanolinians would have tried to bring the throne of God tottering to the ground if they could, and now despite that the Glanolinians have been overthrown in Glanolinia, routed out of western California, and out of Angelina they have not asked for an armistice but waged the bloodiest battle of the entire war at Lucille Jackson.

+ THAT WILL YOU DO WITH THE NATION CALLED ANGELINE.

--T--.

That will you do with the nation called Angeline,
Many are waiting to hear you say,
Salvatore had despised her, rejecting her mercy
That will you do for your nation to day.
That can you witness concerning her goodness,
Those men died to save you from wars bitter thrall,
Who will declare her the fairest of thousands,
Who will now crown her the nation of all.

--3--.

That will you do with the nation called Angeline,
The for you left her armies to hold the hill is above,
Here add the carriage, ab and battles woe to labor,
Hailing unfolding her national love.
Look on the fields, red with the harvest,
Who do now willing to fight with the few.
That will you do for the dear nation Angeline,
To she is waiting, she calls for you.

---3---

That will you do for the nation called Angeline,
Thou foes will submit to her fierce sway,
There are the hearts ready now to enthrone her,
Who will her kind commands obey.
Come with your offerings, most costly and precious,
Pour out your gifts at the dear nations feet,
Render to her all your loving devotion,
Seek to exalt her by praises meet.

Chorus.

That will you do with the nation called Angeline,
That oh what will you do for Angeline,
She waits to bless all who humbly confess,
Faith in her blood, and righteousness.

--1--.

More about Abbiemina would I know
 More of her aid to others show,
 More of her saving fullness see,
 More of her love to fight for me.

--2--.

More about Abbiemina let me learn,
 More of her great strength discern,
 Spirit of God, her teacher be
 Showing the things of right to me.

--3--.

More about Abbiemina in this war,
 Holding communion with their Lords,
 Hearing their commands in every line,
 Making each faithful saying mine.

--4--.

More about Abbiemina on her throne,
 Riches in glory all her own,
 More of her Kingdom sure increase,
 More of her forcing Glandelinda to peace.

Chorus,

More more about Abbiemina more more about Abbiemina,
 More of her saving fullness be, more of her love who
 fights for me.

+ Leaning on Abbaunilas arms.

--1--.

Oh what a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on Abbaunilas arms,
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on Abbaunilas arms.

--2--.

Oh how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on Abbaunilas arms,
Oh how quiet the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on Abbaunilas arms.

--3--.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on Abbaunilas arms.
I have blessed peace with no strong nation near,
Leaning on Abbaunilas arms.

Chorus.

Leaning, Leaning.
Safe and secure from all alarms.
Leaning, Leaning,
Leaning on Abbaunilas arms.

+

Blessed assurance.

--T--.

Blessed assurance, Glandelin is mine,
Of what a foretaste of Glory divine.
Heir of nations purchased from God,
When nations in his spirit, are washed in blood.

--2--.

Perfect submission, Perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst forth on my sight,
Armies advancing, bring yell afar above,
Echoes of fury, lack of love.

--3--.

Perfect submission, All is lost,
To Our foes, Am happy and blest,
Watching and marching, and listening above,
Vells of their victory, lost in their love.

Chorus.

This is my story. This is my song.
Praising the Abbeauxnians all the day long,
This is my story, This is my song,
Praising the Abbeauxnians all the day long.

LOOK UP TO ABBIANNA!!!.....!!!

--1--

Look up to Abbiannia, Lift up thy neighbor
Lead against the foemen, Tell of her power,
Seek for the victory, Comfort the weary,
Look up for guidance hour by hour.

--2--

Look up to Abbiannia, Lift up her banners,
Faithfully follow, Stand for the right,
Carry her colors, where she may lead you,
Strive for the victory in her might.

--3--

Look up to Abbiannia, Lift up Hosannas,
Great Hallelujahs, Singing above,
Abbiannia has saved us, Let joyful service,
Bear grateful witness of her love.

--4)--

Look up to Abbiannia, Lift up a promise,
Trustfully truly pray for her name,
For all the aching, make intercession,
Look up a covenant, Blessing claim.

Chorus.

Look up, Lift up, Look up to Abbiannia,
All around the world, where her glories shine,
Filled with her spirit, Lift up thy neogh neighbor,
Then a crown a glorious crown,
shall one day be thine.



THESE ARE THE

--I--.

The foe is settled before us,
 To win their war implore us,
 The eye of Abbicannia is o'er us,
 From afar, From afar,
 Her encouraging tones are calling,
 While war is dark appalling,
 Is Abbicannia gently calling,
 She is nigh. She is nigh.

--2--.

We'll follow where she leadeth,
 We'll pasture where she feedeth,
 We'll guide to her who pleadeth,
 From afar, From afar.
 Then naught for foe shall sever,
 Our hopes shall brighten ever,
 Our faith shall fail us never,
 She is nigh. She is nigh.

--3--.

Our homes are blighted around us,
 Piercing trials dark to move us,
 Yet Abbicannia dear did move us,
 There afar, There afar,
 We'll give her best endeavor,
 And praise her name forever,
 Her precious ones can never,
 Never die, Never die.....

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet her,
 By and by we shall greet her,
 And with Angelina reign in glory
 By and by, By and by.
 By and by we shall meet her,
 By and by we shall greet her,
 And with Angelina reign in glory by and by.....

THERE'S A MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT.....

+

--1--

There's a message from the front, Hallelujah,
 The message unto you I'll give/
 This recorded in his word Hallelujah,
 It is only that you look and live.

--2--

I've a message full of Hope Hallelujah
 A message of my friend for you 'tis a messz message for the Pope Hallelujah,
 Abbieannia dai said it and I know it's true.

--3--

Life is offered unto unto Thee Hallelujah
 Eternal life thy nation shall have,
 If you only look to him Hallelujah,
 Look to Abbieannia who alone can save.

--4--

I will tell you how I came Hallelujah
 To Abbieannia when she made me whole 'Twas believing
 on her help Hallelujah.
 I trusted and she saved my nations soul.

Chorus;

Look and live my Galverinia and live,
 Look o to Abbieannia and live,
 tis recorded in her word Hallelujah,
 It is only that you look to her and live.

III)
SINGING: "FROM BATTLE TO GOODBY."



--I--
Our friends on earth we meet in sorrow
While swift the war storm rages,
Yet ever comes the sadness that we must say goodbye.

--2--

How fearful is the thoughts that linger,
When loved ones cross death's land,
That when the battles fury here are ended,
With them we'll be at hand.

--3--

No parting words had ever been spoken
Amid that blinding storm of carnage,
But yells of fury and derision and rage,
shall ever more be waged.

Chorus

We'll never say goodbye in battle,
We'll never say goodbye,
For in that land of battle and storm,
We'll never say goodbye.

ONE AND TWENTY FIRST.....

--I--.

Trying to attack on the hills of our Savior
Always following our generals and King,
Shaping our lines by their brave example,
Happy how happy the results that we bring.....

--2--

Pressing more closely to them who is leading,
When we are forced to turn from the fray,
Trusting the armies that are strong to defend us,
Happy how happy our prizes each day.....

--3--

Marching in the steps of gentle virgins,
Footsteps of faithfulness, bravery and love,
Looking to God for the victory freely promised,
Happy how happy our journey above.

--4--.

Trying to march in the steps of the savior,
Onward still onward we'll follow our guide,
When we shall see him, the King in his Beauty,
Happy how happy our place at his side....

CHORUS.

How beautiful to march in the steps of the Saviour,
Onward in the fight, Onward in the fight,
How beautiful to march in the steps of the Saviour,
Led in paths of light.....

+ T tidings happy Ttidings.....

--T--.....

Ttidings happy tidings, Mark, Mark the sand,
Hear the joyful echoe through the world resound,
Christ The Lord proclaims them
Hear and heed the call
Come you Starving ones that perish,
Room, Room for all.....

- 2--.

Ttidings happy tidings, Mark, Mark they say,
Do not slight the warning,
Come oh come to day.
Christ their loving savior still repeats the call,
v Come ye weary heavy laden,
Room, Room for all.

--3--.

Tiding happy Ttidings, Mark, Mark again,
Rushing over the mountain,
Sweeping over the plain,
Onward goes the message,
Tis the saviors call
Come for everything is ready,
Room, Room for all.....

Chorus.

Whosoever asketh, Jesus will recieve,
Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve,
See the living Waters flowing full and free,.....
Oh the blessed Whosoever, that means me.....

?

+

--T--

Hark tis the canons roar I hear,
Out in the lands so dark and drear,
Destroying the foe who've gone astray,
Far from the main folds away.

--2--

Who'll go and storm their lines behind,
Help us the wandering slaves to find,
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold.

--3--

Out in the plains hear their cry,
Out in the mountains wild and high,
Hark this the battle cry for thee,
Go find the children where ever they be.

Chorus.

Bring them in. Bring them in.
Bring them in from the fields of blood.
Bring them in. Bring them in.
Bring the wandering children to us.

THERE IS BLEEDING AT THE FOUNTAIN
THE BATTLE OF FOUNTAIN OF PIERRE DE LA CHASSE.

--I--

There is bleeding at the fountain
Some behold the crimson tide,
Flowing down from Pirenes mountain
Where the armies of foemen died.

--2--.

There is bleeding at the fountain
Hope not to find it weary souls,
There our losses may all be covered
Glorinda comes to make us whole.

--3--.

There is bleeding at the fountain,
Look to Abbeisanna, now and live,
At the battlefields lay the legions
All the foe lines are receding.

--4--.

There is bleeding at the fountain
Precious fountains filled with blood,
Come oh come the nation needs you,
Come and plunge beneath battles flood.

Chorus.

Oh the Fountain Blessed Pirene Fountain,
I'm glad this flowing free.
Oh the Fountain, Blessed Cleansing fountain,
Bless the Lord I saveth me.

CAN A BOY FORGET HIS MOTHER.

--I--

Can a boy forget his mothers pa prayers,
When he has wandered , God knows where,
Its down the path of death and shame.
But Mothers prayers are heard the same.

--2--.

Can a boy forget his mothers face
Whose heart was kind and filled with grace,
Her loving voice, it echoes sweet,
She waits, she longs her boy to meet.

--3--.

Can a boy forget his mothers door
From which he wandered years before,
With tears and sighs she said goodbye,
Meet me my boy beyond the sky.

--4--.

Can a boy forget that she is dead
Though many years have passed and fled,
There was that prayer, that sweet goodbye,
She waits to welcome thee on high.

Chorus.

Come back my boy come back I say
And walk now in thy mothers way.
Come back my oboy , come back I say,
And walk now in thy mothers way.....

+

BATTLE OF HORROR

--1--

There's a battle that raged over the valleys of death,
And its furies may never be told.
There the shell storms ever tore, and the foe lines ever fade,
In that battlefield of horror.

--2--

There the nation our redeemer, The nation whom we love
Will the faithful with rapture behold,
There the enemy forever shall run like the steers
In that battlefield of horror.

--3--

Every force we have led to the foot of the hill,
Every works we have brought them to hold,
Were torn as shredded rigging, our own to adorn,
In that battlefield of horror.

--4--

There all sickness, and sorrow, and death were unknown,
Amid horrors upon horrors unfold,
There the storm in the light in the midst of the Throng,
In that battlefield of horror.

Chorus.

There the shells ever tore,
The foe lines ever fade,
There the foemen forever,
Shall run like the steers,
In that battlefield of horror.

--I--.

Throw out the batteline with armies quick and strong,
 Why do you tarry my brother so long,
 See they are yielding; oh hasten to day,
 And forward with the battle lined to drive the foe away.

--2--.

Throw out the battle lines to rescue the lost,
 Armies who in battle were torn and tossed,
 Amid cannons of volleys, and billows of ruin,
 Are pressing them backwards, where dark disaster bloom.

--3--.

Soon will the battle of Sunbeam be o'er,
 Swiftly they drift to eternity shore,
 Hasten to help them, far out o'er the strife,
 Oh tell them to charge the mighty to drive.

Chorus.

Throw out the battle line, Throw out the batteline
 The christians are retreating away,
 Throw out the battle line, Throw out the battle line,
 Our armies are dwindling to day.

--1--

In this war where horror, ever will be known,
 Where are found the needy and the glad alone,
 How much joy and comfort we can all bestow,
 If ye scatter the foe men w' everywhere you go.

--2--

Highest nations often need the sorest deeds,
 And this war waits daily, little kindly deeds,
 Oh what care and sorrow we may help remove,
 With our songs, and courage, sympathy and love.

--3--

When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song,
 Meet the world's repining, with a courage strong,
 Go with faith undaunted, Through these strifes of war,
 Scatter foemen and their kinsfolk, O'er the conflicts and horror.

Chorus.

Scatter the foemen all along your way
 Cheer, and bless and brighten every passing line.
 Scatter the foe men all along your way
 Cheer, and bless, and brighten every passing line.